

THE SUNDAY TIMES

INSIGHT: A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

BEGINS ON PAGE 15

NEWS DIGEST

4 NOVEMBER, 1971

ink dispensers health hazard

PURIFIERS which are commonly used to filter fruit squash and cordials and which can contaminate the liquid. The chemical action of the acid in the drinks has been found to cause corrosion to accumulate in the purifier, causing a customer to suffer a bout of vomiting within half an hour. However, there is no other side-effect.

Following a Westminster City investigation into the case of two children who were severely ill in a hotel five minutes after drinking orange juice dispensed from a bottle with a pourer, the council is warning parents and members of the public about the dangers, and the London boroughs have been asked to investigate.

The pourer cannot be banned as there is no other commonly used to pour spirits, and it is perfectly safe for this purpose.

Spanish girl to marry prince

ALFRANCO'S grand-daughter is to marry the grandson of Spain's last king, Alfonso XIII—probably next spring. The couple have parental approval, and the marriage will be a union of two royal families.

Alfonso's daughter, Infanta Elena, 20, and Alfonso's son, Don Jaime de Bourbon, the son of Don Jaime de Bourbon, the Duke of Segovia.

The Duke has renounced his claim to the throne because of illness, and many believe that Prince Alfonso has a stronger claim than his first cousin, Juan Carlos, who has been named as future king by General Franco.

Space probe landing bid

Vietnam Soviet space probes launched Mars-2 and Mars-3, will soon attempt to land on Mars and place instruments on the planet, Moscow sources said. Although no official statement has been made, Mars-2 is expected to reach Mars in the next few days, and before the end of the month.

Mars-3, scheduled to follow Mars-2, is expected to reach Mars in the next few days, and before the end of the month.

Woman helper killed

LIZABETH PEART, 51, of Shildon, Durham, was killed on the M1 at Raby, yesterday when a lorry collided with her car. Mr Ernest William Starmund, 41, of Raby, Durham, who had been driving the lorry, was seriously injured.

Mr Starmund was driving a lorry carrying a car when it collided with a car driven by Mrs Peart. The car was carrying a car.

Life in sea rescue

SEAMEN, a woman and a baby were rescued from a sinking ship off the west coast of Scotland yesterday after being up from a raft when the ship's lifeboat was launched. The ship was carrying a car.

France buys back jets

FRANCE Government announced yesterday that it is to "buy back" from Israel 100 Mirage fighter jets which have been kept in Israeli airfields since President de Gaulle's embargo on arms deliveries to Israel, Syria and Egypt after the six-day war of June 1967. The planes cost \$20 each.

Albania pact

GREEK regime yesterday welcomed the announcement of full diplomatic relations with neighbouring Albania after 33 years. The pact was signed in Athens.

Barnard transplant

AFRICA'S Dr Christiaan Barnard performed his eighth heart transplant operation yesterday at the Groote Schuur Hospital, Capetown. The patient was a 22-year-old woman.

Yachtsman sighted

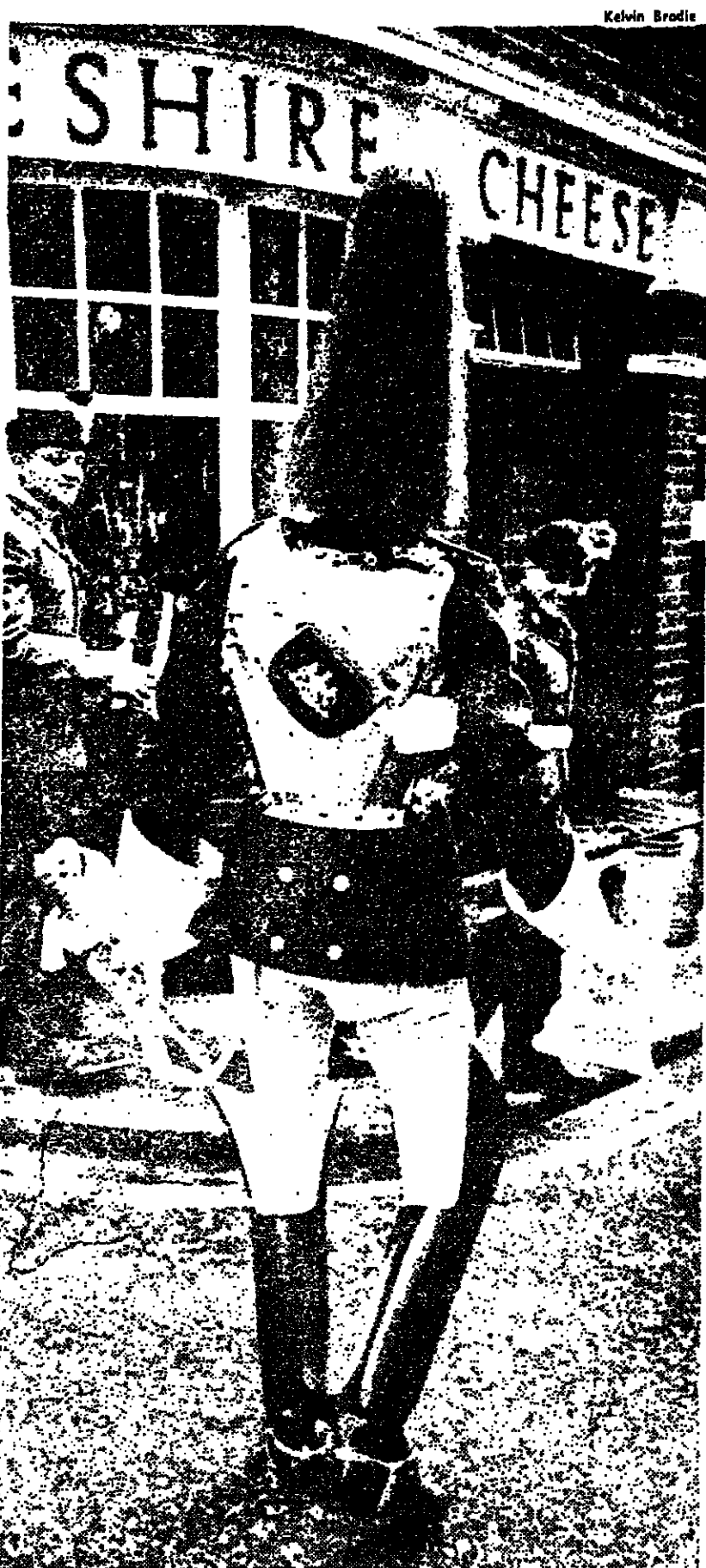
PREY CATH, 28, competitor in a transatlantic single-handed yacht race, was sighted by a British coast guard yesterday off the coast of Spain, following a weather alert. Cath said he did not know where he was. Shipping is still on the lookout for him.

at US prison

SE and guards at Wisconsin State Penitentiary yesterday used tear-gas to quell a riot. The riot was caused by a full-scale riot by many of the 624 inmates. The men were in the dining hall before setting fire to the kitchen and the shop.

outbreak kills three

SE people have died in Spain in an outbreak of Hong Kong flu spreading over the past few days. Some 50,000 Spaniards were affected in the last 24 hours. Budapest, Hungary, is reporting 30,000 cases a day.



Sandwiches among the shining armour: lunch in hand, a horse guard looks for a likely London pub after the Lord Mayor's Show yesterday

And printer begat error

CAMBRIDGE University Press, one of the world's most famous publishers of the Bible, is celebrating its 450th anniversary this year with a major printing error in 10,000 copies of the New English Bible. On page 130, in the middle of the Old Testament book of Leviticus, there appear 42 lines from Ecclesiastes in the Apocrypha. The error is all the more glaring since Leviticus is in prose and Ecclesiastes is in verse.

When the error was discovered last month the Cambridge University Press started to recall 2,000 copies which had already been distributed—many of which were in use. By this weekend 1,999 had been returned. The outstanding copy is owned by a vicar who says he never reads from the passages concerned, so can see no point in returning it.

A spokesman for Cambridge University Press, the only British publisher to print the Authorized Version since the days of Henry VIII, said that the booksellers were very understanding.

Mr Brooke Crutchley, the Cambridge University printer, insisted yesterday that a mass-produced Bible containing a misprint would not be any more valuable because of the error. A Bible would in fact be worth less than its original price, he said.

The fatal flaws in British Rail's 100mph inter-city trains

By Tony Dawe

SERIOUS, even fatal, design faults lie behind the secret withdrawal of British Rail's new 100 mph luxury coaches which their advertisements dub the "trains of tomorrow". The action followed the deaths of three passengers who fell through the new-type doors which can be opened accidentally from the inside.

All the coaches are now back in service; British Rail engineers have been working frantically for the past two weeks to carry out the modifications. The inside door handles have been masked with metal plates and the door windows, previously kept shut, have been unlocked.

A warning in red letters, pasted on the windows, tells passengers how to alight: they should lower the window and turn the outside door handle.

The first coaches came into service four months ago amid a welter of publicity stressing that they were air-conditioned. Now 152 are running on Inter-City routes out of King's Cross, London, to York, Shire, Newcastle and Edinburgh and British Rail plan to have 1,200 of them, costing £35 million, in service by 1975.

But it is not only the doors which have had to be modified. Other

Blow from axe ends 6-hour hijack drama

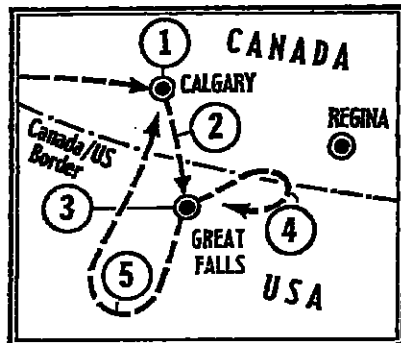
A MASKED gunman, who said he was a member of the IRA and seized an Air Canada DC8 airliner, was in hospital last night after a six-hour hijack ended when he put his gun down to strap on a parachute. "As he did that," an airline official said, "the pilot jumped him and a pursuer came up behind him and let him have it with a fire axe. The captain held him as the pursuer hit him."

When the aircraft landed at Calgary, Alberta, the man was unconscious. "He is not responding very well to treatment," Calgary Hospital reported. "His condition is just fair."

The man, still unidentified, had said he wanted a free passage to Ireland and £600,000 for the Irish Republican Army. But in Vancouver, Mr Sean Kenny, who claims to be North American leader of the IRA said: "This hijacking has nothing to do with the IRA. We don't go along with hijacking. Besides, anyone who wants to fly to Ireland, with all its troubles, has got to be sick."

The drama began soon after the aircraft, Flight 812 from Vancouver to Toronto, had taken off from Calgary. Mr Al Solosky, who had come aboard at Calgary, bumped into a man in the first-class compartment. "He had dark curly hair, a swarthy complexion, and he was wearing a long, black coat, which he refused to take off."

The significance of the long coat became apparent about an hour later. When Mr Solosky again noticed the swarthy man he was masked and pulling a sawn-off shotgun from the folds of the coat. Deliberately the man fired at the plastic partition separating the compartment from the bar area.



1. hijacker strikes after plane leaves Calgary. 2. he orders plane south and to Great Falls. 3. ransom is paid. 4. plane takes off but returns to Great Falls where passengers are released and plane is refuelled. 5. hijacker heads towards Arizona but hijacker is overcome and plane returns to Calgary.

Then he put the gun at the head of a stewardess. It was 5.30 in the afternoon. The aircraft had 114 passengers and a crew of nine. "I'm a member of the IRA and willing to die for my country," the man said. Besides the gun he was carrying a pack of dynamite. He ordered the plane to land to take on fuel for a flight to Ireland—about 5,000 miles. The DC8 turned south, crossed the border into American airspace and for two hours circled the airport at Great Falls, Montana, while the pilot talked to the control tower and Air Canada officials on the ground tried to raise the £600,000 ransom.

At 8.12 pm the aircraft landed. A police patrol was waiting with an attaché case. She explained that it contained £21,000—a good deal less than the hijacker had demanded, but apparently acceptable, for it was taken up by rope into the

aircraft. An FBI agent tried to talk to the pilot by radio, but was warned that the hijacker was listening-in and had ordered the plane to take off for Regina, Saskatchewan.

That flight was soon abandoned, though, for when the aircraft had climbed to cruising height, the hijacker ordered it back to Great Falls. This time the 114 passengers and three of the crew were allowed to leave, some 7,000 gallons of fuel were taken on, and at 10 pm the plane took off again, supposedly for Ireland.

Tracked by radar of US Air Control, the aircraft is reported to have changed course and flown south. The pilot radioed an account of growing indecisiveness on the part of the hijacker. At one point he ordered the pilot to head for New York, and then Ireland. The next moment he was demanding to be taken to Phoenix, Arizona.

Again the hijacker changed his mind. "Back to Calgary," he ordered, and the aircraft swung north. It was approaching Calgary when the man demanded a parachute. What happened then was described by an Air Canada official afterwards.

"The guy had a parachute and demanded to be allowed to jump out at 3,000 feet and said if the crew would not open the emergency window, he would blow off the tail of the plane. As the hijacker was preparing to jump, the pilot, Capt. Vernon Ehman, 42, went into a back cabin with him and the guy put down his gun to put on the parachute. As he did that, the pilot jumped him and a pursuer came up behind him and let him have it with a fire axe. The captain held him as the pursuer hit him."

Ulster bans Armistice parades

ALL REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY parades in Ulster have been banned. This is made clear in an Order reissued yesterday by Mr Brian Faulkner, the Northern Ireland Premier. The British Legion in Northern Ireland is instructing its members to help the security forces by foregoing their customary processions.

Three people were injured when a bomb destroyed Trainor's Bar in Fleet Street, Belfast, yesterday. It was the city's fourth bomb incident of the day. Half-an-hour earlier three men walked into the foyer of the Wellington Park Hotel and placed a parcel on the floor. The building was cleared just before the bomb exploded, causing extensive damage.

Earlier a bomb placed at the Colingrove Social Club in Forfar Street in the Springfield Road area destroyed part of the wooden building. Responsibility for the explosion was later claimed by a group calling themselves the Empire Loyalists.

Terrorists held up the manager of a Belfast printing works and planted a 50lb bomb which badly damaged the building. Police said seven men were involved in the raid, but no one was hurt. The works are owned by W. and G. Baird Ltd., who have connections with the Thomson-owned Belfast Telegraph newspaper.

Two terrorists, one armed with a sub-machine gun, held up the manager while the rest of the gang went inside. The manager and a second man, who had just arrived, were forced into a small room and told that they had 30 seconds to get out before the blast. The bomb went off on time.

The firm employs 150 people. A large part of the building was knocked down and the area was cleared because of danger from a burning gas pipe. Thousands of pounds worth of equipment was destroyed.

The search is continuing for the gunman who killed an 18-year-old Dutch seaman on Friday.

Essex said: "It was like eating a meal in a sauna bath. All the men were sweating, even though they had taken off their jackets and unknotted their ties."

The simple solution to the problem—opening a window—was not possible as all the windows were sealed to maintain the air-conditioning system. Even the windows in the doors at the end of the coaches were locked, which is why inside door handles were fitted.

But many passengers, expecting the door windows to open as they do in all other types of coaches, have accidentally opened the doors. Once the slightest opening appears, the stream of air rushing past the high-speed train grabs the door and whips it open. Three passengers have been sucked out, to die on the rails below.

The first fatality occurred on August 19, when, said his parents, seven-year-old David Yeo seemed to lean on an inside door handle. The train was slowing down to about 50 mph as it approached Newcastle, but the door swung open with David clinging to it. Mr Yeo tried to grab his son, but the boy fell.

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PHILIPS

'The fatal Ulster error'

A FATAL error in the Government's handling of the Ulster crisis came two years ago when British troops were given a policeman's role in the Province, Mr Enoch Powell said yesterday.

Speaking at Exeter, the Conservative MP for Wolverhampton SW said:

From that point dates the present war which is being lost. The reason lies not in the fact that the policy was called in, but in the purpose for which it was used.

There is a point of definition and of principle on which it is infinitely important to be clear. When the Army is used in aid of the civil power, the soldiers are used as soldiers and not as policemen; and the distinction between soldiers and policemen is an absolute distinction. An army exists, and is trained and organised, to kill; a police force exists, and is trained and organised, to enforce law and keep order. An army performs its functions through its ability to kill; a police force does so through its ability to apprehend and bring to justice. The distinction is no less absolute where the police carry firearms: armed policemen are not soldiers, and a soldier is not an armed policeman.

The fatal error was to commit the Army, not to aid the civil power in an emergency, but to replace the police in all circumstances. It was necessary, or even desirable for them to be armed. . . . The British Government deliberately destroyed the morale, the effectiveness and the capability of the police in Northern Ireland. When they had the policy, that the police needed to be reinforced in strength, in reserves and in equipment, the opposite deduction was drawn: to weaken the police and to replace them with soldiers.

To be confronted with the British Army, the policeman's role must have seemed to the enemy a heaven-sent boon which exceeded what he could have prayed for.

There is no remedy but to retrace our steps. . . . Northern Ireland must have a police force larger in size, larger in reserves, stronger in arms and equipment, and higher in morale.

Mr Powell also attacked what he described as "constitution-mongering" in Northern Ireland. He said: "No conceivable alteration of the government or parliament of Northern Ireland, except one, would put the slightest satisfaction to the enemy. You might as well try to subdue an angry elephant by offering him a peanut. The one change, and the only change, in which the enemy is interested is the abolition of the province of Northern Ireland itself, as part of the United Kingdom and its embodiment in the Republic of Ireland."

The Republic, Mr Powell went on, should be recognised as a foreign Power which has a land frontier with the United Kingdom. What is necessary, he said, "is full wartime control of that frontier." People entering the United Kingdom from the Republic should have to show a valid passport and people resident in Northern Ireland should carry a means of identification—either identity cards for British subjects or passports for citizens of the Republic.

Thorpe praises Jenkins . . .

Mr Jeremy Thorpe, the Liberal Leader, praised Mr Roy Jenkins yesterday for "being made of sterner stuff" than Mr Wilson, who had "all the decision of the Duke of York" on the Common Market issue.

Speaking at Winchester, he said that European Socialists were Social Democrats, while in Britain they were expected to be "social acrobats." Party loyalty, according to Mr Richard Crossman, was to pocket your principles, ignore your convictions and vote with all the dignity of a sheep being dipped.

Nixon drags it out

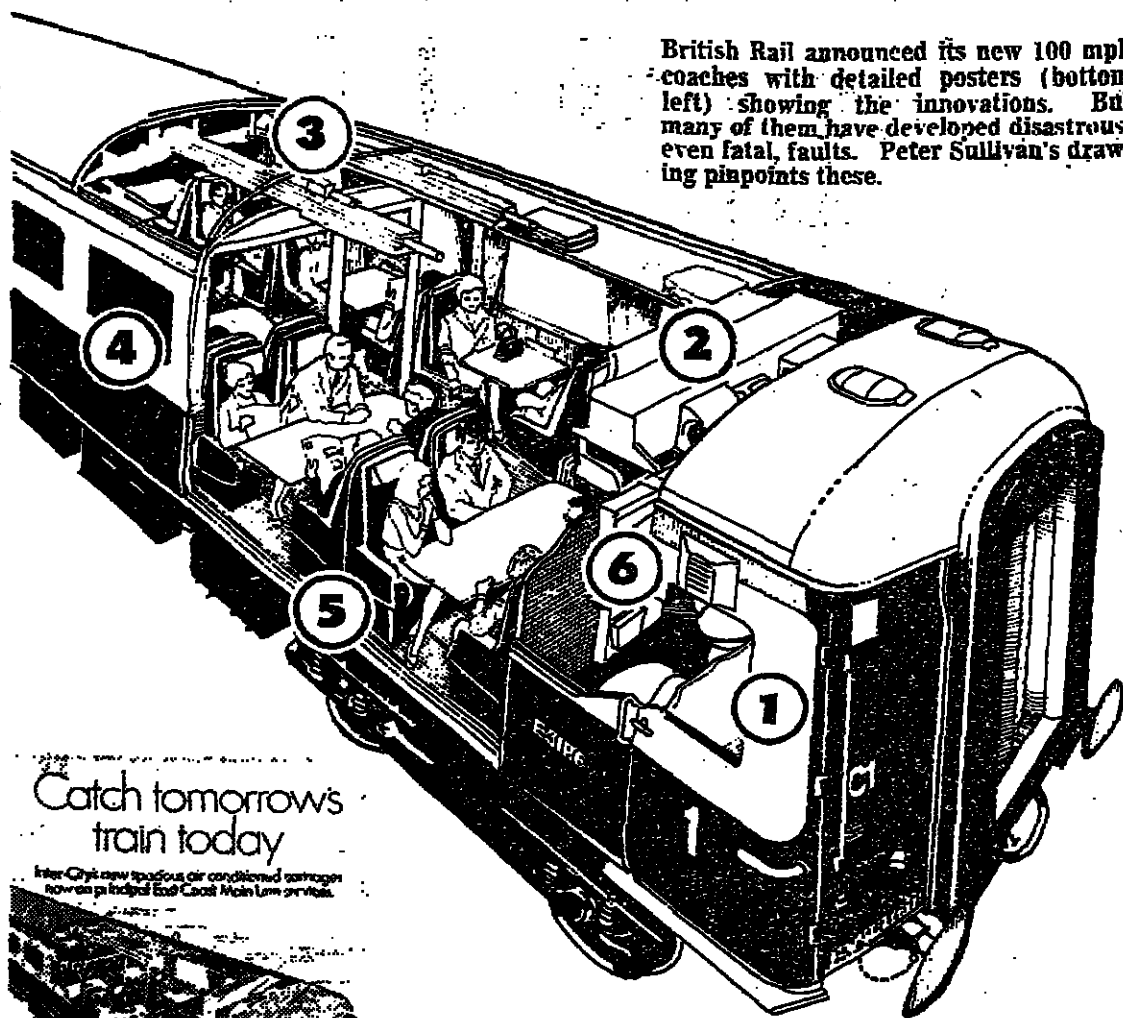
PRESIDENT NIXON'S announcement that he will withdraw an additional 45,000 American troops from Vietnam in the next two months is being freely interpreted in Washington as influenced by considerations not only of diplomacy, but also of next year's Presidential election, writes Godfrey Hodgson.

The President plans to squeeze as much mileage as he can out of the return of the 130,000 US troops who are left, both in his talks with the Russians and the Chinese and in keeping himself constantly before the electors at the critical season of election year. He wants to be seen in that most advantageous of presidential roles—the international statesman and peacemaker.

Mr Nixon surprised everyone by bringing forward his long-awaited statement on Vietnam, which had been expected to come on Monday. He also remarked in an off-the-cuff answer that the US combat role in Vietnam "is already concluded." Rarely can a historic announcement, so long and so avidly awaited, have been so casually made.

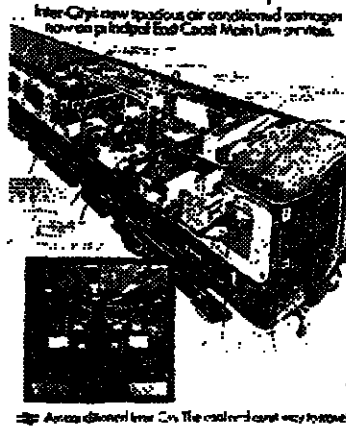
It is significant that high officials in Mr Nixon's own administration expected him to announce a larger troop withdrawal, and over a long period. The reasoning behind Mr Nixon's decision to bring the boys home in dribs and drabs seems to be to ensure that he will have plenty of ammunition for saturation bombing of any political challenger who might be tempted to take him on over Vietnam.

In Paris, the North Vietnamese delegation to the Vietnam Peace Talks strongly rejected Mr Nixon's claim that the US role had finished. "They still daily undertake aggressive activity slaughtering the population," a spokesman said.



British Rail announced its new 100 mph coaches with detailed posters (bottom left) showing the innovations. But many of them have developed disastrous, even fatal, faults. Peter Sullivan's drawing pinpoints these.

Catch tomorrow's train today



What has gone wrong: 1. The wide "wrap-around" doors have blown open killing three passengers; 2. The air-conditioning evaporation unit in the roof and; 3. The air ducts in the ceiling have stopped supplying fresh air because of faults with the electric alternators; 4. The double-glazed windows have to be sealed because of the air-conditioning system, so passengers cannot open them for relief from heat and foul air; 5. Coiled ducts under seats have been pumping out sweltering heat because the thermostat was permanently set at too high a temperature; 6. New hygienic plastic water tanks have leaked badly, flooding toilets and corridors.

The flaws in British Rail's new 100 mph trains

continued from page 1

Some railway experts claim the modification would not have been necessary had British Rail followed the example of most foreign railways which have doors that open inwards. If they do open accidentally, there is little risk of a passenger being sucked out. On the New Tokaido Line's "bullet trains" in Japan, the

doors cannot open at all once the train is moving because a rubber tube connected to the train's compressed air system, inflates to seal the doors.

British Rail's problems are not over yet. The alternators have been modified to keep the air-conditioning working but a new difficulty has arisen. Spring balances, fitted to the now-unlocked door windows so they

close automatically when you take your hand away, are not all working properly. So, many windows remain open and threaten to play havoc with the air-conditioning.

And the thermostats in many of the coaches still have to be replaced before "Air-Conditioned Inter-City" really will be the "cool and quiet way to travel" that the posters claim.

Safety probe into bus fleet

By a Special Correspondent
A FULL-SCALE public inquiry has been ordered into the roadworthiness of the 1,600 buses run by the state-owned Midland Red company following a spot-check which resulted in 30 buses being ordered off the road immediately as unsafe.

Midland Red operate a network of services in six Midland counties and also run an express motorway service between London and Birmingham. The inquiry, which opens at Birmingham on November 30, is the first to be held into the operations of a bus company of this size, although small coach operators are sometimes required to appear.

The decision to hold the hearing was taken by the Chairman of the West Midlands Traffic Commissioners, Mr John Else, after he had received reports from Department of Environment examiners on checks they had made at seven Midland Red depots.

The examiners went into action after a Midland Red double-decker ran down a hill at the Dudley bus terminal in Fisher Street, a one-in-eight gradient which sometimes prevents buses from starting with a full load on icy roads in the winter. The runaway bus resulted in the death of two people, an elderly woman and a child. An inquest is to be held on Thursday.

Ministry examiners found many faults with the buses they checked that they ordered 40 to be taken off the road at

once on the grounds that it was unroadworthy and a potential danger to drive. Seventy of the 40 came from the Dudley garage.

Mr Walter Womar, general manager of Midland Red, said last week that he was "surprised" at what the examiners had found. "There is a system of checking at all garages, but it has been difficult to get qualified, experienced fitters and what with holidays, illness there has been a short at some garages," he said.

After the accident, spot checks, Midland Red has its own inquiry at the garage. According to Mr Womar the company found that the checks which should be placed against wheels of a stationary bus to ensure it does not run away were not being used. Mr Womar admitted that many of the faults found by the examiners concerned defective brakes and worn tyres.

Mr Ken Coleclough, district officer of the Transport General Workers' Union, yesterday that maintenance some Midland Red garages suffered through lack of supervision. At some garages, foremen with little experience replaced skilled superintendents.

At the end of each shift a driver should note any faults the bus on his signing-off sheet. Mr Coleclough said, but some of the men were in too great a hurry to get home and neglect to do so, even though they knew that they could be prosecuted driving a defective vehicle.

'Push Labour Left' call

A GENERAL election followed by a Labour Government committed to carrying out "Left policies" was demanded yesterday by Mr John Gollan, general secretary of the British Communist Party.

Addressing the party's 32nd Congress in London, Mr Gollan rejected the arguments that socialists could do better either inside the Labour Party or without it altogether. "Only the ultra-Left vainly try to wish the Labour Party away, while we, as we have shown, regard the shifting of the Labour Party to the left as essen-

tial. This is not going to be done without a much larger Communist Party."

Mr Gollan reproached the C.P. for its attitude to Russia "there is no future for China, anti-Sovietism"—but declined to change the British party's criticism of Russia's invasion of Czechoslovakia. He denied the decline in party membership (by nearly 2,000 to 28,503 in years) or the fall in circulation of the party newspaper Morning Star were due to criticisms of Russian action.



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Acland answers irregular is of nature

By Michael Moynihan

to Borrowdale, one of the most frequented of the Lake District, may next year be the site of a new source to the woods.

Years of controversy, the Trust has approved a public convenience at a public convenience. Mr. C. H. D. Acland, a local resident who spent two years as a National Trust warden in Borrowdale.

"On a summer day you can get 5,000 visitors and the need for a public convenience has been incontrovertible. As a warden I was asked far more often about the nearest lavatory than about which walks to take or even the nearest pub."

Mrs. Carmichael, writer and dedicated Lakeland walker, makes it clear that she has little sympathy for the urgent needs of the "new breed" of tourists. "They have no real love of the countryside and come to Borrowdale because it is the thing to do or to kill time," she says. "People like that have often lost the art of regularly through overfeeding and dosing. I have been disgusted by what I have seen in the woods. Better an unsightly convenience than human pollution of the environment."

Mr. Acland, who fears that Lakeland would become "riddled with lavatories" if some people had their way, says that the Trust has received no complaints about the site. He suggests that the urgency of the situation has been greatly exaggerated. "There are already three public conveniences in the 8-mile stretch of Borrowdale," he says. "Even from a remote point it would not take more than half an hour for a brisk walker to reach one."

The approved convenience would be situated on the opposite side of the road from the Bowder Stone near a car park established by the Trust two years ago.



Things aren't the same in Civvy Street, old boy: youth and middle-age yesterday in the Garden of Remembrance at Westminster Abbey

Story of the nun-runners

A young British teacher, in a new book published today, tells how her decision to spend her lunch-hour teaching Italian to young Indian nuns led to the world-wide exposure of "nun-running" of young Indian girls from poor homes to European convents in need of recruits.

Miss Sonia Dougal, 27, was teaching English in Florence in 1969 when she volunteered for the lunch-time duty. The stories she was told by the young postulants from India led to the investigation, first reported by The Sunday Times on August 23, 1970, into the massive one-way "trade" in young girls whose parents found it cheaper to send them off to be nuns than to find them a husband and provide a dowry.

The Nun-Runners, Hodder and Stoughton, £1.50.

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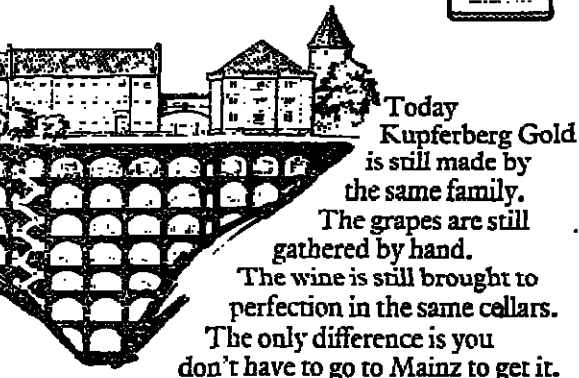
The Nun-Runners, Hodder and Stoughton, £1.50.

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Fenced-in city attacks Walker plan

By Muriel Bowen

CLEARING Birmingham's slums—some of the worst in Britain—will be prolonged by 10 years or more unless the Government amends the Local Government Reform Bill, local politicians forecast yesterday.

All three political parties in Birmingham agreed on this dismal outlook at special meetings last week. They say they will fight "tooth and nail" to change Birmingham's proposed boundaries and save their clearance programme aimed at eliminating 20,000 slums by 1975.

If boundary changes suggested by the Bill due for a second Commons reading on Wednesday go through the city loses its new National Exhibition Centre, given the Government go-ahead only on Friday. It also loses its municipal airport. But worst of all, say Birmingham councillors, the boundaries are drawn so tight that there is no housing land left.

"It is quite shameful what the Government Minister Mr. Peter Walker is proposing to do to the city," Alderman Sir Francis Griffin, Tory leader of Birmingham Corporation, said. "People should not have to live in terrible ghettos a day longer than is necessary. He is forcing them to do so for years and years."

Birmingham, despite massive re-building, still has 20,000 slums, plus 30,000 homes needing major improvements. The local Tory target of 5,000 fewer slums a year needs more land. It is this shortage of land which, given all the circumstances, has meant a drop in building from 9,000 homes in 1967 to about 3,800 this year.

"When Birmingham goes after land it can't beat the squirearchy, and now it is going to be more difficult than ever," says Labour Alderman Sir Frank Price, Denis Howell, Labour MP for Small Heath adds: "The neighbouring squirearchy are often quite reasonable people. Their problem is that they are completely in the grip of local residents, people who say: 'We've bought our own home in a rural setting, and we're not going to be surrounded by Birmingham people'."

Council tenants and coloured people are objected to and Birmingham is under constant pressure from its neighbours to build to higher densities.

Not trusted

People living in the Wiltshire village of Leck are taking a campaign against their landlords—the National Trust—direct to their MP and the County Council. They object to a silversmith's shop being opened in the village because it might start a rash of antique shops and yellow parking lines. The Trust owns 95 houses and cottages; apart from an antique shop, there is only a grocery business and post office.

£25,000 winner

The weekly £25,000 Premium Bond prize, announced yesterday, was won by Bond number 2E7 020802. The winner lives in Wigtownshire.

Terylene

In our reader offer which appeared in The Sunday Times Colour Magazine on October 10 we inadvertently referred to "Terylene" as if it were a common noun like cotton. Terylene is a registered trade mark of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd.

Rhine bridge builders played it safe but still lost

By Sydney Lenssen
Editor of The Civil Engineer

THE SHADOW over the future of box-girder bridges has deepened alarmingly with the collapse last week of a 150ft section of a bridge under construction over the Rhine at Koblenz.

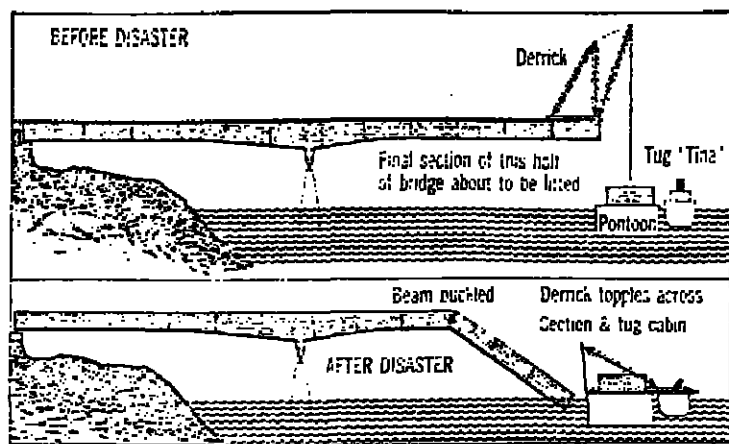
This latest disaster—the fourth in two years—contains an ominous element absent in the others: the Rhine bridge collapsed despite the fact that the German engineers used conservative methods and not the more daring ones used on the other three bridges—the Yarra at Melbourne (October 1969), the Danube at Vienna (November 1969) and the bridge at Millford Haven (June 1970).

From the beginning, development of the box-girder bridge was centred around the Rhine. Only in the last 10 years have British designers, and Freeman Fox and Partners in particular, carried the principles further on the Severn Bridge, the Yarra and Millford Haven bridges and others. Since then most British bridges have been lighter and noticeably more economical than other European or American steel bridges—a daring approach which quickly resulted in a spate of overseas orders.

But despite the loss of export orders, the Germans changed their designs slowly. The Koblenz bridge is one of the few bridge decks to have its steel welded on site: every seam, not just sample lengths, is X-ray tested. The thickness of steel plate, the size and number of stiffeners used for the Rhine bridge are considerably in excess of currently acceptable examples in Britain.

But whatever the design—traditional or daring—the results have been the same: wreckage and deaths. Nine men died at Koblenz, bringing the bridge-building death toll since 1969 to more than 50.

Although the Koblenz coroner has clamped down on all official comment on last week's disaster and his advisers, the Karlsruhe Technische Hochschule have called in all relevant drawings and documents, theories on the



Bridge collapsed as crane lifted section from barge

bridge collapse are rife. The man in the street says: "Everything today is built too quickly, too cheaply." Others are blaming Austrian steel.

But the collapse is a classical example of "late buckling" in this type of bridge.

The stiffened steel underside and sloping webs of the bridge just folded in on themselves. Eyewitnesses talked of a crash like a sonic boom, and estimated that the free end of the bridge took as long as 10 seconds to topple into the river.

Just after two o'clock that afternoon, all was ready to hoist the last "trough" section by crane from the pontoon which had brought it 55 miles down river from the construction yards. The captain of the tug Tina was at the bridge, holding the pontoon and unit against the flow of the river until the crane started its series of short lifts to raise the 85 tons of steel to deck level.

Most of the workers said that the crane was just taking the strain, but one site engineer I spoke to is absolutely certain that the unit had been lifted clear of the pontoon. Then the deck jack-knifed, tipping the derrick crane across and through the trough section, crushing Captain Jakob Nussbaum and his cabin.

Most of the men who were killed were skilled erectors wait-

ing to make fast the next unit before welding started. The bridge failed at the welded joint between the third and fourth of the "boxes" extending from the pier support. Six boxes, each about 50ft long and weighing more than 100 tons, had supported themselves safely for several days. But the seventh box—the last one needed to complete the Koblenz "half" of the construction—proved too much.

Detailed examination of the crashed section showed that few welds were torn despite the vicious wrenching of steel. The bottom box-plates were bent double at the point where their T-section stiffeners were joined. The bottom of the sloping sides of the box, slightly stiffened with bulb flats, were torn and twisted into sharp S-bends. Damage to the part of the deck still in position has been prevented by a heavy beam and tubular bracing bulkhead, some 10ft back from the buckle. The top deck stands firm, although it now looks like the top of a sardine can.

One key question remains: why did the bridge deck fall where it did, rather than closer to the pier support? Each joint and every position along the cantilever would have been checked by the German Ministry of Transport, the designers and the approval engineer. Professor E. H. Koppell of Darmstadt, to see that it could carry the extra weight

back to the pier and first span. The amount of steel at each point is related to what it should carry. Therefore failure can occur anywhere if the calculations are incorrect. It is most likely to occur at the weakest link in a chain of varying sizes.

In cantilever bridges, with more and more boxes being added to avoid expensive mid-river supports, it is easy to appreciate the high stresses which can build up before the two halves join to support each other. But it is not "cantilevering" or "reversal of stress" which has caused this recent spate of accidents. All they do is to guarantee that failure, when it happens, is catastrophic.

The basic problem is that bridge engineers do not fully comprehend just how the boxes sustain their own weight and how much load goes into each part. Exact calculations are impossible and safety margins which have long been considered adequate for conventional structures are not proving large enough to accommodate these unknown factors.

For these reasons, the German bridge collapse gives a greater degree of urgency to the Department of the Environment's box girder bridge investigations in Britain. Both the inquiry and Mr. Peter Walker's technical panel, which is formulating some permanent rules on these bridges, are understood to be falling behind schedule.

And meanwhile the openings of new stretches of motorway are being delayed because of suspect bridges. The Midland links, connecting the M1 to the M6 around Birmingham, is virtually finished but will not be opened in the foreseeable future. The new Mersey tunnel approach motorway in Cheshire still lies unused.

Court Circular

BUCKINGHAM PALACE
November 13, 1971
The Queen and The Duke of Edinburgh, with The Princess Anne, attended the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall this evening.

Even ducks need export cover.

'It's tough selling ducks overseas. We wouldn't make it harder by selling them without ECGD credit insurance.'

Mr J.H.B., sales director, seen here with some of the birds his company exports.

Three million ducks a year are raised on this 900-acre farm in Lincolnshire.

Many of them are exported in oven-ready form to the Caribbean and the Far East. Day-old birds are also sold overseas, to many countries in Europe, Africa and the Middle East.

Bad debt risk

With this very wide spread of markets, ECGD cover is vital. The company insures with ECGD against 90-95% losses through overseas buyers' default or insolvency, and sterling transfer and other political risks.

'It was an automatic decision to insure with ECGD,' says Mr J.H.B. 'Bad debts would soon slow our expansion.'

Sales take off

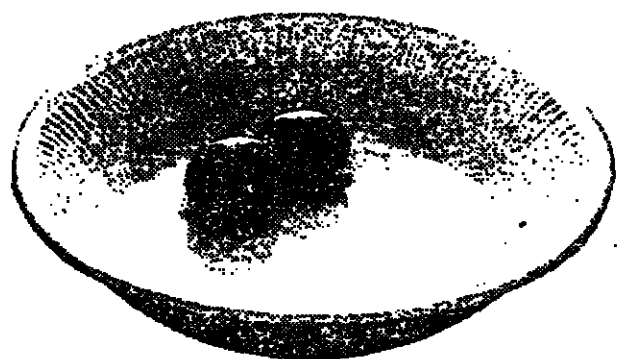
The company has expanded export sales rapidly, from £20,000 in 1968 to £200,000 this year, despite tariff barriers and import restrictions in many overseas markets.

Selling overseas is rarely easy. But it's made simpler and much less hazardous with ECGD insurance. Get the full story from your local ECGD Manager or write for the free comprehensive leaflet to Information Section, ECGD, Aldermanbury House, Aldermanbury, London EC2.

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Polish off the olives and depart.



It's far and away your favourite restaurant. The atmosphere intimate, the lighting low, the tastefulness of the decor surpassed only by the tastiness of the cuisine. Enticing aromas waft from the kitchen, skilful waiters bustle about, balancing plates, wheeling trolleys, nonchalantly setting fire to things on silver salvers.

But something is seriously amiss. You call the wine waiter over. "This wine list of yours, Henri?" you say, "there seems to be no mention of KlosterPrinz on it. That would be a printing error, would it not?"

Poor Henri. You're the third person who's asked about KlosterPrinz that evening. He can only stumble out his wretched apologies, "er, no sir, it's not a printing error, we've been meaning to order KlosterPrinz for some time, only..."

"Hmm" you reply, drumming your fingers lightly, "well, in view of the fact that KlosterPrinz is a veritable Prince of Piesporters, deliciously crisp, ever-so-slightly dry, you leave me no alternative." And without more ado you polish off the olives, rise from your chair, smile pleasantly and depart.

Congratulations. You just struck a significant blow for progress.



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Nothing like it since Suez

NOT SINCE the worst days of Suez have I seen the Tory party shudder with such fury against the actions of its own members. For an hour on Thursday night a considerable majority of Conservative MPs were convulsed by righteous rage because they discovered that six Tory members were on the point of leaving on a trip to Belfast and Dublin, where they would meet IRA leaders of both official and Provisional wings at a secret hide-out.

Taunts such as "traitors," "quintings" and "shaking hands with murderers" were flung around—and the anger was not confined to the back benches. Mr Heath, I am told, "reacted violently and instantly" when he heard the news at 5.15 on Thursday. Thirty minutes earlier, when his Parliamentary Private Secretary, Clive Bosson, told Mr Maundling what was being planned, Mr Maundling had been "adamant with passion and fury." When Willie Whitelaw, Lord President, heard the news at 5.30, his language was said to be "colourful."

Heath, Maundling and Whitelaw went to work immediately and, inevitably, it had to be unconditional surrender for the six MPs. Was the trip off? "It had bloody well better be," I was told by one Minister.

By seven o'clock that evening the hapless Derek Coombs, the new MP for Yardley, Birmingham, who dreamt of the fact-finding trip to Belfast and Dublin as a humble contribution to peace-making, was deserted by his five colleagues under their leaders' fury. And after a "highly charged" conference with the Chief Whip, Francis Pym, Mr Coombs, too, had to retreat from the stricken field.

Mr Coombs first came to Westminster after last year's general election, a 40-year-old Midlands businessman who won Yardley from the Socialists. As a new boy, he is not experienced in political subtleties, though he has long been fascinated by the Irish question. He is, incidentally, married to Peter O'Toole's sister. Some months ago, he says, he thought it would be an excellent idea if some of the new MPs like himself studied the problem at first hand.

He first exchanged his ideas about four weeks ago with another new boy, Laurence Reed, who won Bolton East. They agreed the value of a small group of Nick-bench Tories going north and south, to see the situation and themselves. Two of them, as well as during the night, Mr Pym, Mr Emery (Hampshire) and Captain Walter Emsley (Carshalton).

Whips last week that they were planning a fact-finding study of the Irish problem on the spot.



JAMES MARGACH
tells the story of sixty furious minutes when six Tories stepped out of Ulster line



Coombs: losing allies



Deedes: adding weight

leaving on Friday morning. "All right," said the Whips, "but be sure you're all back by ten o'clock Monday night for the three-line whipped vote on Peter Walker's Housing Bill."

The Whips did not demur at all at that moment. But they reflected later that the four MPs did not carry the sort of weight likely to make any impression in Belfast or Dublin. So the Whips' machine went into action discreetly and sought around for

more senior figures to keep the four company. This explains why William Deedes, a former Home Office Minister, was suggested as the delegation's ideal leader, with Philip Goodhart, joint secretary of the 1922 committee, as his second.

The argument still rages about whether the Government and Whips were ever alerted to the six's meeting with the two wings of the IRA. Mr Coombs is in no doubt; he says he told the Whips specifically about his plans to meet the IRA and they approved it as an excellent idea. But the Whips say they understood that the delegation would meet all sides, but never imagined the IRA were to be included.

When Mr Deedes and Mr Goodhart were invited to join the group they believed that the Whips had already approved the IRA rendezvous.

What is clear is that whatever the misunderstandings, Mr Coombs, who still believed he was the delegation's leader and not Mr Deedes, did not conceal anything in the Press statement he had drafted for Central Office to distribute. It gave pride of place in the Dublin trip to the "talks with Mr Cathal Goulding of the IRA, Mr John Stephenson and Mr Rory O'Brady, leaders of the Provisionals." This was to be released at 7.30 on Thursday, but by then the trip was killed.

Shortly after six o'clock Reggie Maundling, who normally ambles pleasantly through the House, was seen rushing from the chamber to the members' lobbies. He sought out Willie Whitelaw and the two of them retired along the corridors before returning at a determined gait to the Chief Whip's office.

In under 10 minutes Whitelaw, Pym and Maundling decided that the interests of Government, party and Ulster demanded that the trip should be banned at once. The six offending MPs duly trooped individually to the Chief Whip's room and were informed of the Government's decision; five peeled off at once, leaving Mr Coombs alone to meet Mr Pym. The only thing he could rescue from the wreckage was a vague promise that the trip would be reorganised without the IRA.

Two outside factors reinforced the urgency of the ban. The first was that Enoch Powell had told every Minister in sight that if the trip were not cancelled instantly he would personally put a motion on the Parliamentary order paper—and demand time for its debate—censuring the six for bringing comfort to, and fraternising with the Queen's enemies who were murdering British troops and killing Ulster civilians.

The second was that Robin Chichester-Clark, the newly elected leader of the Ulster Unionist Group, warned all Ministers about the disastrous reactions in Ulster, where the MPs' meeting with the IRA would be seen as a gross betrayal of Stormont and the Ulster people.



Sunday Times artist Peter Sullivan's sketch on what the new car will probably look like.

BRM enter the luxury car market

By Maxwell Boyd
Motoring Correspondent

TWO OF the best-known names in British motor racing—Aston Martin and BRM—are joining forces to build a high-performance, luxury car which will be unique in the British motor industry.

Following recent design trends in Europe, the new model will be a mid-engined, two-seater coupé with a V12-cylinder engine of about three-litre capacity, mounted behind the driver but forward of the rear wheels. Its top speed is likely to be more than 150 mph and sales will be aimed at the section of the luxury sports car market which is currently dominated by Italian models such as the Ferrari Dino. Its likely price is about £4,000.

Aston Martin expect to build about 3,000 a year of the new model—so far unnamed—though production plans are still only on paper and the car is not expected to appear until 1974. The engine and five-speed gearbox will be built by BRM, probably at the workshops in Bourne, Lincolnshire, with the bodies made and the car assembled by Aston Martin at Newport Pagnell.

BRM (British Racing Motors), which since 1952 has been part of the Owen Organisation engineering group, has always concentrated on building racing cars. Most of them for their own Grand Prix team. Although often approached, they have always refused to participate in the production of a road car on a large scale.

Aston Martin, a subsidiary of the David Brown engineering group, quit the racing scene in 1949 and have built mainly high-performance and high-priced sports cars since. But recent reorganisation of BRM under its new managing director, Mr Louis Stanley, calls for expansion to make the company completely self-sufficient. And Aston Martin, also with a recently-appointed managing director, Mr Malcolm Monk, must produce more and cheaper cars to survive.

Present it builds only 400 to 500 cars a year, mostly of the DBS V8 model, price £7,600 each. Yesterday, Mr Stanley said: "Aston Martin and BRM have one of the strongest and most skilled engineering, sales and design teams in the country. We aim to outdo Ferrari on every score you can think of."

How an £18 man gets a £3.10 rise and is 30p poorer

ERIC JACOB INDUSTRIAL NOTEBOOK

BIG PAY increases do not do the lowest paid workers much good and in some cases can actually make them worse off than no pay increase at all.

It is as well to get this straight now at the start of the wage bargaining season. For we are about to have our hearts rung by cries for sympathy on behalf of this and that group of low-paid workers. How could the employer not be so mean? How could Mr Anthony Barber tell them to "stand firm" against the claims of these poor fellows? Shame on them all!

But consider the case of a man with four children earning £18 a week who gets a rise of £3.10. At the end of the day, after he has added on this and deducted lost benefits, he will be 30p poorer than if he had had no rise at all.

Admittedly, this is an extreme and somewhat singular example. But it dramatises the point that the present complex of benefits and taxes at the lower ends of the income scales can diminish and even reverse whatever a man's union struggles to get for him.

We can grasp how this works by taking a look at the current state of play in the mammoth negotiations that cover the pay of some three-quarters of a million men and women in local government—the dustmen, sewage workers, town hall porters, etc. The employers have offered a package that totals up to 7 per cent and the unions have rejected it with indignation.

The unions say—and it is a fair point—that 7 per cent is not enough to match the rise in their cost of living since their last rise. They do not, however, go on to point out the real shortcoming of this and any other imaginable offer will have for their poorest members.

It works like this. The bottom 10 per cent of full-time male workers in local government gross £18 a week or less. The effect of the employers' offer is calculated by the unions to be an average increase of £1.50 per week for a man earning £18. If such a man is unmarried he would find his net earnings going up from £13.67 to £14.68, and if married without children from £14.70 to £15.72. In both cases, the increase would indeed be around 7 per cent, as advertised.

But as soon as our man starts having children he will find the advantage of his pay rise decreasing. With four children his increase would be worth 66p; with three 53p, and with two, a mere 37p. It is as simple as these examples that all children are under 11, and one is under school age.) In each case the

real increase is not 7 per cent but around 2 per cent.

The reason why the pay goes but the cash-in-hand does not least not so quickly is that this level of income a rise in will cause tax to go up and new Family Income Supplement (FIS) to go down. The man with four children will find that his £1.50 pay rise must be set off by a loss of 60p in FIS and an increase of 45p in his taxes.

The man with three children will lose from his rise 30p FIS and 15p in taxes and man with four children will lose 60p in FIS, though he does get some into a tax bracket, so it goes on.

The only answer the union offer is to thump the table demand more all round. But doesn't help much either. So they do get the employer's offer, or slightly more, doubled, so that it is £3.10. The effect of that will be to lose the man four children £1.80 in school money and £1.60 in FIS other words, he gets an inc of £3.10 in pay and suff of £3.40 in allowances. is 30p worse off than before unions got to work.

There is a problem here obviously only the Government can solve. It is pretty crazy. Tories to demand that I stand on our own two feet then penalise those of the men who are struggling to do that. Men earning the so money I am talking about more of a £1 rise to the then would a man paying 5

But there is a problem for unions to face too. Their claim local government workers: on a £2-a-week rise in basic for men and the truth of this is that this claim, like others made for large group workers, is pitched in a way as to win the support many of those worker possible. The local government claim is for the £40-a-week don dustman just as much is for the £20-a-week la attendant.

Until the unions then devise a claim that really the low-paid and doesn't ju them, we can afford to coo our sympathy.

The examples in this story are from figures provided by the Poverty Action Group.

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Poppy Day aims for £1.5 million

Despite a shortage of collectors, British Legion officials were optimistic yesterday that they would achieve their £1.5 million Poppy Appeal target. But even so the Legion will be drawing on its reserves to maintain its current expenditure on jobs, education, convalescence and rest homes, housing and caring for the sick and meeting other emergency requirements for ex-service people in need.

"We are spending £200,000 a year more than we receive in public donations," said General Sir Charles Jones, the President of the Legion which is having its 50th anniversary year.

By then the momentum of protest was increasing on all sides. The Ulster Monday Club prepared a statement condemning the six for being prepared "to sit down with such bloodstained bandits"; and Mr Stan Orme, leading Tribune campaigner of the Left, stepped in to add to the Tories' embarrassment by claiming that he was "appalled" at the projected meeting, which implied that no political settlement could be reached without IRA consent.

But by seven o'clock the Government and Whips were back in command and the six had gone underground.

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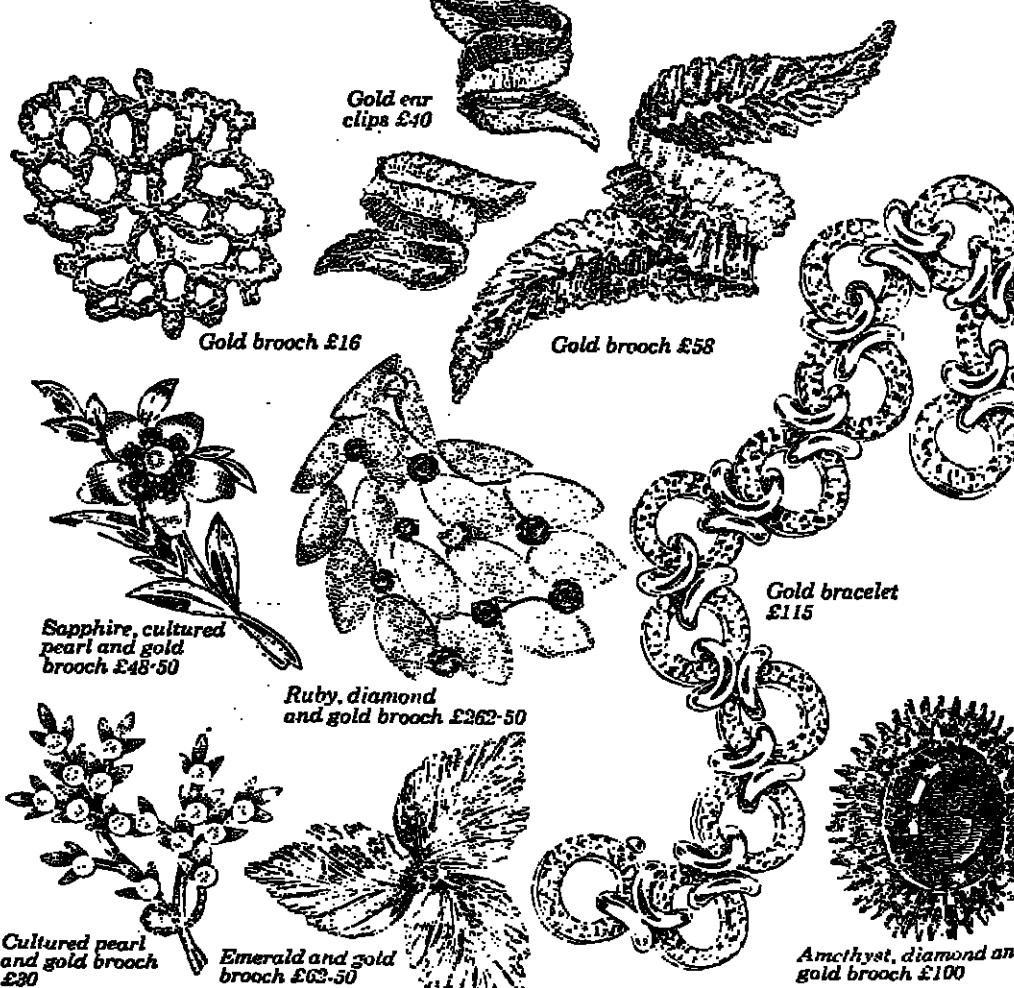
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Sixty years in the mail

ANNAH KNOWLES is a frail five feet tall, with a touch of grey in her hair, and for 60 years has been trudging a day around in the Lake District in mail as an auxiliary.

"I don't," she says. "A lot of people ask me that, I don't know. Despite a touch of arthritis in her right knee—and the Office's plans to cut jobs—she sees no reason why she should not continue to do so indefinitely."

It was 18 when she first took a mail bag, for four bob and reckons she must have walked more than 100 miles in all weathers. She earns nearly £4 for a week but insists that it is just the money that she needs. "It's part of the job," she says, relaxed by four pints in the cottage with two cats.

She says that the thing that did vex her was the postal strike—she struck itself, which joined in a gesture of sympathy that some thought out of order, but the fact that her auxiliary in Eskdale, a pacemaker, went on report-duty and drawing his pay, she was awarded the BEM and on the wall near the clock hangs a framed picture signed by the Queen saying that she was unable to personally award the award to you have so well done.

She is unrepentant at having down the invitation to Ham Palace. "It's not that I haven't liked to meet the Queen," she says. "It's London I've fancied."



Hannah takes a short-cut along Eskdale's narrow-gauge railway

Story: Michael Moynihan Picture: Michael Ward

Pacemaker helps the paralysed

By a Medical Correspondent

AN ELECTRONIC pacemaker which can be implanted in the neck has brought new life to 11 paralysed patients. Previously they were able to breathe only with the help of an iron lung—a mechanical respirator attached to a tube in the windpipe. Now they can breathe normally.

One of the patients, a medical conference in Boston was told, was severely injured in a 180 mph car racing accident and for seven months had to use a respirator. But after pacemakers were inserted in his neck he was able to go home and lead a normal life.

In the accident the man's spinal cord was damaged in the neck region, interrupting impulses from the brain which pass along two nerves—the phrenic nerves—to the diaphragm and other breathing muscles. The transistor pacemakers were attached to the phrenic nerves and by applying electric impulses to them stimulated the diaphragm, causing it to contract. The pacemakers are thus acting in the same way as the breathing control centres in the brain.

This man has now been living an independent life for nine months. The batteries which drive the pacemakers have a life of 18 months, but will be renewed after 12 months for safety.

The diaphragm pacemaker technique, described this week in General Practitioner, has been developed by Professor W. L. Glenn of Yale University. It has been used on patients who suffer breathing difficulty for various reasons.

Apart from accidental injury the breathing control centres in the brain stem or the hind brain may be damaged by a blood clot or infection. Such damage may prevent normal breathing reflexes without damaging the phrenic nerves which go to the diaphragm.

Both phrenic nerves, one passing down each side of the body, must remain undamaged for the pacemaker technique to work. Stimulation of a single nerve for more than 18 hours exhausts it, making a period of recovery necessary. Continuous breathing is obtained by using the pacemaker to stimulate the two nerves alternately.

Whitelaw makes Walker talk on the water

By John Whale

FORGIVENESS, represented by Liam Whitelaw (Leader of the Opposition), is winning a White Paper on water. Mr. Walker (Secretary of State for the Environment), Mr. Whitelaw would like to group bodies which have any to do with it—people who filter rivers, people who alter out of them, people who dirty water back in again huge bodies doing all jobs. Traditionalists in mind, with Mr Whitelaw head, will have none of Walker must walk before run.

Walker will make a statement in the House before the month in which he is expected to say that multi-water authorities remain, but only attainable process of evolution over 15 years. Till then we must tent with some tidying up present single-purpose. But the details are not MPs must wait for a

White Paper in the new year. The reason why Mr Walker and Mr Graham Page (Minister for Local Government and Development) and all their senior officials wanted to settle this ancient argument in favour of big bodies—10 for the whole of England and Wales, as against more than 1,500 now—was to simplify national planning of a scarce resource and cut out conflicts of interest.

But at a Cabinet committee meeting in July, the Walker plan was blocked by a weighty coalition which appears to have included Mr Whitelaw, Mr Reginald Maudling (Home Secretary), Mr Peter Thomas (Welsh Secretary) and Mr James Prior (Minister of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food).

Mr Prior was looking after the farmers. In return for a rate, farmers with certain streams or rivers on their land get very useful bank maintenance work done by the river authorities, whose membership is weighted in favour of the countryside. They are afraid that multipurpose water authorities would have a town bias and spend some of their drain-

age money on town sewage schemes instead.

The opposition of other Ministers was rather more doctrinaire. Of the 198 water undertakings, most are local council concerns; but 33 are statutory companies, meeting statutory obligations, but privately owned. They are for the most part efficient. In the Walker plan they would all have disappeared into huge public bodies.

Could a Conservative Government, Mr Whitelaw is believed to have asked, nationalise efficient private-enterprise concerns? Murmurs of shock and horror.

There was another point, too. The proposed regional water authorities would take power away from the local river authorities (29 in number) in just the same way as the Walker local government plan (to be debated this week) annihilates the little local councils. Enough was enough. Mr Whitelaw had helped save the Cumberland River Authority (he sits for Penrith and the Border) from amalgamation with Lancashire in 1963, and had no wish to start all over again.

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As Sir Alec leaves for Salisbury—a revealing account of the humiliation when British Ministers last met imprisoned black leaders

WHEN Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Foreign and Commonwealth Secretary, starts negotiating with Sir Ian Smith, the Rhodesian Prime Minister, in Salisbury this week, he will be discussing the remaining disputed points within the framework of the Five Principles he himself established in his previous negotiations with Mr Smith in 1968.

The fifth principle requires any settlement to be acceptable to the people of Rhodesia as a whole, which of course includes the five million Rhodesian Africans. The last time any British Minister had a chance of trying to secure African acceptance of a proposed settlement was almost exactly three years ago, just after the Wilson-Smith five-day negotiation on board the Fearless at Gibraltar.

On November 7, 1968, Mr George Thomson, Minister without Portfolio, and Mr Maurice Foley, Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, were in Salisbury, where the Smith Government produced for them Rhodesia's two main rival African political leaders. They were Joshua Nkomo, now 54, President of the Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU), and the Rev. Ndabaningi Sithole, President of the Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU). Sithole also had with him his party's Vice-President, Leopold Takawira, and Secretary-General, Robert Magabe.

Nkomo, who had spent the previous four years in the Gaborone, Botswana, restriction area near the Mozambique border, one of the hottest and most inhospitable areas of Central Africa, had been flown to Salisbury for the meeting. Sithole had been brought from Salisbury jail.

The conversations between the two British ministers and the



Sithole: Brought from jail



Thomson: "It's humiliating"



Foley: "It's a moral issue"



Nkomo: Flown to Salisbury

How Britain tried to sell half a loaf to Rhodesia's Africans

four detained African leaders was by all accounts a humiliating experience, as the ministers themselves confessed to the Africans. The British had had to insist on the talk taking place out in the open, as a precaution against "bugging". The group sat under a small tree.

No record appears to have been kept of the meeting with Nkomo, which came first, but the talk with Sithole was recorded. Derek Ingram, Managing Editor of Gemini News Service and a well-known writer on Commonwealth affairs, has obtained the record of that talk, hitherto secret. It discloses an astonishing degree of British helplessness, frankly admitted by the ministers when the Africans

vainly pressed them for military intervention by Britain. Here are key excerpts from the record as reported by Ingram:

● SITHOLE was asked if he had seen the proposals. He said: "Only the bits and pieces published in the newspapers." Foley then fetched a Hansard and a copy of the Rhodesian White Paper containing the Fearless discussions.

Thomson said: "You probably think they amount to a deal between white men and white men. . . . Once we decided force would not be used, consequences followed that were unpalatable to Maurice and me. If we had the same power as France had in relation to Algeria we would have

used force. . . . The proposals are not ideal. The real thing is that half a loaf is better than no bread at all."

Foley drew attention to the fifth principle. "There must," he said, "first exist in the country freedom of political activity. . . ."

Sithole argued: "You have proceeded from the principle of independence before majority rule, whereas you should have proceeded from the principle of majority rule before independence."

Thomson continued: "The reason for not using force is that it would be an invasion. It would have to be done from Zambia if it were decided to use it. We have no near base. We had one in Aden, but we no longer have it. . . . There would be lots of bloodshed."

"It is easy to start a war. But a war is like a bush fire which once it starts flares up and spreads. You don't know where it will end."

Thomson and Foley were getting nowhere with the Africans, and at this point the whole pathetic British position was bared to them.

Thomson said: "Look, we are sitting here away from where we would have been sitting, for fear we would be listened to. I personally asked for this place. I find it humiliating, but there was nothing else I could have done. It is a question of facing realities. We have no power." The conversation then continued on these lines:

Mugabe: "Surely you have used force elsewhere in identical situations. We choose to believe, therefore, that the reason you won't use force is because of your kith and kin."

Takawira: "We cannot believe you cannot use force. What does 'cannot do' really mean? Are your soldiers fewer than those of Mr Smith? Is your air force smaller? What is your fear—a bloodbath?"

Thomson and Foley: "That's right. It is a moral issue."

Takawira: "You are going

away leaving us in the hands of these people here. Which to you is a greater moral issue—to leave us at the mercy of these people here, and in danger, or to use force, shed some blood, but put things right? Remember these Europeans could do anything with the African people here and they could using their military force detain them all and cause untold suffering. We cannot explain our purpose to our people at all, nor can we explain to them that the British Government cannot really use force. They won't believe us. If Swaziland had been invaded before it became independent, would Britain have sat back?"

Thomson: "In Swaziland we had an army and a police force. We would certainly have put down any rebellion. We had an army the meeting ended. Shortly after—"

Mugabe: "Are the prospects as you see them really that South Africa would fight here if you used force?"

Thomson: "I have no doubt that they would fight. I have had several meetings with South African officials and I am left in no doubt that South Africa would fight."

After one and a half hours, the meeting ended. The ZANU prisoners were driven back to jail, and Nkomo was flown back to Gaborone. Shortly afterwards it became clear that both leaders had rejected the proposals.

IT IS KNOWN that Sir Alec Douglas-Home has been given assurances by Mr Smith that he will be able to see anyone he wants in Rhodesia during his visit, and it is probable he will tell Mr Smith tomorrow that he wants to see Nkomo and Sithole. It remains to be seen whether Sir Alec will talk to them in a place where the meeting can be "bugged," and whether he too will be offering them half a loaf as being better than no bread at all.

In Brief

UN cash aid for India?

PLANS for massive cash aid to India to help cope with refugees from Pakistan will be launched at the United Nations this week, writes Stephen Fay. The item will be discussed publicly at the UN for the first time on Wednesday when the Social and Humanitarian Committee considers a report by the organization's High Commissioner for Refugees, Sadruddin Aga Khan. Diplomatic manoeuvres to prevent the refugees' needs being lost in political rhetoric are under way. Draft resolution concentrating on the humanitarian aspects of the situation are circulating in UN Headquarters; their object is to fix a practical formula for the refugees, acceptable to both India and Pakistan.

The bride still goes to church

Hungarian authorities have mounted a new campaign in an effort to replace church wedding and funerals with Communist civil ceremonies, writes Gabri Roanay. For, after a quarter of a century of atheist propaganda many people still prefer to get married or bury their dead in traditional words of a priest. Even army officers and high ranking administrators have big white weddings.

In an angry report on the ideological blank spot, or provincial newspaper, Toldi Megyei Népújság, has revealed party members have had the children baptised and have been married in village churches away from their homes to avoid being spotted by fellow party members.

Lin Piao turns up—in a picture

Government officials in Peking are going to considerable lengths to deny that there is any leadership crisis in China, writes I. Goodstadt from Hong Kong. T. Communists are even shipping glossy monthly magazine, T. China Pictorial, to Hong Kong showing an unchanged political hierarchy. Chairman Mao's number two, Marshal Lin Biao, is in special prominence.

Salty Rhine

Drought has lowered the level of the Rhine so much that it is being affected by a partial inflow from the sea. Now pi water from Norway is being sent in Rotterdam shops for 3p pint.

Concert for Benga

Glenda Jackson, the actress, to read a Bengali poem as well as passages from Shakespeare at a Sadlers Wells Theatre concert tonight to raise funds for refugees from East Pakistan. Bengali artists will include well-known folk singers and Riten Shankar, nephew of Ravi Shankar the celebrated sitar player.

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War trail limits Vietnam pull-out

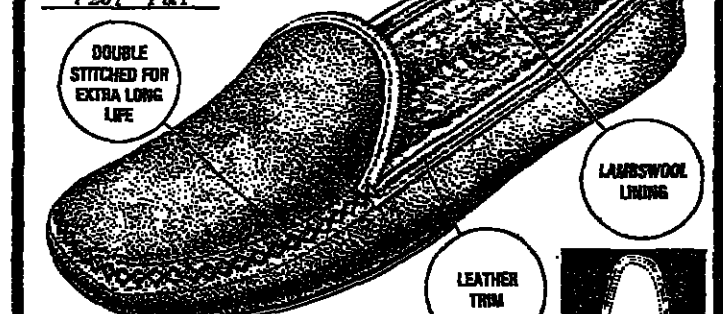
As the Vietnam rainy season ends, the flow of North Vietnamese war supplies down the Ho Chi Minh trail has resumed on a big scale, and this is doubtless one reason why President Nixon has announced only a limited new troop withdrawal, writes Derek Wilson. The pull-out of a further 45,000

men by the end of January will bring the total in Vietnam down to 139,000. By refusing to pin himself down over the withdrawal of the remainder, the President is free to hold over Hanoi the threat of the Seventh Air Force—the one remaining real American deterrent in Indochina.

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What makes Lindsay run for President

Stephen Fay catches up with the non-stop Mayor of New York

LINDSAY, Mayor of New York, sat in the back seat of a Cadillac that he had hired to take him to the airport in Washington. It was 11.10 am and he had been up five hours; he had flown to Washington, an important political event, and eaten a late lunch. Now he was going to New York to talk to jobless men. During the afternoon, he would finally work at City Hall, and that he was to speak at a

public hearing. "It's a silly, this kind of life," he said. "It wears us out. It costs far too much." He does not do it, he says, because he is a politician. He is the most, but they need most—competition. He gave notice of his likely return to the hardest political task of his life.

He is satisfied with running New York. He is almost certainly going to run for the only job in the city that is harder, the Presidency of the United States. It is why the schedule is so

red, many New Yorkers say it is too hard. "It is a doubtful that he can run from a phone booth in Haute, Indiana by speaking notes with members of the staff," snuffed the New York Times on Wednesday. That was

day after Lindsay had named that Dick Aurelio, his mayor, was leaving to try just what the Mayor's job is becoming the Democratic Party's nominee for the

effo wants Lindsay to run, even aides always do because candidate is their ticket to London, too. But they are together blind to the size of Lindsay's gamble. "It's a long uphill battle," says one. "The odds are 100-1." His Press secretary, Tom

lin, "But a month ago, they 1,000-1." Three months ago, the Mayor was not even

candidate himself is re-ly candid about his es. If he does run—and he isent that he is not ret-ly certain that he will

will win only if the condi-are right. "The better is doing, the better chance e. I can win only if the candidates give up because

think Nixon is unbeatable." Washington last Thursday ng, Lindsay outlined to a

but potent audience of rats how he thought it be done. It was his first

to a party audience in the 1 since his political conver-est August, but they were ng him as a presidential

date: Muskie, McGovern and they had been invited too, was clearly nervous, but he

sees that he always is. "I myself, couldn't you just and have a cup of coffee where instead of doing

couple of jokes got the mayor gh ("I just won New York for the Democrats after five

years of tyrannical Republican rule", and he began to relax and develop his theme. It boils down to the fact that he

the Democrats can convince the electorate that instead of divid-ling a tired people as the Nixon Administration has done, they will unite America and end the years of dispute and disruption.

Specifically, Lindsay argues, the problems of cities like New York have to be attacked nationally by a sympathetic President, and he uses a Kennedyesque rhetorical style to elaborate his case. "The streets of my city

and of every American city are the last frontier. And if we don't change them, we'd better forget about the American Dream. Across the country, people are uncertain and afraid. They feel America has lost its way. We must be ready to take on any tradition, any orthodoxy, any institution."

He then outlines a liberal ticket of startling length. Among the institutions he proposes that the Democrats take on in 1972 are the tax loopholes for the rich, the seniority rule in Congress, the highway lobby, the gun lobby and the oil lobby, the American Medical Association and the American Bar Association.

The speech was a success and Lindsay left the meeting in good humour. He sat in the hotel's coffee shop, gossiping with his staff and talking to journalists who travelled with him.

He casually dismissed the importance of foreign policy as a major issue in next year's election. (He is, however, interested in it himself. He inquires anxiously about Roy Jenkins' prospects in the Labour Party and the prospects for Europe.)

"Americans don't really care whether China is in the UN, for instance, because it doesn't touch them," he says, noting that he had always supported Peking's admission and that it had never done him any harm.

What is harmful to Lindsay is the criticism he absorbs in New York City. A long article in the New York Times this week described the growing disaffection among the city's blacks. Their support was dropping because the Mayor had not produced his promises had not been kept.

Then there was the electoral defeat of a bond issue 12 days ago which Lindsay had favoured. It would have held the tube and bus fares in New York at 30 cents. Now they will go up to 35 cents at least.

That will increase the barrage of vituperation among white workers, many of whom have been suspicious of Lindsay ever since his election because of the alliance he made with New York's blacks. The union leaders, for instance, do not like him and many of their blue-collar members voice their dislike.

The greatest irony of Lindsay's candidacy, and one he doesn't bother to deny, is that he—the eloquent spokesman for American cities—might well do rather better outside city limits in his campaign for the Democratic nomination.

In the towns and villages be-



yond the suburbs there is a higher level of tolerance left, and Lindsay will be given more credit for the qualities that have won him elections before. He is a slightly aloof and earnest Liberal, a tall and lithe figure with startling blue eyes, a distant smile and some wit. He is 50 in 10 days time, but he can still pass for 45.

He is confident that he can win the white working class as well. He will have to if his campaign is not to collapse. His hopes are based on a belief in the rediscovery by blue-collar workers of reasoned argument. "When something went wrong in New York, they used to say: 'It's 100 per cent Lindsay's fault.' Now they are saying: 'It's 50 per cent Lindsay's fault, but maybe there is something wrong with the system too.'"

That still leaves Lindsay with a substantial burden but he gives the impression that he bears it lightly. He mixed easily with a largely unsympathetic crowd of unemployed Vietnam veterans at a Job Fair organised by the city. Unemployment in New York is lower than in most American cities, but it is high enough to make the men who fought for a dubious cause in South-East Asia bitter to find themselves out of work when they return.

Most of the veterans were black, and on Thursday evening

the Mayor attended another black occasion: a fund-raising dinner for Shirley Chisholm, a vigorous black Congresswoman from Brooklyn who is running for President as a representative of two downtrodden groups, blacks and women.

Lindsay wore a "Chisholm for President" button. Maybe he didn't mean it, but he desperately needs the support of people like Shirley Chisholm if his own candidacy is to become credible.

At this early stage, the one thing that gives his election hopes a degree of plausibility is the fact that Lindsay—loved or hated—is instantly recognisable throughout America in a way that only Teddy Kennedy is among the other plausible contenders for the nomination.

On the flight back from Washington, a giggling stewardess approached the Mayor and told him how much she admired him and asked for his autograph. Lindsay smiled and chatted, found out where she lived, and where she voted.

"Does that bore you, or do you find it gratifying?" I asked him. "Of course I like it," he replied. "It's a nice change from being shouted at in New York." At the moment, there are more people shouting at John Lindsay than for him.

Chile sees the new Castro

IN EMERGING from Cuba for the first time in nearly eight years, to visit Chile, Fidel Castro on Wednesday also emerged full-dress for the first time into what for him is a new revolutionary role.

Prime Minister Castro, freshened by a Daiquiri and a bath from the rigours of his reception at Santiago's Pudahuel Airport and the 25-mile motorcade ride to the Cuban ambassador's residence here, exhibited in the patio. One of them asked him why the USSR's Aeroflot flyshyn 18 which flew him out of Havana to Santiago had not made the reported stopover in Lima so that he could chat for an hour or so with Peruvian president Juan Velasco Alvarado. It was not included in the protocol, said Castro, now minus his kepi. "For me protocol is law."

By way of emphasis, he unbuttoned his olive drab tunic to demonstrate that the bulge around his middle was really his own bulk and not—as one lady reporter had suggested—a bullet-proof vest. And there was no pistol holster hanging from the belt which was holding in his considerable girth.

Castro, who less than a year ago was known to be giving material sustenance to guerrilla groups in several Latin-American countries, had shown the first stages of his metamorphosis in his annual July 26 speech this year in Havana. In it he expounded a new Cuban position consisting of support for all forms of opposition in most Latin-American countries—subversive warfare, democratic elections, military coups and combinations of these.

Soon after this declaration, the more observant travellers passing through Havana's International Airport noticed a subtle



In Santiago: Castro the puritan and Allende "the political bra"

change in the wording of the illuminated sign which had long admonished airline passengers: "Armed battle is the only road to liberation." Now the word "only" has been dropped.

Dr Castro turned his back on foreign travel in 1964, the year the Organisation of American States (OAS) declared its economic and diplomatic boycott

Richard Lindley reports from Chile

against Cuba. Since then there have been sophisticated changes in the Left's push for power in South America, changes which made it impossible for the Prime Minister to show his ferocious beard again on the continent while still sustaining his "only road" thesis.

The most sophisticated development, of course, took place here in Chile just a year and a week ago when Salvador Allende, a Marxist Socialist, was inaugurated constitutional president. On the eve of his first year in power, as he anticipated the arrival of Dr Castro, Dr Allende told an American television correspondent: "I am a personal friend of Fidel Castro's but his methods, tactics and strategy are different from mine."

President Allende's methods, tactics and strategy in fact are bourgeois as he is himself, and there is more than a little bourgeois cleverness in his inviting of Dr Castro at this time. In both the political and economic spheres Dr Allende can use whatever benefits may be gleaned

The two houses in Chile's Congress are both controlled by the opposition, and on Thursday Dr Allende tabled a draft for the reform of the constitution which would create a single-chamber parliament that almost certainly would be controlled by the regime.

Today, at President Allende's suggestion, Dr Castro is visiting Chuquibambilla, the world's largest open pit copper mine. By chance, the 10,000 Chuquibambilla miners, whom Fidel will address, are in the process of rejecting President Allende's offer of an 18 per cent pay rise while insisting on 50 per cent.

It is being said of Dr Allende these days in Chile that he is much like a brasserie in that he "oppresses the opulent, uplifts the fallen and deceives the unwary." The Chilean idiom is strongly sex-associated, and there is something incongruous in the Santiago newsstands which display banners proclaiming "Bienvenida Fidel"—Fidel being the

man who brought strict Marxist puritanism to the once profligate Cuba—alongside pornographic magazines of the most explicit variety.

This is just one more of the realities which face Fidel in the new revolutionary role he has assumed—this being an acceptance of other than Utopian armed battle methods for the achieving of power. Peru's President Velasco Alvarado, for example, is an army general who would have been anathema to the old Fidel—meaning the young Fidel—whose 1959 seizure of power in Cuba, at the age of 32, was followed by a purge of the Cuban army officers.

But in 1959 there were few Latin American generals of the Velasco Alvarado stripe, which is Nasserist. The indications are that General Velasco, who for a long time was a sergeant, will soon follow President Allende's suit and reopen diplomatic relations with Cuba. (Mexico never broke relations with Cuba, notwithstanding the 1964 OAS boycott.)

The new, circumspect Fidel was especially cautious here on the subject of the November 28 general elections in Uruguay from which Gen. Liber Seregni, a "red general," has a chance, although not a very good one, according to the polls—of emerging president.

"If I had to vote in Uruguay in the next elections," said Dr Castro during that impromptu news conference in the patio of the Cuban ambassador's residence, "I would vote for the Frente Amplio." The Frente Amplio is Gen. Seregni's "broad front" coalition of parties, including the Communist Party.

On awaking, the Cuban Rip van Winkle has demonstrated that he knows what has been going on during his eight years of hibernation.

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I WAS talking to one of the last of Zanzibar's Indian shopkeepers when the elderly Ford Zephyr swung round the corner from the waterfront, passed by the shop where we were sitting and vanished in the direction of the Presidential Palace, where British residents once dwelt in imperial splendour. The Ford's passage was the work of but a moment, and all I could glimpse inside it were a driver in a white shirt and a burly black figure sitting very upright in the back, wearing a skull cap and what looked like a grey Mao jacket.

But in that moment two ordinary Africans walking on the other side of the street flattened themselves against the wall with their hands to their foreheads in a rigid salute, my shopkeeper leaped to his feet with such vigour that he knocked his chair over and my shins—casually extended in a lounging attitude well suited to Zanzibar's steam heat—received an unintentional but peremptory rap from the shopkeeper's walking stick, which he was fumbling towards a sort of slope arms position as he rose.

He apologised afterwards; but he was all a-quiver. "That's him," he whispered, with a look that I can honestly describe as fearful. As he sank into his chair again, mopping his brow, he seemed quite grey beneath the brown skin. "Do you do this every time you see him?" I asked. "Oh, my God, yes! We have to. It's his law."

"Him" was, of course, Sheikh Rashid Abeid Karume, former merchant seaman, boss of Zanzibar and for the past eight years your only lawmaker for one of the most bizarre little states of black Africa. Some of Zanzibar's eccentricities—if that is the right word—have been exaggerated from time to time. The Chinese presence on the island, for example, is still sometimes spoken of with bated breath as if it was about to turn Zanzibar into a centre of subversion for the whole of Africa and a Maoist naval base for the Indian Ocean as well.

Mao buttons

I CAN REPORT that both these notions seem inflated on present evidence. There are Chinese present, it is true: sallow little men in blue tunics and red Mao buttons fly back and forth from Dar-es-Salaam every day. But there are probably not more than 300 of them all told—most of them doctors for the island hos-

More ghosts than people in dictator Karume's Zanzibar

DAVID HOLDEN reports
on the pain
in Julius Nyerere's neck

pital and experts for the island farms—and the only sign I saw or heard of a naval base was a couple of decrepit-looking motor torpedo boats of indefinite nationality bobbing at anchor near an army barracks off an otherwise deserted beach.

Of course, you never know. Diplomats on the island have to get special permission to travel anywhere more than five miles out of Zanzibar town and casual visitors like me are restricted to a handful of tourist routes through the scented groves of clove trees and the towering coconut palms. Somewhere, something might be going on unseen; but I am bound to say that, if the Chinese are putting many of their African eggs in Sheikh Karume's basket they need their tiny heads examined.

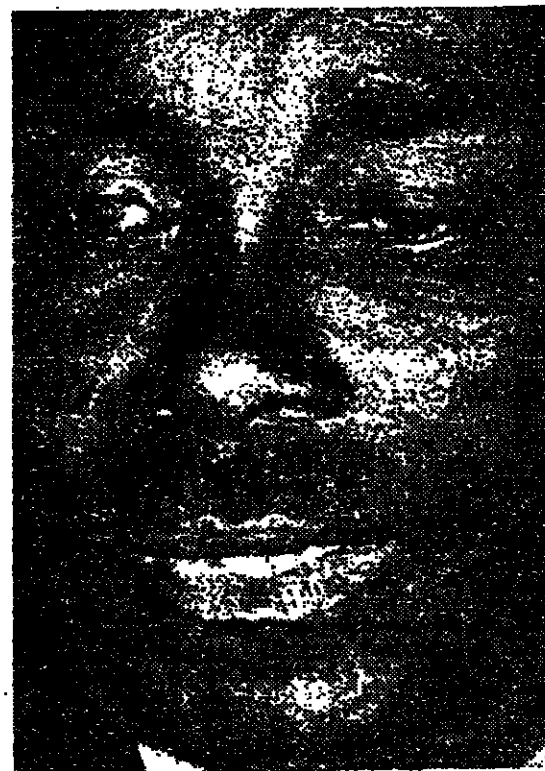
Certainly nobody else has got much joy out of his regime—least of all, perhaps, the country of which Zanzibar is supposedly a part. Strictly speaking it is the island half of President Julius Nyerere's Federal Republic of Tanzania, in which Sheikh Karume enjoys the title of Vice-President.

You might suppose, therefore, that you could visit Zanzibar

from the Tanzanian capital of Dar es-Salaam without the usual formalities of international travel. Not so. You need your passport; you pay international airport taxes; you fill in all the usual tiresome documents; and if you are not properly medicated and pretty quick in your reactions as well you are very apt to have an anti-malarial pill thrust physically down your throat by officious black hands apparently acting in the belief that only thus can the island be saved from the awful ravages of the mainland's mosquitoes.

Weird excesses

THE FACT is that Sheikh Karume has never taken the Federation seriously since the day he entered it in 1964, after he and his Afro-Shirazi Party had bloody thrown out the Zanzibar Sultan's old government. For him it has been strictly a marriage of convenience. For Nyerere, struggling to reconcile his idealist vision of African unity with the reality of Karume's weird excesses, it has been strictly a pain in the neck. As things stand now it will probably go on that way for as far ahead as anyone can see.



Karume: some Chinese eggs in his basket

should learn to suffer as the Africans once did. The Asians are still suffering. In the three weeks before I arrived, more than 350 remaining families—probably 1,500 people—had been given their marching orders, whether they were legally citizens of Zanzibar or not. Parents were relieved to find that, unlike some previous occasions, the regime was ready to be merciful. Their children could go with them—but only on a ransom basis. Payment was required, reputedly up to as much as £1,000 per child, according to age and education, in "compensation" for the schooling the State had been graciously pleased to afford them.

The Africans in Zanzibar, also, have a somewhat less than riotous time. Sheikh Karume is strong on puritanical ideas of self-help and if that means that he and his friends sometimes help themselves to the girls (the leader has added three more wives to the one he started with when he seized power), it means for lesser Africans hard labour and short commons. Sheikh Karume has some £20 million in foreign reserves, much of it in the Moscow Narodny Bank in London, but he declines to spend it on food for his people. His view is that what they can't buy they will be forced to grow, which will be very good for their souls and bodies alike.

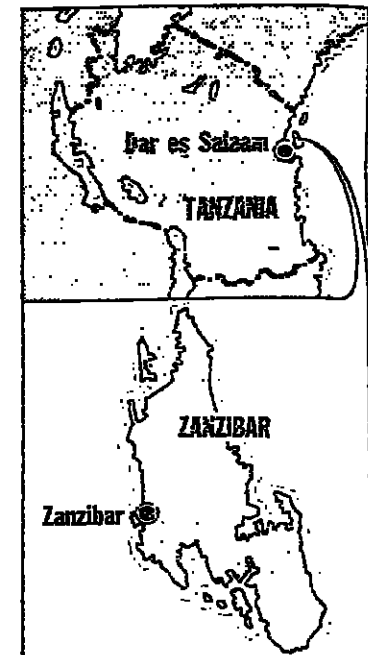
But so far it has not quite worked out like that. For the past four months sugar, rice and flour have all been strictly rationed and although the Zanzibar market is still well stocked with local fish, fruit and vegetables, any store with bulk foods, from beans to sweet potatoes, is besieged with queues up to 50 yards long.

Erratic mixture

ON THE OTHER HAND, in the one shop I could find that sold imported foods and household goods (state-owned, of course, "African socialism") an erratic mixture of the mundane and the exotic was on display for eager buyers. Windolene, Spam and Blue Band margarine jostled on the shelves with French champagne and Chinese brandies at £3 a bottle. Cigarettes, however, were not available. Unless you have influence in Zanzibar nowadays, you need to fly to Dar-es-Salaam to buy those.

To be fair, one must record Sheikh Karume's social achievements. Every one in Zanzibar is entitled now to ten years of free education, even if there are distressingly few teachers left to provide it; and one of these days everyone will—or should—be entitled to free housing as well. Some lucky people have already got it. The most immediately impressive sight on the island is not, as one man suggested to me, that of the Chinese Consul's formidable wife trotting plumply to the post office every evening in search of mail from home, but the rows of new self-help apartment blocks on the outskirts of Zanzibar town.

Who designed these imposing boxes nobody seems quite sure, but there are dark rumours that



Zanzibar: a marriage of convenience with Tanzania.

Sheikh Karume was personally responsible, having swotted up a bit of architecture somewhere or his seaman's way. Certainly he seems anxious to claim responsibility for the plan to house the entire population of Zanzibar and its sister island of Pemba in 10 such urban agglomerations (which means rather hard to square with his other idea that everyone should also be out digging in the fields). What actually is building the blocks, however, is very clear: the people who, by degree, must give up two half-days a week to the necessary labour and who may be seen as hard at it as the Zanzibar climate allows by anyone who cares to go and watch them.

Theirs is a noble effort; but without wishing to carp I must declare that if the work I saw was representative I would not live in the finished structure for a fortune. They are six floor high, built without reinforcement of crudely poured concrete and locally-made cinder block upon foundations—or the absence of them—that would have any contractor in Britain slapped in jail for a decade.

Still, as a monument to one man's aspirations, they may last a few years if a hurricane or something doesn't blow them over sooner. And, meanwhile, there is surely another, more agreeable eccentricity to be discovered in the fact that the equipment used in their erection was bought from Britain, like many another of Sheikh Karume's official purchases by none other than Britain's Crown Agents acting on Zanzibar's behalf. Give or take a few thousand Indian merchants' sweat into limbo, or a few hundred Chinese men in blue, there is still an honest penny to be turned in Zanzibar, after all, even by old-fashioned capitalist-imperialists.

But stand to attention when that Ford Zephyr passes or Zanzibar's bogymen may get you. And that, as too many people have learned, is just no joke at all.



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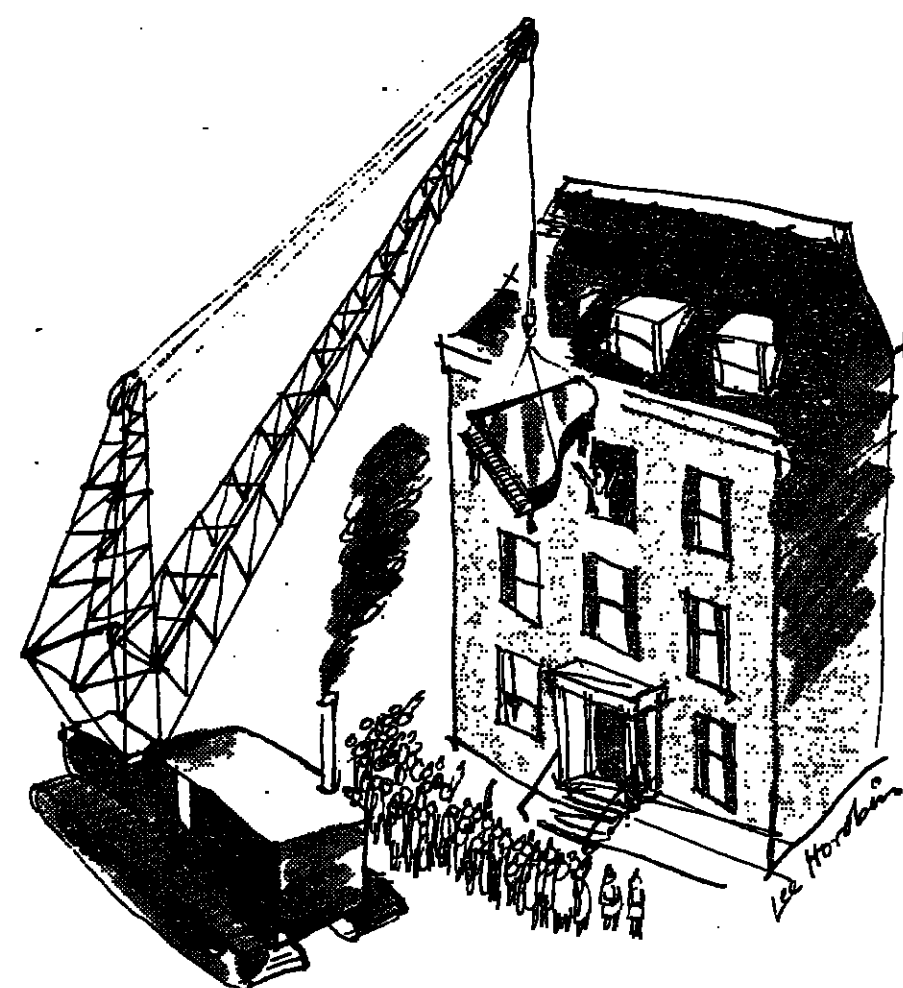
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in a day.

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Suits versus Savile Row

WINING a Prufrock article making of a £150 Savile Row suit (last week) to say that it is a wholesale bespoke trade suits just as good for a of the cost. This claim is contested below by Mr Ely, a Savile Row tailor, and Mr Ely, the Tailor & Cutter.

ED are Mr Mischner (left) latest Savile Row suit on Friday, and Mr Ely a product of the Leeds bespoke trade.

Purchaser of Savile Row many years, and also knowledge of the tailor. I would like to say that, his loyalty to the city of Mr Ronald Ely (Letters, 11) is really talking nonsense. Even to compare a suit Savile Row to one made in Leeds, is almost akin to comparing a Dior gown with a chain store.

Savile Row suit is made individually of the customer is not allowed to unless it is to the satisfaction of the tailor or himself, or the number of fittings. This of course adds to cost, for the tailor must himself against alterations, users are cut and fitted individually.

Row tailors have customers from all over the world, by from USA, who order six suits at a time, many of these firms send relatives to America twice to have fittings and take

is world famous for well-made, factory-manufactured suits. If they are, as stated, as Savile Row, it would be a waste of time to go to Leeds, where these suits have their personal made in Savile Row.

Lawrence Mischner, Maidenhead

he editor, The & Cutter

Y pointed out that the cost of the £150 suit is fact it is 50 per cent, should make his feelings again and despair" even ly then claimed that such could be made in Leeds



LD someone explain to why it is necessary for in Poland, in making of Macbeth, to employ 'pt writer' (Magazine week). I wish under the cession that the script of particular play was written 400 years ago. Or that it simply needs 'oring' R A Howard Croydon

ere Lord Longford fails

IS article Pornography. To be Done? (Leader last week) Lord Longford needs a search and destroy ion against material which 's to encourage or displays perversion. It is a pity that s limited the scope of his and his committee in this or there are surely other ices as potentially harmful pornography. The casual ce of modern films and tele-and the sentimentality of Romance both distort for the immature.

anyone who seeks to ban ind of rubbish has a duty w that it is harmful. Lord ord's man in the street and respondent of high intel- calibre have both sed their own problems may well have rationalised deplorable behaviour by the blame on pictures at or letters to a magazine tively. But this sort of -heating cannot seriously be ed as evidence.

evidence required should at least the same calibre at which now demonstrates inconnection between lung can- and smoking. And the action authorities should be at as cautious as their ach to the cigarette manu-ers.

problem does not end If it could be established pornography and other al in some circumstances a harmful effect on some e. how are we to protect and to what extent? Are or example, to insist on pro- for those who don't want Or, as in the case of Oris, is a printed warning regarded as sufficient? Lord Longford being artful he suggests that the debate out whether pornography is ful on the one hand or her it ever does any good on ther? Surely the discussion d be directed towards the ion. Are there circum- in which censorship can istified?

Michael Gray, Nottingham

ter Remembrance

AY is Remembrance Day. In first few years after our er husbands were killed our ess was mingled with pride, we received plaques saying: ur King and Country offer sincere sympathy and grate- thanks for your Supreme ifice." The posthumous "reward" was War Widows pension. But we were forced to become breadwinners, with no equal is of pay, this pittance was d to our earnings, and for purposes we were now classed single women.

The irony was hard to accept. This became bitterness when one realised that France and even Germany, the defeated country, did not exploit the widows of their war dead in this way—and Britain continues to do so. Our dreams of the promised "Brave New World" (and those printed plaques) have gone. The only promise that was kept was the one of blood, sweat and tears. So many years after the war has ended we are remembering. And our children, too, will remember. Jill Gee, Liverpool 23



for £7. This could be done, he said, without three fittings, by an organisation he referred to as "the wholesale bespoke trade." That, itself, is a contradiction in terms: a proper bespoke tailor is one who measures and produces everything through to the final product on the premises. What Mr Ely called a wholesale bespoke trade is, in fact, known in the clothing industry as cut, make and trim, a service which will make up clothing to a measure sent in by a retailer who professes to run a bespoke section in his shop.

Apart from Mr Ely's misuse of words, he is also grossly mistaken that suits made in Leeds for £7 are of equal quality to those made in Savile Row. For the Leeds type, cut, make and trim suit, usually three or four people form part of a chain to the factory from the retailer and back, each with his own interpretation of what is needed. The customer

Remand cases at Holloway

From the chairman, Holloway Prison Visiting Committee of Magistrates

YOUR article on the problems of prisoners remanded to Holloway for reports (last week) misrepresents the efforts being made to find a solution. Contrary to your headline, the Home Office never gives advice to magistrates; the duty of the Executive is to provide facilities for the implementation of the legal sentences imposed by magistrates.

The Holloway Prison Visiting Committee of Magistrates welcomed unreservedly the initiative of the Home Office and the prison authorities in opening the outpatient psychiatric clinic and are disappointed at the slender use so far made of it. But it is as yet only a pilot scheme, and referrals to it have been deliberately confined to three London courts only, Bow Street, Marylebone and West London.

The accusation that women are sent to prison on remand just for a taste of punishment is as hard to refute as it is to prove. There was, however, a widespread belief among magistrates and probation officers that whereas a psychiatric report on a defendant could be obtained in three weeks from a prison, it would take from six to eight weeks to get it from an outside hospital consultant. A member of the Visiting Committee therefore has, with the agreement of the Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, compiled a list of all consultant psychiatrists who would find it possible to see patients remanded on bail, giving an appointment, a consultation and a written assessment within three weeks. The courts pay a fee of £5 to £8 for this service.

This list has been circulated to all courts in the Inner London area and we hope that it will help to reduce the number of women defendants on remand in Holloway. Maria Sedgwick, London NW3

Octobriana

AS PUBLISHER and literary agent of Petr Sadecky, the subject of William Shawcross' article "There's More to Octobriana" (Spectrum, last week) may we say that we have both known and worked with Petr Sadecky for some time. We have followed through his story in every detail. He has answered all the various attacks on him with ease and openness. There are no remaining mysteries.

His conduct under fire has been consistent in every way with that of an entirely honest and straightforward person of high intelligence, whose head may be somewhat in the clouds at times, but who has never given us a moment's cause to doubt him, and in whose account we have complete faith.

Any reader who has any doubts about the authenticity of Sadecky's Octobriana material should please write personally to either of us c/o Tom Stacey Ltd, 28 Maiden Lane, London WC2, we will be happy to reply in the fullest detail.

Tom Stacey, Josef Josten, London, WC2

DENTISTS: The patients are being blackmailed

I WAS interested but disturbed to read Tony Dawe and Ken Anderson's article on dentistry and the National Health Service (last week). Since becoming a member of the dental profession I have become more and more ashamed of the practice by too many of its members, of black-mailing the public into accepting private treatment.

As well as there being an agreement among dentists in some areas to boycott certain NHS services (usually dentures, as reported by your investigation), individual dentists may influence their patients by vaguely implying that certain services are not available on the NHS. In fact the NHS will approve most services but such dentists are reluctant to do any but the most easily profitable NHS work.

Another sales technique is to lead the patients to believe that they will be getting a vastly superior treatment by paying privately when frequently, in there is a difference in quality, it is slight; and some dentists operating under the NHS, because of their individual skills, produce work significantly superior to some private treatment.

I hope your article causes some potential private patients to think again, before being persuaded by high-power sales techniques into parting with their money, for treatment which may not be superior to that obtained, for a fraction of the cost, from a NHS dentist. Peter Haydn Smith, Oadby

No waiting

FOR 20 years I have endeavoured to provide the fully comprehensive service which I believe to be the right of every patient who makes a compulsory contribution for that purpose.

and 99.9 per cent of my practice is NHS from conviction and choice. I have even spent time trying to dissuade patients who can easily afford it, from coming as private patients on the grounds that I do not have two standards of work.

Also, no patient in pain is ever turned away and there are no ridiculously long waiting lists for appointments. I know that it is possible to give this service and I know that many of my colleagues give the same service and, therefore, I resent being associated with such a commercialised image as that presented by your article.

The physical strain involved is enormous and could be eased by less shoddy treatment from the Government, but the rewards are not insubstantial and there are many of us who are prepared to go on obeying the dictates of our social consciences.

R M Pennington, Newton-le-Willows

Poor pay

MY OWN COMPLAINTS about the NHS are (a) that the people who run the dental side of the service expect us to provide the best treatment available but are only prepared to pay for the cheapest, and (b) that they refuse to give us any support or help—i.e., unlike doctors, we cannot obtain grants for practice premises or equipment, no rebates for staff employed, no financial inducements to form group practices, etc. Their attitude is: "You provide everything, pay for everything, then we will pay you the least possible."

Do not believe those quoted average earnings figures. A survey in London some two years ago revealed that only about one-third

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR
200 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1

of dentists questioned actually achieved the so called target net income figure which the Department of Health bandies about.

After many years of negotiating by our profession our fees are little more than they were in 1948 when the NHS was introduced. Our examination fee is 60 p; in 1948 it was 10s. An increase of 10p in 23 years.

I do not wish to be a millionaire, nor am I a money-grabbing Skylock. All I ask is that I have a scale of fees which will enable me and my family to eat and have a holiday, for me to pay my mortgage and HP instalments—and to have a little left over to save for the last approach time when the disabilities inherent in dentistry prevent me from working.

Eric K J Emery, Exeter



Overworked

THOUGH finance must always be a consideration in any contract, the over-riding reason for the dental profession's disenchantment with NHS conditions is the intolerable pressure of work which is endured to achieve our target income.

It may be helpful here to realise, as we grow closer to the EEC, that, compared with Europe

we practise at approximately double the clinical pressure for two-thirds of the reward.

The Dexter salesmanship organisation grew from one man's honest desire to give a higher standard of restorative dentistry to his patients whilst maintaining his own standard of living, a move which obviously gained the approval of his patients.

The many dentists who now engage in at least a percentage of private practice find that they are able, not only to achieve a higher living standard without bureaucratic interference, but can also afford to pay their technical and other ancillary staff realistic salaries. It is well known that the supporting personnel in the NHS are pitifully remunerated by current standards.

Nye Bevan realised it was quite impossible to create a system by which dentists would work at a salary in health services for the provision of dental treatment. There are not enough dentists to satisfy the needs of the population and if those that there are worked in a salaried service their clinical output would be, by the very nature of human frailty, probably somewhat of the order of 50 per cent of that which it is now, thus exacerbating the already catastrophic position.

R Miller Yardley, Lichfield

IN last week's article The Decay of the NHS it was incorrectly stated that old age pensioners are exempt from dental charges. They may, however, be eligible for financial assistance towards the cost of treatment if they consult their local office of the Department of Health and Social Security.

The days with Mr Smith

From the Rt Hon George Thomson, MP

I DO NOT understand how Nicholas Carroll can claim (last week) that Sir Alec Douglas-Home is "prepared to spend far longer in serious negotiations with Mr Smith than Mr Wilson spent. . . ." The last round of talks conducted by the Labour Government began with 30 hours of discussion on Farnley—conducted at Prime Minister not Foreign Secretary level—and were continued by me as Commonwealth Secretary in Salisbury for a period of 12 days.

Far from "negotiating against a November 10 deadline," as Mr Carroll implies we did, Mr Wilson insisted that after eight days of discussion I left Salisbury during the anniversary of UDI and returned for a further period.

Mr Wilson ensured throughout that no time limit was set and I left only when both sides were agreed that no useful purpose could be served by my staying.

I wish the Foreign Secretary better fortune than I enjoyed in achieving a settlement acceptable to the African population and genuinely guaranteeing their unimpeded progress to majority rule. But the obstacle in my time was not any deadline by Mr Wilson; it was the obduracy of Mr Smith. George Thomson, London SW1

Readee's letter

I WAS shocked to see the headline "Escapes Arrested" (last week). The use of the suffix "ee" in such words as divorcee and internee clearly indicated the person to whom something has been done. But "escapee" — What is wrong with "escapee"? Do you buy your bread from the baker or your meat from the butcher? (Mrs) P M Hoanor, Lynton

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David Kane, Production and Technical Director, Guildway Limited, Guildford, Surrey.

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SPECTRUM

ACADEMICS

Dons defend sources

JOURNALISTS have long since established the right to protect their sources of information. But in America academic researchers are having to fight for similar treatment.

One social scientist, Professor Samuel Popkin of Harvard University, warns: "The Government is using grand juries now in the way congressional investigative committees were used in the 1950s."

Popkin, together with an influential group of American scholars is hoping to head off the threat of latter-day McCarthyism by extending to university researchers a reporters' right not to answer questions which would expose their sources. So far he has not had much luck.

Three university teachers have been subpoenaed by the grand jury investigating the alleged leak of the Pentagon papers to the New York Times by Daniel Ellsberg, and all three—Popkin, Noam Chomsky, the MIT linguist, and Richard Falk, international law professor at Princeton—have refused to testify on matters relating even marginally to their government contacts. A group of 23 professors—including J. K. Galbraith and two ex-presidents of the American Political Science Association—have filed supporting affidavits.

The American grand jury is like a magistrate's court: it decides whether there is enough evidence to justify an indictment. It sits in secret, and none of the testimony that leads to its conclusions is made public. It sounds as though no threat is implicit in its proceedings, but

Popkin reacts like a newspaper reporter and claims that the simple fact of a researcher's presence at a secret tribunal will prejudice future attempts to elicit confidential information.

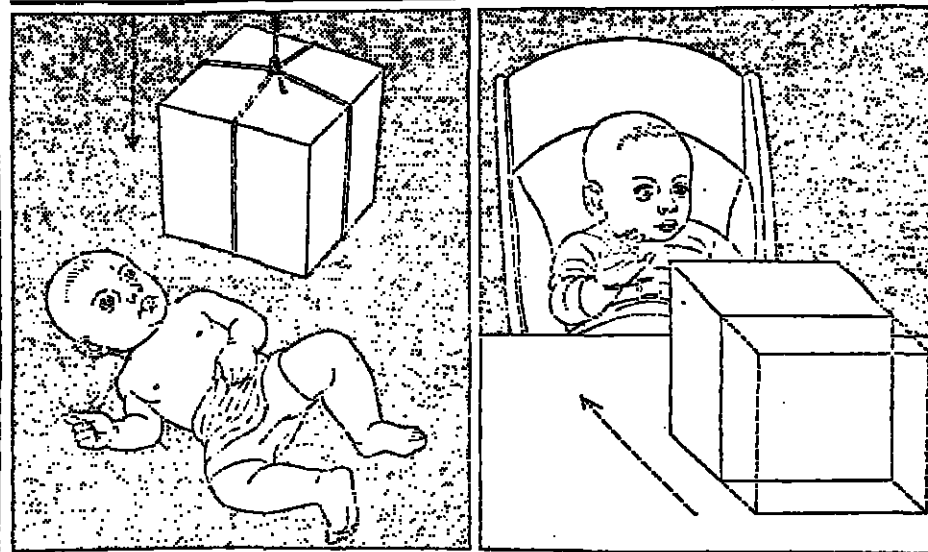
The Harvard community has apparently closed ranks behind Popkin and his colleagues, but the Nixon administration is unhappy enough about the journalists' right to protect their sources, without wanting to extend it to academics as well.

Last week it was revealed that the prestigious Council on Foreign Relations had broken ranks. The Council publishes the journal *Foreign Affairs* and holds seminars at which government officials and academics discuss their subjects confidentially. Under the threat of a subpoena from the Boston grand jury they released the text of a lecture, given by Ellsberg a year ago, to the FBI who, in turn, delivered it to Boston.

William Bundy, an aide to President Johnson and the editor designate of *Foreign Affairs*, admits that Ellsberg's paper—entitled *Escalation as a Military Strategy in Limited War*—"had nothing to do with the Pentagon Papers that I could detect." Arthur Goldberg, ex-Supreme Court Justice, said that he was "shocked and surprised" at the Council's decision. Asked to comment on Goldberg's response, a spokesman for the Council ironically retorted that he was unable to do so "because there is a Council policy on confidentiality."

Stephen Fay

PERCEPTION



TWO-WEEK old children are never fully awake when lying on their back, which explains why they did not flinch at the approach of an object (left). But sitting up they showed signs of fear and distress (right). The evidence contradicts the theory that babies learn about the solidity of objects only by experience.

AT THE AGE of two weeks a child appears to be an almost entirely passive creature with approximately two discernible functions—sleeping and eating. But in fact the way he sees the objects around him has already reached a maturity which would astonish his dotting parents, to say nothing of those experts who believe that a baby does not begin to display intelligent reactions until he is at least six weeks old.

In the latest of a series of experiments by Dr Tom Bower, lecturer in psychology at Edinburgh University, who has reached back further than most researchers into the early formings of a child's mind, the ability of very young children to perceive and react to solid objects was drastically reassessed. Dr Bower was questioning the traditional theory that babies learn about the solidity of objects through experi-

Seeing it through the eyes of a child

ence—by touching them, and by associating the feel with what they look like.

For instance, children of between 16 and 24 weeks will reach out for an object and when they grasp it expect it to be solid. Dr Bower was able to establish this by showing that when they were presented with a simulated object which looked real but was intangible the children were upset and alarmed as their fingers closed on thin air; their expectation had not been realised.

He concluded that this co-ordination between touch and

vision had been learnt earlier—but how much earlier?

Early investigations* almost convinced him that he had pinpointed an age early enough for the co-ordination to be absent. The research team took a group of more than 40 children in the second week of life and moved objects towards their faces. They used objects large and small, at different speeds, some accompanied by noise, others silent. Reaction was non-existent. The children did not even blink.

At that point, however, Dr Bower came across evidence which suggested that children

under two weeks old are never fully awake while they are lying on their backs. Since no one could expect defensive behaviour from a child who is half-asleep, the experiments were repeated with the children held in upright or semi-upright positions. Immediately the responses changed. When the object approached, the children pulled their heads back, put up their hands, and were so obviously distressed that the experiments had to be called off.

Clearly by this early age the children possessed an instinctive knowledge: the objects were solid, and to be avoided.

Dr Bower concludes that we have to re-examine some of our ideas about a child's development:

"In our culture it is unlikely that an infant less than two weeks old has been hit in the face by an approaching object, so that none of the infants in the study could have been exposed to situations where they could have learned to fear an approaching object and expect it to have tactile qualities. We can only conclude that in man there is a primitive unity of the senses... and that this unity is built into the structure of the human nervous system."

Nevertheless an important change in the way children see things does occur, Dr Bower found, at about four months.

Almost all children, however young, have the capacity to follow a moving object with their eyes. They will watch it as it moves along in front of them, and even anticipate its reappearance from behind a screen which hides its progress for a few seconds.

Dr Bower added a complication to this particular experiment. He produced an object—a small white doll—and moved it in front of the children in a straight line along a track. It then went

behind a screen and at the moment when it should have emerged from the other side of the screen a totally different object (a stylised red lion) emerged.

The younger children followed the movement of the doll, and then when it emerged from behind the screen as a lion continued to track its progress with no sign of surprise that it should have changed shape and size.

The older children, however (more than four months) reacted differently. They followed the progress of the doll, and then tracked the lion as it emerged. But they then looked back to the other side of the screen as if they were looking for the original object, the doll.

From this, and similar experiments, Dr Bower concludes that older children have learned to recognise an object by its features rather than by its place or movement.

And in order to emphasise this, Dr Bower ran one more experiment. He produced a series of mirrors in which a young child saw two or three images of his mother.

Children less than five months happily responded with smiles, coos and arm-waving, to each mother in turn. Although they recognised the mother's features, they recognised her only as one of many identical mothers. In other words they did not go one step further and identify the multiple images of the mother as belonging to one and the same person.

The older children, however, while responding to the real mother, were positively upset at seeing more than one image of her. Because they identify objects by features, says Dr Bower, they know they have only one mother.

"The attainment is obviously one of tremendous significance," he writes. "It transforms the perceptual world of the infant at one stroke into something very close to the perceptual world of the adult."

Magnus Linklater

*Reported in *Scientific American*, Oct. 1971.

PARASITES

Bug with a lousy image

PEDICULUS HUMANUS capitis is a transparent insect with a clean, highly adapted to its environment, and entrancing smile down the microscope. In spite of the fact that they are familiar little beasts no one is about them. That may prove unfortunate. *P. humanus* the louse—and it is on increase.

Exactly how many people affected is hard to say. I report published in 1965, I figure as high as a million human carriers in Britain. Reports from Teesside, London, suggest the figure above that now. The Department of Education estimates the of schoolchildren as 200,000, that takes no account of the c that are missed, and the c less pre-school children, par and teenagers who are affected.

Teachers, too: one headmist told me she regularly shamp her hair with a medicated lo because of the number of th she contracts pediculosis from



pupils, and many teachers at time or another become carr The trouble is that having c hair is not enough. In fact child with *Pediculus* in his is probably hygienic, well-wa and comes from a well-ord home life. Contrary to pu opinion, there is absolutely causal relationship between and lice. Obviously a poor l ground and a low standar cleanliness is going to help insects to proliferate—but can spread quite easily to cleanest of individuals, and established it takes more normal washing to remove th

And people are notori slow to admit that they been afflicted. To be lous seems, is deeply shaming. In instance, notification of the for treatment was sent t parent who promptly threat legal action against the b master making the report. W a hearing was arranged, the turned up sparkling like a t the doll with hair fre laundered and shining like silk.

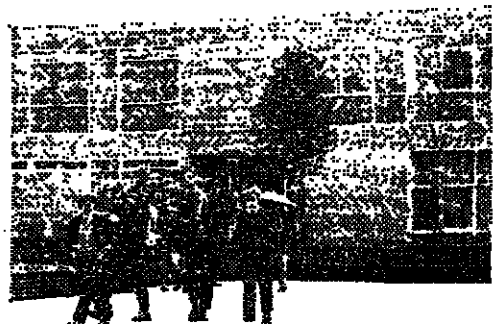
"I found two egg cases be the left ear," said the m "which is where they are us overlooked. We were ab prove our point and have child treated. It might hav a difficult situation if the dence had disappeared in wash."

Brian J F



Dear Margaret Thatcher,

Expanded Metal learnt you needed new schools quickly—and did something to help!



Winifred Portland Technical School, North, where Expanded Metal helped to speed construction. Credit: Architects H. T. Smith A.A. Dip. F.R.I.B.A.

programme is now solving it, and often doing so faster with help from Expanded Metal's ingenious prefabricated interiors—walls, screens, pre-assembled door-sets.

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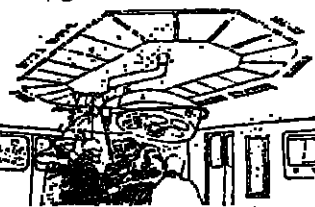
machinery guards, pedestrian barriers, radio grilles, security grilles, griller grilles. It could be heating the road you travel to work. Is probably reinforcing your office floor. Or maybe, if you've got them, your false teeth!

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SPECTRUM

HODATION

BY searching for a place to live, who applies to an accommodation agency for help, is entitled to a free service. of Appeal ruling last June laid down that agents entitled to charge a commission for their services prospective tenants. But in spite of this customers being faced with a series of stiff charges from which are, apparently, illegal.

Tenants hit by illegal fees

BLACKBUCK business run scrupulous flat agency in 1959, ground to on the Accommodation Act 1953 prohibited from demanding fees from lists of homes, and on demanding fees from applicants.

The demand for accommodation has always far outstripped supply, and because the law is so strict, the agents' services are the most part, gone unby tenants.

In one case was only under the 1953 Act to conclusion. After the lawyers were jubilant, a Law Society's Gazette. The only sure way to effect of the Act seems the agency to make a ally to the owner. But of a possible loophole, agency did something the tenant than merely particulars of houses his name on a register taps the Act would per- to make a charge for he "something more" he agencies claim they ding.

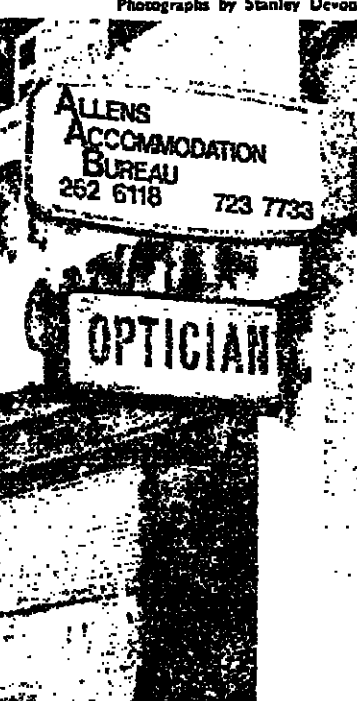
London Accommodation on Oxford Street, is one city's most prominent. In spite of the June has continued its practice charging one week's rent (and landlord, they tenant's charge, an tion fee." For this ally only telephone the and tell him he has a ve tenant. For the tenant, say a £13 a week flat, an expensive service, agency charging the tion fee" include Regal Agents, Earls Court Around Town Flats in Park Avenue.

At Universal Home Finders in the Edgware Road, we said we wanted an unfurnished flat. We were immediately asked for £5 and presented with the following agreement to sign: "Please advise my particulars of accommodation wanted, as stated above for which I agree to pay the fee of £5 for advertising and your expenses. It is agreed that you will use your best endeavours to find me accommodation, but I fully understand that you can give no guarantee to introduce me to any accommodation whatsoever." We were then given details of two flats.

Universal had not inspected the flats nor did it make any appointments for us to see the landlords. In fact one of the flats was registered with another agency which we were advised to contact. It was difficult to see what Universal had done for their non-returnable fee of £5.

At Aliens Accommodation Bureau in Edgware Road, the tenant is asked to pay one week's rent as an "agency fee." The bureau demands payment in advance "not returnable unless the agency is notified of non-acceptance of accommodation." When our researcher, posing as a flat-hunter, said she would go home and tell her husband, the bureau's manageress said: "I know who you are. You don't want to show the agreement to your husband; you want it for the police. I recognise you." A moment earlier the lady had promised she was "on very good terms with the Westminster Council."

Top Flats in the Earl's Court Road were also on the defensive. When their "commission" was queried they said: "If you don't want to pay you can find a flat on your own." Flat Search in the Euston Road are quite openly attempting to charge a registration fee. They ask prospective tenants to pay a deposit of £5 towards the first week's rent if accommodation is accepted. If, on the other hand, the prospective tenant fails to find a home only £3 is returnable. The rest goes to "the agency's expenses". When we suggested there was a law against this the



Some of the agencies in London which charge various "fees" to prospective tenants.

reply was: "There's no law. They did try to bring one out recently but it didn't come to anything." The one consistent, though largely ineffectual, attempt to apply the 1953 Act has come from the Press. For more than ten years the Evening Standard, one of London's main advertising media for advertising agencies, has insisted that the agencies sign a declaration that they will not contravene the Act. The Times, another well-used medium, has also recently adopted a similar declaration. Nevertheless both papers have carried advertisements placed by some of the agencies we have mentioned.

It is interesting that the declaration also includes the flat-sharing agencies, many of which have considered themselves outside the scope of the Act. The three we contacted, Flatshare, Share-a-Flat and Flatsharers all charged both the tenant and the landlord one week's rent. They also charged the tenant either 30p or 40p "for phone calls" and none of them visited the flats they were offering.

They all stressed how important it was to interview personally the members of a flat offering a spare place. But Flatshare told us—as prospective landlords—that they were quite prepared to take our details over the phone. They also reminded us that if they succeeded in finding us someone and we did not then pay them the equivalent of the new man's rent for one week within a week there would be an extra charge of 50p.

Charging both parties to a transaction is frowned upon by the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors which "strongly advises members of the public to beware of any such arrangements." Although the Institute only theoretically deals with estate agents its guidelines are directly applicable to accommodation agencies: if agents are paid to represent both tenant and landlord where do their loyalties lie? On the all important question of what constitutes "services" to

the client the Institute advises its members that they are only safe legally if they do "substantially more than merely supply addresses. They should seek, find, and negotiate the rent on behalf of a client of a house or flat suiting the clients particular requirements." From this three points follow. First, the agency can negotiate properly if he represents only the tenant. Secondly, the agency must have visited a flat to know that it suits the tenant's "particular requirements." Thirdly, the agency should only send one tenant at a time to view the property to avoid representing competing tenants. Of the agencies we investigated the one which came nearest to fulfilling these conditions was Futureflats in St Martin's Lane.

However when we visited Futureflats they were also charging a week's rent for pro-

perties under £10 a week which they had not seen. They have now agreed to drop this fee if they do not view the properties. For those over £10, however, they continue to charge the tenant two weeks rent and no fees to the landlord.

When the court ruling was made last June, Mr Peter Walker, Secretary of State for the Environment, promised to look into the implications of the court's decision. Last week he had still not come to any conclusions. So while the confusion persists what should tenants do? The Citizens Advice Bureau says: Don't go near accommodation agencies; a lawyer's advice is, perhaps, more practical; and the final word: never pay in advance.

Peter Kellner and Peter Pringle

ARMS

How the test ban failed

THE AMERICANS' mammoth nuclear test at Amchitka last week may have been big, but it was by no means unique. In fact the rate of tests carried out has actually risen slightly since the signing of the Partial Test Ban Treaty in Moscow in 1963.

The Stockholm International Peace Research Institute reports that although the tests have been diverted underground, they have "proceeded rather steadily since then (1963), at a rate about equal to that of the highest year before the Partial Test Ban."

Non-signatories—France and China—have gone on slightly less steadily, exploding weapons in the atmosphere.

The report goes further: "Figures for nuclear testing by the US, the Soviet Union and other countries, issued by the US authorities, are all acknowledged to be understated. Their objective in understating is presumably to avoid revealing their monitoring capabilities."

"For what they are worth," says the report, "totals up to the end of 1970 were 539 for the US, 242 for Soviet Russia, 25 for Britain, 38 for France and 11 for China."

Since the signing of the treaty, the US has carried out more than 200 tests. Russia approximately 50. It is true that 120 of the American tests have been of small weapons or devices of less than 20 kilotons, but 20 have been heavy weapons of more than a megaton. Russia, on the other hand, has exploded only five very small weapons and one large, having apparently secured all the data she required before the PTE by setting off 45 of more than a kiloton.

The substantial number of undetected, or at least of unidentified tests is explained in part, as has been suggested, by a determination to conceal monitoring capabilities, but also by a



test is reputed to have run to. Tests in porous materials such as dry alluvium can also be utilised to prevent accurate assessment of yields. Immense advances in seismology have however been made since serious underground testing began, and it seems improbable that anything except very small tests, in very favourable circumstances, are likely to escape detection in future.

How necessary are the tests? The report says their importance is exaggerated. It points out for instance that the requirements for testing stockpiled weapons could be met without the use of further tests—chemical integrity can be checked by chemical means, while the absence of moving parts should render mechanical testing pointless.

With regard to proof tests of newly devised weapons it suggests that enough deterrent warheads in the larger classes already exist, and that there is so much "overkill" that more can hardly add to deterrent capability.

Testing would, the report admits, be important in relation to entirely new principles in weapons design. "Such tests would be needed to advance the state of the art towards laser-initiated pure fusion bombs, neutron bombs or major advances in yield to weight ratios for very small weapons."

Testing for peaceful uses of nuclear explosions is dealt with scathingly. The report sees virtually no peaceful uses. To excavate the much advocated new Panama canal would require "hundreds of nuclear explosions." To extract oil or gas "many hundreds"—and the resulting air pollution would, of course, be devastating.

David Divine

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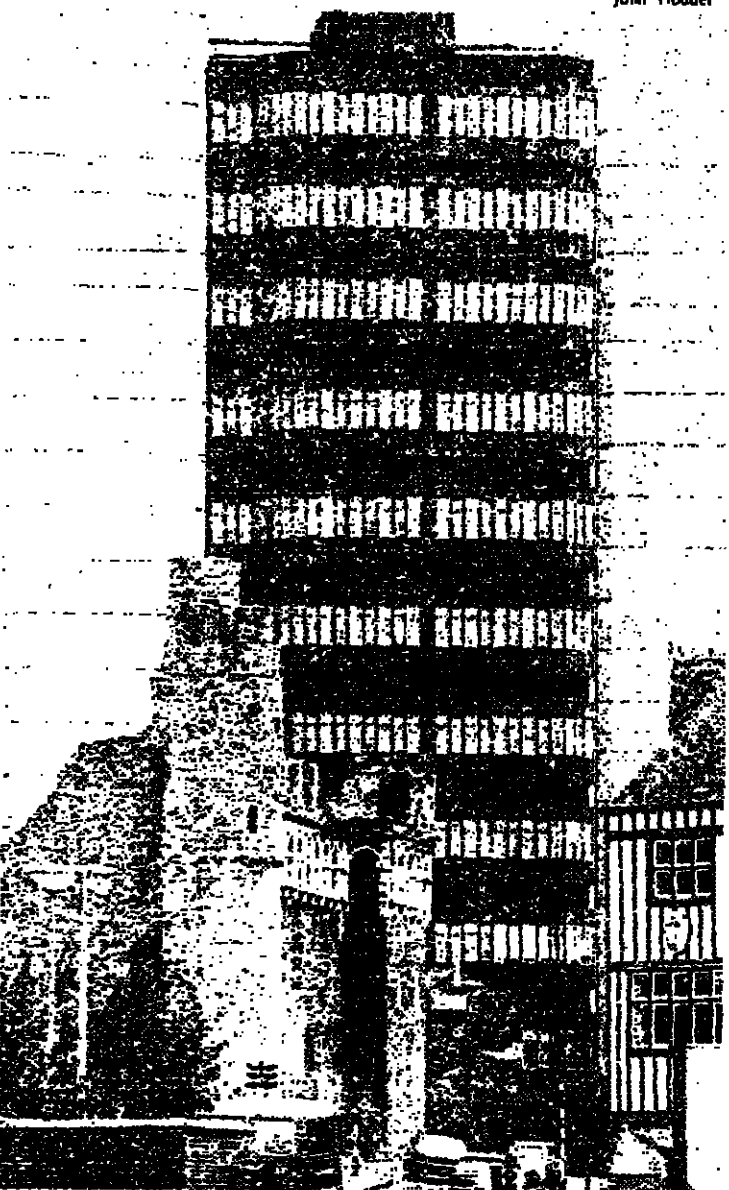
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the capital of Wales, Cardiff, teacher. In cold fact, but in there is a point of view, would subscribe with any time. It seems to electric charge, almost. There is a Reeperbahn, though I have no but direct inquiries just a sly Welsh equivalent is looking at each with a sharp sense of difference, even if you buying a newspaper. I come away from the place and, just as I do from the relationship between Swansea and Cardiff in Liverpool and

has that got to do with nings? Everything. This energy, suppressed ge- is the central element of Swansea, some- be treated as seriously affe floor. It needs to be pression on the ground nineteenth century did sent its terraces rocking up and along the steep Town Hill or carved out a romantic space of kin Park. Camdenkin a part of Dylan Thomas' d, and I feel myself that wrote Under Milk Wood, a superb document of anning, he was injecting energy into the frame- a small town, rather than up a composite from arne and Cardigan's now, the twentieth cen- is done little to help.



OLD AND NEW in Swansea: the thirteenth century walls of Swansea Castle thrown into prominence by Alex Gordon's new block which houses telecommunications equipment. The shock contrast enhances the castle rather than diminishing it: a fine example of urban surrealism. And just for surrealistic good measure, the slice of half-timbering on the right-hand side is post-war also.

Three-quarters of central Swansea was "taken out" in three nights of blitz in 1940. It was hastily rebuilt to a checker-board plan with uninspired buildings, the haste was necessary, because otherwise the city might have died altogether. No positive charge there but, at least, it is decently neutral. It works, it is compact, the pavements are wide and the canopies ample; human contacts can flourish. Compared with, say, the rebuilt Elephant and Castle, it is a paradise.

It is also, as things turn out, going to be very easy to take on the traffic. With that done, the combined width of road and pavements would make it possible for all kinds of wild, small-scale things to be built in the middle. And if the central relief road, on the line of a disused railway, is elevated or sunk, there could be a clear way through for pedestrians. To the South Dock, moribund—all the working docks are across the river, to the east

SITTING in his bothy with Duncan Carse, surrounded by the tools of his trade, the instruments of his obsession... Duncan is an explorer by vocation, a sailor by trade, a recluse by choice; an actor by accident.

He became famous as Dick Barton, Special Agent. (He was the second Dick Barton; the first was Neil Johnson, who created the character. Wildly successful: fame and fan mail. It frightened him. Much had happened to him, but nothing like that. Seeing him now as the serene anchor man to The Countryman at tea-time on Sunday, remembering him in that wonderful film The Goshawk, you can't believe he was Dick Barton, radio's super-James Bond.

Nor can he, really. His soul still hankers for Antarctica. He made seven trips to South Georgia, including that epic when he was marooned by the great storm, alone and indomitable through that wicked winter, with his dwelling swept away. He adores the memory of Shackleton. I like his bothy in Sussex but he wants to get back to Antarctica.

I failed to find out what it is that makes him love to "live like a recluse," as he says. I've never found out though I've known a few and listened with my ear to the heart. Simple bitterness you can understand, you can understand rejection and there's nothing more comprehensible than failure: but the voluntary withdrawal of clever, successful, intermittently gregarious men, it isn't easy to understand. They can't explain it. Can't or won't.

The first recluse in my life died in a hut in the woods near Galley Pool, on the Sharncliffe side. This was my first failure. As soon as I heard that he was dead I got on my bike and raced the ten miles to Galley to see the hermit's hut. I had just read Thoreau's Walden and it fitted

Dick Barton, special recluse

like a dream. I wanted to live there.

It was a good hut, nearly lined in tongue-and-groove pine planks, the sort that are all the rage now for with-it interiors. He had partly papered them with newspapers, the Walsall Observer and the Wolverhampton Express and Star. He had a little iron stove with a proper smoke stack, and a bed of wire netting and hessian. His simple utensils were hung on nails. From the door you could see the lake gleaming through the trees.

"They" soon had the hermit's hut knocked down, all evidence of his wilful individualism tidied away. But I can see it, and I've seen it in the mind's eye ever since.

Henry Williamson's hut at Or's Cross near Bagby Point in North Devon is another symbolic hermitage in my life. Henry built it with the Hawthornes, friends of which Tarka the Otter won for him. I've slept there, as Lawrence of Arabia did before me. One of many memorable nights in my life: watching the firelight die away, the moon over the old hickory-shafted axe and hammer to the modern all-steel article with a rubber grip. So have I. They left well. There's a spring to them which feels good. We have to be discriminating and choose among the new and the old, dead to salesman's rhetoric and antiquarian's obscurantism.

It's no good trying to know this class of character. The more they try to explain themselves, the more elusive and mysterious they become. I come to enjoy this. I'm very fond of them all, the

living and the dead. People don't exist to make copy for columnists. When you can feel easy in long silences, cut the yak and let the tobacco smoke wander undisturbed, it's all right.

UNTIL quite recently we lived in a lonely cottage far from roads that was almost surrounded by water with beautiful names: the nearest were Hope Rough and Songhurst Furze. I took those names to be symbolical or inenarratory. Soon we hope to move to another cottage, not quite so lonely though much further from London. I'm too gregarious to be a recluse though I like a quiet place to greet my friends.

I like to have trees around the place. I love trees, but I don't feel perfectly at ease deep in forest. A wood has a life of its own which is not a human kind of life. You need to be bred to woodland life to enjoy it properly. Small stands of timber are homely, coped and wintry are domestic. I love walking down a grassy ridge or just within a wood, feeling the great dignity and beauty and life-force of the trees, but with a chequered view outwards over grass or plough.

I was walking through oak and beach and sycamore the other day, just off the Horsham road, moving quietly a few yards within the wood. A hen pheasant came out of the meadow and entered the wood just ahead of me. I looked on her to the tumpy grass and saw something white moving. It was a great white cat with long fur and a marvellous ruff and tail, as big it seemed as a fox. The cat caught sight of me and froze for a moment, staring then turned and went bounding away across the meadow, great lovely flowing leaps, full of grace and frustration. The pheasant unconcernedly walked on into the trees, and in a moment I was alone again.

Maurice Wiggin

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The happening

ALL THESE ephemeral shocks are due to Roland Miller and Shirley Cameron, who are presently domiciled at Mumbles on Swansea Bay. Their aim is to harness the imagination, to arrange surprise and you will get on the lookout for the natural surprises which are all around us.

This is the "happening" taken out of the art gallery into real life. This is also surrealism taken out of the manifestos and the picture-frames into its natural home, the landscape. (Magritte's genius managed to imply this inside the picture-frame, but he was one in a thousand.)

The result is down to earth, comprehensible: the imagination that produces the results is sophisticated. So what you get from the experience is up to you; there are no intellectual barriers to overcome which, as it happens, is exactly the spirit of Swansea itself. What you get from city or cyclamen cyclists depends on how big or deep you are: and the result is happiness at any level, a positive with no negative. Just so with a Haydn minuet or Under Milk Wood.

The implications are colossal, and lucky the town (new town, especially) that is prepared to take them up. Meanwhile, Miller and Cameron feel that the cyclamen cyclists have done their job in Swansea and anyone who wishes to carry on in another place is welcome to collect them, free, from 7, Upper Church Park, Mumbles, Swansea. They will only have to provide persons to inhabit the cyclamen suits, and the visual imagination to make use of them. That I am sure, is a school, particularly; this is one way in which it could be used without strain or violence.

This could be the breakthrough between art and life, or rather the joint-together of parts which should never have been separated in the first place. High stakes; but if you have enough *huy!* it will happen.

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"The heating and ventilation are major advances on those of any previous Jaguar and play a big part in making the car so comfortable. It is a very versatile system with master volume and temperature slides (vacuum operated) and separate distribution regulators for each side, front and back."

Motor 10th May 1969

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at 70 m.p.h., a speed that we found very difficult to keep down to since the natural motorway cruising gait is nearer 100 m.p.h."

Motor 10th May 1969

"Whether they are seeking style, comfort, breathtaking performance, quietness or merely motoring status, it will be found that the XJ6 excels."

Times 5th August 1969

"From our company chauffeur to our most blasé tester, everyone was impressed immediately with the complete ease-of-in-class ride and silence."

Autocar 12th June 1969

"... we believe that in its behaviour it gets closer to other luxury cars we have yet tested, regardless of price."

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Times 5th August 1969

"We tried on wet as well as dry roads to make the most of the Jaguar's great tyres, but without success. Eventually on the MIRA track, at a ridiculous speed, the tail swung slightly out of line, but it was so easily checked with the steering that it could never be a problem."

Autocar 12th June 1969

"Vivid acceleration is taken for granted in a Jaguar, but the cornering power at once astonishes. Not only does the car corner fast, but it somehow lets the driver know that there is a vast reserve of adhesion to spare."

Autosport 17th July 1969

"Found for pound, the XJ6 is the best-value car in the world."

Sunday Times 7th September 1969

"The XJ6 is a car which we have yet tested, regardless of price."

Motor 10th May 1969

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add £500 and still claim to be giving more than value for money. I make no apology for endorsing the view that this car is the best in the world in its class for less than £5,000."

Times 11th February 1972

"Here is a perfect case of how to modernise a classic concept without spoiling the continuity of the idea."

Car March 1969

"In practically every department - comfort, roadholding, handling, quietness, performance - the XJ6 excels."

Motor 10th May 1969

"To begin with it feels uncanny the way the XJ6 rides so smoothly and so easily."

Autocar 12th June 1969

"You only appreciate how well sealed and insulated you are from wind noise when a window is open. As the car is so quiet, the sound of the engine is not a nuisance. The XJ6 is a car which we have yet tested, regardless of price."

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"I award first place to the XJ6 because, for a very reasonable price, it offers an advanced technical specification, provides a fine combination of performance and refinement, and presents a handsome modern appearance while remaining unmistakably a Jaguar."

Car March 1969

"The brakes are immensely powerful but never faze, and stand up well to hard driving."

Autosport 17th July 1969

"Jaguar don't even farm the seating out to any of the specialists, they do it themselves - both design and manufacture."

Car March 1969

"Also, there is virtually no transmission of suspension noise into the occupant's ears. The XJ6 is a car which we have yet tested, regardless of price."

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ULSTER: ALTERNATIVES TO TERROR

FOR ANY HOME SECRETARY dealing with Ulster now, the beginning of wisdom is to realise that Northern Ireland as at present constituted has no future. The narrative which we publish today provides the evidence. In the course of the past two years, the British Army has been allowed by the British Government to become the instrument of a local majority selfishness. As a result, the local minority has withdrawn its confidence and co-operation from a state where the guarantor of minority rights is Britain if it is anybody. With internment, this withdrawal was made final.

The events of the past week underscore the same message. Whatever other strange and hideous hatreds lie behind the tarring and feathering of young women in Londonderry, the incidents show a savage rejection of the system which British soldiers are held to represent. Such an attitude is more than the product of IRA intimidation. The IRA called off their last campaign, nine years ago, for lack of Catholic support.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

The 50-year Stormont experiment has failed. In the granite soil of Ulster, the fair-mindedness and mutual tolerance essential to the Westminster model of democracy have never taken root. British ministers show no sign of having apprehended this central truth. They argue, with simple and narrow indignation, that nothing now matters but the elimination of gunmen. The more the violence increases, the more stubbornly is this thesis advanced. But the growth of violence surely yields a different lesson: that the thesis embodies its own damnation. Elimination of gunmen is, of course, the right and vitally necessary job for soldiers and policemen. But it is not a policy for politicians. Ulster experience already shows that terrorists supplied and reinforced from their own community are very hard

to beat. Yet the only policy revealed to British ministers is to fight their way back to a point where they can try breathing life into a system that is already dead. They are using impracticable means to pursue unachievable ends.

True, the very idea of a change in British direction is painfully unorthodox. From the Home Rule crisis in 1912 to internment in 1971, the one constant principle of British policy has been to concede the demands of Protestant extremists (as mediated by their leaders) out of fear lest a worse thing befall. To change the line would mean to confront the Protestants. Yet if ever there is to be a new start in Ulster, fear of the consequences of that confrontation will one day have to be overcome.

Some senior Conservatives, acknowledging the need for it, still argue that the confrontation is more likely to be bloodless if it is delayed till the Protestants are demoralised by a complete breakdown of public order. But aside from the question of whether such cynical inactivity is

justifiable, would that time ever come? Public order, of a kind, already survives appalling daily devastation in Belfast: the army might be able to contain terrorism at somewhere near that level for a long while yet. Meanwhile deaths mount, a new generation is bred up in violence, Catholic disaffection grows (if possible) deeper, and the lives of thousands of innocent people are made wretched. Now the Conservative parliamentary party at Westminster is taking a new interest in Ulster: demands for fiercer military action are certain to be heard soon. The Government is dangerously misled if it supposes that time is on its side.

What change of policy is possible? It is a measure of the low level of public debate that even to ask the question is to risk a charge of approving IRA violence. The IRA is a wholly damnable and despicable body, made up of men who pervert and ravage Ireland's energies in pursuit of an ideal which is irrelevant to the country's real needs. Their tactics of indiscriminate and brutal slaughter are proof of a heartlessness which the noblest cause could not condone. The fact that they flourish like the green bay tree is nevertheless proof that the society from which

they draw their strength is grievously diseased. If there is a cure, it must be put in hand quickly.

As this newspaper has repeatedly pointed out, there is no lack of choices. What is missing is the Government's will to explore them: not by open diplomacy, not in noisy visits and calls to conference, but privately, through the multiple channels reaching out to every one of the factions engaged. Mr. Maundling ought to be examining a shift of powers, notably security powers, from Stormont to Westminster. He should be considering a diminution of Stormont's functions to county council level (which would make Catholic participation easier), and a reduction of its territory (which some Protestants have thought would give them a more defensible fortress). He ought to be looking at schemes for the generously financed exchange of populations. He should be examining new common institutions between North and South. He should today be studying Mr. Gerry Fitt's imaginative proposal that Stormont should be suspended for a defined period while all sections of Northern Irish life, momentarily under British rule, discussed what might ultimately replace it.

It would also be useful to discover

the view from Dublin. One of the sadder blind spots of British ministers is their refusal to recognise that Mr. Lynch is doing as much as he can about the IRA, that if he did more he would be swiftly replaced by someone who would do a great deal less, that he will inevitably be implicated in almost any new arrangement for the North, and that he has two or three officials whose thought and knowledge about the North go far deeper than anything to be found at the Home Office. Nothing but the unbecoming self-esteem of governments restrains Mr. Maundling from tapping this source. Yet perhaps the fact is that Mr. Maundling is not after all the man to answer the Irish question. It is his amiable weakness to be a reasonable man accustomed to dealing with reasonable men. The importance of the symbolic in Irish politics has eluded him. At one of the worst periods in the whole story of British relations with Ireland, he is left giving no lead except an impression of despairing drift. He lacks the needed exploratory energy. If Mr. Heath is not prepared to have of Ulster from the Home Office, then it should give earnest consideration to a change in the office of Home Secretary.

SIR ALEC: SELL-OUT OR SUCCESS?

IT IS COMMONLY assumed that Sir Alec Douglas-Home's mission to Salisbury this week will fail: that the famous five principles within which a Rhodesian settlement must be reached are incompatible with modern Rhodesia, that Britain cannot settle without breaking them. This impression, which has been diligently reinforced by the Foreign Office, may well foretell the truth. It is, however, wise to be prepared for a radically different outcome.

In the eyes of the Government the five principles are a political fact, but they are not part of the moral law. This distinction is fundamental to any discussion of Sir Alec's honour and what it will or will not permit him to concede.

The five principles—unimpeded progress to majority rule, guarantees against retrogressive amendment of the constitution, immediate improvement in the political status of Africans, progress towards ending racial discrimination, and acceptability of the package to the Rhodesian people as a whole—will not actually be ignored. There is no need for them to be. They are exceptionally inexact. Whether or not a settlement observes or betrays them will always be a matter of opinion. Approval of a particular settlement now depends more than anything on the desire for settlement in general.

This desire is very strong indeed in the Tory Party, and last week Sir Alec showed that his own desire was just as strong. He believes this moment is the last chance and the African's only hope. He is not anticipating failure, he told the Commons. So dire is his picture of the consequences of failure that one must assume he will do a great deal for success. In this process it will surely not offend his sense of honour to take a pragmatic view of the five principles.

There are, after all, good historical precedents.

Unimpeded progress to majority rule is capable of many interpretations and for one simple reason: it states no time limit. Harold Wilson took this point in his negotiations with Ian Smith on HMS Tiger in December 1966 and HMS Fearless two years later. Tiger and Fearless would have provided a bicameral legislature, with two rolls of voters separated by complex tests of education, income and landed property. The core of the plan was simple enough. All Africans over 30 would have had a vote on the lower or "B" roll, but conclusive power over everything except the constitution would have resided with "A" roll electors, who were almost exclusively European. Limited "cross-voting" between the rolls was allowed for, but progress towards majority rule would have been gradual and uncertain.

Just how fast it would have come was a question remarkably little discussed at the time. It is a fact that the Labour Government, which had very recently been committed to no independence before majority rule (NIBMAR), made no thorough calculation of the delay implicit in Tiger. The Rhodesians, once the deal was in ruins, claimed it would have lasted only fifteen years, a figure Mr. Wilson also put about. The most thorough independent analysis which was published, by Dr. Claire Palley of Belfast University, put 2004 AD as the most likely date. The present Foreign Office computation based on Fearless is more like fifty years.

If 50 years was "unimpeded" in 1968, the Government would presumably not find it hard to defend a more leisurely timetable in 1971. For the 1969 Rhodesian constitution has intervened, the

HUGO YOUNG

centrepiece of which is section 18 (4)(e): "When the number of African members in the House of Assembly equals the number of European members in the House of Assembly there shall be no further increase in African members." More over African income, which is the exclusive test of the racial franchise rolls, would need to multiply 53 times before any advance towards parity whatever took place. Amendment of this point is clearly a minimum condition of settlement. But compared with "majority rule never" majority rule in 70 or even 100 years could doubtless be made to seem unimpeded.

The second principle seems no more terrifying an obstacle. It is and always has been empty of meaning, for it proposes what nothing can ensure, a guarantee over a country where the British writ will never run again. Tiger provided appeal to the Privy Council as an external guarantee. It was never credible that a Government which failed to counter UDI by force would be able to impose Privy Council judgments on an independent country. Hence the present Government could drop this demand without difficulty.

Mr. Wilson also proposed an internal guarantee. The constitution was not to be amended without a three-quarter majority of both Houses. Thus much time was spent devising a "blocking quarter" of African members who could prevent their rights being whittled away. This was always a little tenuous, since it depended on the active and united (and unbribed) presence of every African member.

To a flexible man wanting a settlement the third principle

plainly offers no difficulty. Given the 1969 Constitution, it would be impossible not to improve the political status of the African. Although this constitution is a leap towards apartheid, and apparently sets Britain and Rhodesia even farther apart, it makes the "letter" of the Five Principles—an interesting word used by Sir Alec last week—easier to fulfil. This applies equally to the fourth principle. The Land Tenure Act, which segregates and divides the land equally between the 230,000 whites and almost five million blacks, is a problem, but Rhodesia could not satisfy the principle by promising to begin to modify it. There will also be the promise of massive British aid for African education. This is thought to be a bull point on the British side, although after independence it would, of course, be no easier to ensure its distribution to the Africans than to guarantee any other aspect of the settlement.

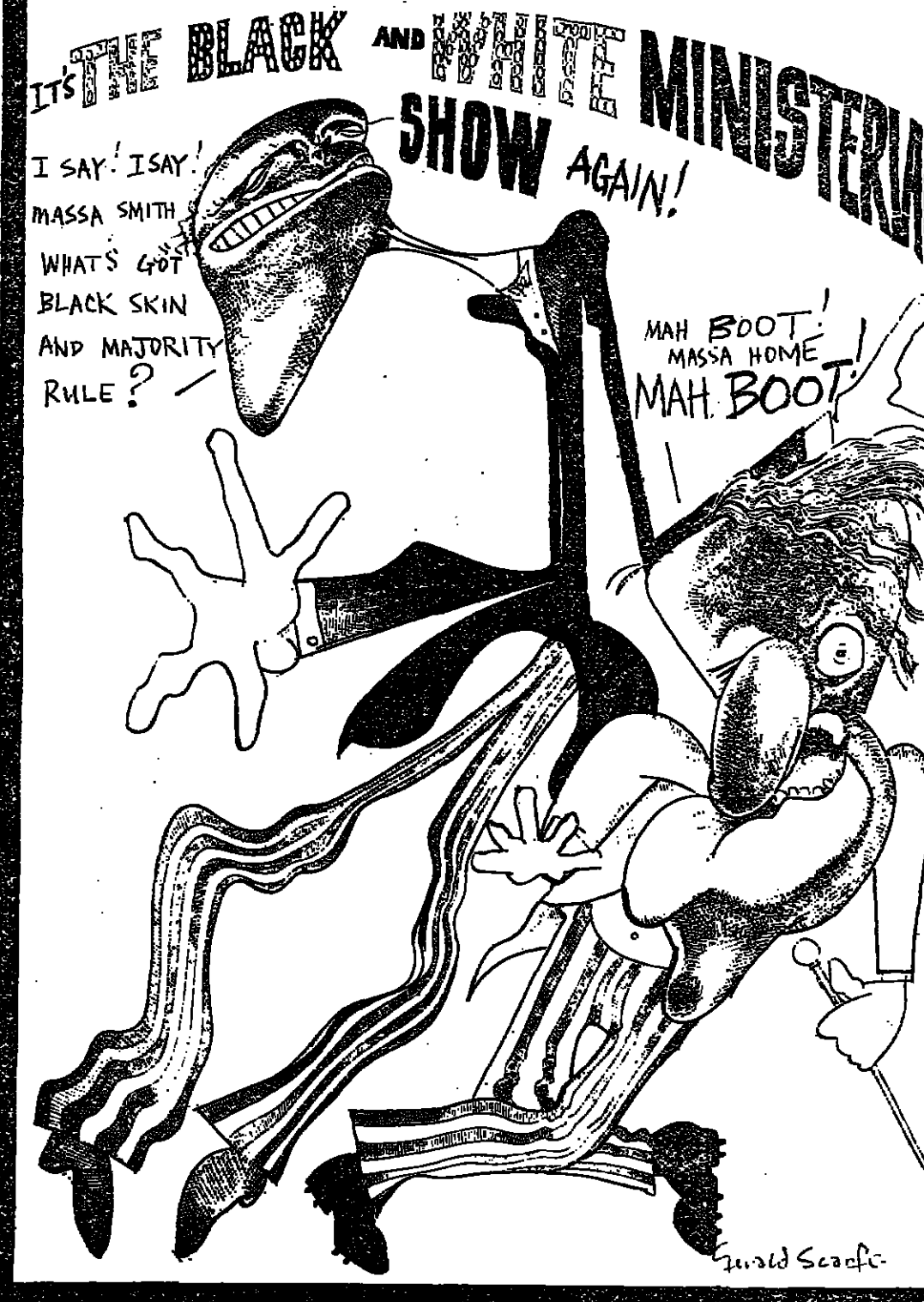
The fifth principle could be the most hazardous. Just as NIBMAR itself is now a forgotten memory, no one will recall that one of Sir Alec's last acts as Prime Minister in October 1964 was to insist on a referendum: "The mechanism whereby the feelings of the Rhodesian people is to be ascertained must be fully democratic." Mr. Wilson swiftly conceded a Royal Commission in place of this. The Tiger arrangement could well be revived and who better to preside over it, it might be argued, than Lord Goodman himself, architect of settlement and alleged man of the Left. There are grave difficulties, however, in identifying the Africans who should be consulted. Are Mr. Nkomo and Mr. Sithole, who have been in detention for many years, still representative leaders?

If a settlement is reached—and it is plain that Sir Alec

believes that hardly anything could be more desirable—these are the lines it could follow and on which it would be defended. The case does not address itself to the most cogent argument against a settlement, which is the impact this would have on Britain's reputation in the world, especially the African world. But the Government which was determined to sell arms to South Africa has already shown that it has no interest in that kind of analysis of world politics. In any case, it may well be frustrated by Mr. Smith, as Mr. Wilson was before.

Such a deal, of course, will be a sell-out. It will not guarantee any political future for the Africans. It will be an ignominious and deplorable washing of the hands. It will damage British interests elsewhere in Africa. Although there are some Conservatives who will be deeply troubled by all this, there are others, perhaps the majority, whose desire to settle has a positively tribal quality and who will be bothered by none of it, despite much honeyed talk of their concern for the African.

The truth is that the African will be little affected one way or the other. With or without a settlement the fate of the Rhodesian black will remain for many years in the unsympathetic hands of the Rhodesian white. His only saviour will be himself. The sell-out occurred when Labour failed to end UDI, and was admitted on Tiger and Fearless to be an irreversible fact of life. We publish today new evidence of Labour's anxiety to sell the Africans what the Government admitted to be a sell-out. These are awkward pieces of history which are certain to be drowned in the Niagara of hypocritical bilge which will be released if Sir Alec returns with his bill of goods.



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LIKE MOST other professional groups, ambassadors are a varied lot. Some, savouring to the full their privileged position, become self-satisfied and resistant to external ideas. Some talk a lot and say nothing, some utter rarely but wisely. Many of them, once their Foreign Office career is over, feel they have a book of memoirs inside them. Of these, comparatively few yield to the temptation, and fewer still make a success of the operation, in the sense of having something to say (and choosing to say it) which is both memorable and useful to remember.

Humphrey Trevelyan, the second volume of whose memoirs was published last week, is one of the very few whose work reveals not only acute powers of observation and a nice dry humour ("Mr. Dean Rusk and Khrushchev playing badminton without a net at Khrushchev's villa on the Black Sea seemed symbolic, though no one could say of what"), but also a sense of judgment so balanced and mature that one is tempted to cry out aloud: "why are there not more men like this?"

In his first volume, Lord Trevelyan chose to preface the section which described his experiences as Ambassador in Cairo in the period of Suez, with a couplet by Belloc:

*Decisive action in the hour of need
Denotes the hero but does not succeed.*

Nothing could better illustrate the philosophy and temperament of this man, who clearly and rightly sees the Middle East landscape as composed of shifting sands in which sudden movement, above all when it comes from outside, is apt to get bogged down or even, as in the case of Suez, to throw up sandstorms which scorch and sting the mover.

The same air of informed

reasonableness, of a dislike for histrionics and of action for action's sake, pervades this second volume. Both in Peking and Moscow, Trevelyan was faced with the difficult and human problem of what to do about British subjects (in the case of China, where Britain was the protecting power, American subjects also) who had fallen foul of the authorities and were in prison, with or without trial. The jingo Press in London tends, on these occasions, to demand forceful action, table-banging, reprisals and so on. On the ground, things look different.

As Trevelyan writes, it was better, for the untried British and American prisoners in Chinese hands, "to go on pressing the Chinese privately and not to attack them publicly in a way which would cause them to defend themselves by demonstrating the prisoners' guilt." In the matter of reprisals, which were urged again in the more recent case of Anthony Grey, the Reuter correspondent kept by the Chinese in solitary confinement for two years, Trevelyan explains with ruthless common sense that there are no realistic reprisals we can take. If we stopped Chinese officials or others from leaving London, Peking would not care two hoots and anyway should we, as Trevelyan rightly asks, "adopt methods which we thought barbarous just because the Chinese used them?"

Not that this "low posture," as the Japanese would put it, denotes any pusillanimity. Quite the reverse, it is the expression of the same sort of realism which enables Trevelyan to point out that the phrase "peaceful co-existence," interpreted in the West as meaning to live-and-let-live, means

FRANK GILES

something quite different in Moscow: "something more like to win the world for Communism without blowing it up."

Both personal assessments and wider judgments are informed and refreshing. On Chou En-lai: "immense charm and vitality... always completely at ease... flatters cleverly... emotional, sensitive and suspicious... basic thinking is as strictly conditioned by [the Chinese version of] Marxism-Leninism] as that of his colleagues at the top of the hierarchy." On Kossygin: "a dry and subtle sense of humour... always equable... quite wrong to regard him as primarily a technician... probably the most able [of the Soviet leaders]." On the Brezhnev doctrine of limited national sovereignty, evolved at the time of the 1968 Czechoslovak crisis: "meant no more than that a super-power can do what it can get away with in its own backyard."

In a piece of what might be



Lord Trevelyan: inspired prophecy?

thought inspired prophecy. Trevelyan recalls that in the mid-fifties Peking and Moscow were apparently inseparable in outlook, yet by 1968 were at daggers drawn. In the same way, the Chinese used to be closer to the Americans than any other people. "Perhaps, in spite of appearances, they still are. The pattern has changed and will change again. Who knows whether we shall not see in this century the ticker-tape on Fifth Avenue streaming down on the head of a Chinese leader, and an American President standing on the Great Gate of Peking."

There is a widespread belief in the West, from which quite a number of people indeed make their living, that the secrets of the Kremlin or the Forbidden City can be pierced, or at least guessed at, by an ardent study of documents, or of photographs showing the order in which the party leadership lines up on great occasions in Red Square or on the Tien-an-men. Admittedly, the incurable secrecy of Soviet or Chinese official life is an invitation to this sort of demonology. But I have long thought it a greatly overrated pastime, and am glad to find Lord Trevelyan confirming my belief. "The Sovietologists of the Western Press working on the documents in London or Washington, were forced by the nature of their occupation to draw conclusions, not always justified by the facts. But the right answer to the question—what was happening in the Kremlin?—was nearly always that we [at the British Embassy in Moscow] did not know." Despite this modest disclaimer, clearly the former ambassador in Moscow knew enough about Russian policy and indeed the Russian soul to

include some highly relevant thoughts in the letter to Mr. Kossygin with which the book ends. The letter was not in fact sent though I could imagine no harm, and quite possibly some good, could be done if it were.

It propounds the well-known but greatly underappreciated truth that the Communist and Western Worlds are not monolithic, made up of unchanging Communism and an unchanging reaction to it. Communism will not conquer the world, nor will it disappear from the face of the globe. Both societies are in a continual process of change, and both sets of doctrines need continual reinterpretation. We in Britain

should not think that this is just around the corner because the sun has come for a bit. The Soviet Government should not get excited when we make exceedingly rude noises about aspects of Soviet life and practice. In bad times we should both keep our heads down. In better days we should try and build up our relationship in belief that if we show common sense, prudence and good will we shall be able to get reasonably well together and avoid disaster."

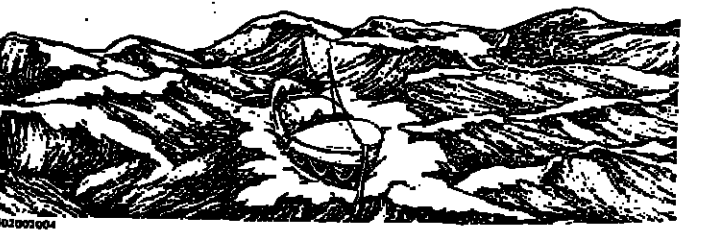
One discovery that ambassador says he made while travelling in the Soviet Union was that chicken à la K should never be eaten in K. In a book which I admire much, this statement with further qualification or explanation, seems to me to be pardonably incomplete. We never not, I should like to know

Distress call

It's a pretty safe bet that the only vessel to set sail in a Force 11 gale will be a life-boat. But nothing is safe once it's out there. Despite the hazards, no genuine call for help is ever ignored. Can you ignore ours? We continually need

new life-boats if the service is to stay efficient. Please send what you can to the R.N.L.I., Treasurer, Room 13, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London SW1W 0EP. Every gift is appreciated.

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INSIGHT: A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSSTER

THE BLOODY PATH PAVED WITH EASY OPTIONS

BEGINNING of the recent Ulster is a lethal error by the Ulster Protestants. It mistake the Civil Rights movement of the Sixties for an the State of Ulster itself. choice of the ruling elite, of the reformist impulse made to shake the foundation society.

previous challenge to the of the rulers of Ulster involved an attack on tence of their State. At the of the Sixties, Ulster had n subjected by the Irish an Army to a six-year n, in which armed men e South attacked across the with the aim of promoting among Ulster Catholics. as, by present standards, ale. Six Ulster policemen en IRA men were killed in le campaign. It was also a lure. Many Unionist politi- and especially Brian r, then Minister for Home believed that this owed the use of internment. But erylry cause was an almost ck of response from the s in Ulster. The IRA com- announcing the end of the n admitted that the chief was "the attitude of the public."

ever their views about the acy of the Protestant ment and the injustices it upon them, the Catholics not then ready to support rthrow by violence. Ulster erefore, at some level, a le society. The IRA was a moment irrelevant. time was ripe to begin dis- the apparatus of total ant supremacy—especially ectoral gerrymander which he Unionist a monopoly of and the various physical gal instruments, notably the militia (the B-Specials), by they oppressively exercised

Unionist did not see it that The suggestion that Catholics be admitted to the Unionist which Brian Faulkner re- ten days ago, got nowhere. At the first suggestion Sir Clark (now chairman of ionist Standing Committee) t out the Reformation brim- "An Orangeman is pledged ist by all lawful means the lancy of the Church of Lord Brookeborough. Minister until 1963 and of the dictum that "there room for one political party er," said that those who fav- admitting Catholics were ging against windmills and g their heads against a wall."

60s: A new ddle class lerges

socially and economically was slowly changing. Lord ron, the Scottish judge who 969 was appointed by the r Government to inquire into lster disturbances, summed e effects of social advance: nuch larger Catholic middle- has emerged, which is less to acquiesce in the accept- of a situation of assumed (or lished) inferiority and dis- nation.

e weapons of this new class not guns, but ones Protes- Ulster was perhaps less ped to deal with. e new middle class, Catholic ell as Protestant, was often ough to its working-class ns to see itself as a spokes- for working-class grievance. ntained able and ambitious and naturally developed a ure of theoretical radicalism g its student population. But mplaints it articulated in the Sixties were moderate by any ble standards.

ey were typically set out in a ay Times article of July 3, which instanced such matters rrymandering and public oymnt in Londonderry. The classic example (of gerry- nding) is Londonderry, Ulster's ommonly Catholic second y. There are 14,325 Catholics on local roll, and 9,295 Protes- s; but the wards are so organised to give Protestants majorities in ough of them to win control of City Council.

employment, the pattern of justice is the same. In Londonderry the heads of all City Council departments are Protestant. Of 177 varied employees, 145—earning £4,424—are Protestant, and only earning £20,420—are Catholic. that time the suggestion that m would never come without ous prodding from West- ster" attracted deep Protestant . Three years later the Cam- Report presented a picture h was not substantially differ- though far more authoritative. Cameron was reporting after violence had begun, and the tence of events which led to it is to be carefully set out.

DECISIVE STEP WAS THE adation of the Northern Ireland l Rights Association in 1967. s took place against a back- und in which Catholic grie- s had been widely acknow- ged, but had been met with sy indifference by the majority ionist politicians. A typical confrontation occurred conference in London in 1965.

THE NARRATIVE that starts below—the first of a two-part report—is an attempt to get at the roots of the present tragic imbroglio in Northern Ireland. We have talked to as many of the principal actors, past and present, as we could: Ministers, generals, civil servants, guerrilla leaders.

How did a clinical peace-keeping exercise by British troops turn into a murderous confrontation from which there sometimes seems no way out? The reasons that emerge go beyond history, religion and politics. They include incompetence, secret intrigue, blunder and betrayal.

But the narrative of Ulster is not simply a story of evil or guilty or even callous men. There have been many good intentions and many honest mistakes, and if some of the criticisms we make are informed by hindsight they may none the less have lessons for the future.

Our enquiries have brought countless fresh points of fact to light; but chiefly they illuminate the hardening attitudes among the politicians, the Provisionals, the soldiers and the Protestants which contributed over a period of three years, to a slow and inexorable darkening of the scene.

price of halting the student's march and provoking a three-hour sit-down in the city centre could the police keep the two groups apart.

Out of this experience grew the People's Democracy group of Bernadette Devlin and Michael Farrell, loosely based on students and ex-students of Queen's. PD was no more a conspiracy of violence than was the Civil Rights Association (indeed, its members stayed under the CRA "umbrella"), but it was prepared to go further by sit-downs and disruption in bringing violence upon itself—"calculated martyrdom," Cameron called the attitude.

Several streams of violence, each dominant at different times, were now running in Northern Ireland. There was the violence of parts of the Royal Ulster Constabulary (the RUC, it should be remembered, was an over-stretched, if over-armed, force). There was the unofficial, sometimes conspiratorial violence of some inflamed Protestant citizens, who assumed from Mr Craig's behaviour that a Fenian rising was imminent. There was the special category of violence by off-duty members of the B-Special Constabulary.

November '68: O'Neill makes reforms

In the face of impressive difficulties the Prime Minister, Terence O'Neill, was trying to stitch together a Cabinet consensus which would enable him at last to deliver some tangible reforms to the Catholic population. The problem was not only that his Home Affairs Minister took the public stance that any such action would be mere pandering to revolution. O'Neill's private, and not unjustified, suspicion was that his Minister for Commerce, Brian Faulkner—an old enemy—was calculating the best moment to withdraw support.

Events still centred on the city of Derry, sick with unemployment and communal tension, as indeed they were to do again and again until Derry became the immediate cause of British involvement. In the furious aftermath of the October 5 beatings the Derry Citizens' Action Committee was formed: its dominant figure was an ex-teacher called John Hume.

The committee made clear that it would mount a series of protests against the behaviour of the police and the partisan structure of Derry Corporation. On November 13, Mr Craig announced a one-month ban on all processions within Derry Walls.

This was followed three days later by an enormous Catholic and Civil Rights procession, 15,000 strong. Had the procession been violent, it could certainly have swept aside the police barriers protecting the forbidden territory. As it was, the march dispersed after a "token" breach of the barriers by its leaders.

Restraint was about to break when on November 22 O'Neill announced his reform package. It was not large but it was a beginning: an Ombudsman, a system of housing allocation by points, a promise to repeal parts of the Special Powers Act and the announcement that there was to be a comprehensive reform of local government elections by the end of 1971. He also suspended the hopelessly unrepresentative Derry Corporation, and put in a nominated commission: the effect on the Catholics of Derry was to produce a period of calm.

The effect on Protestant opinion was otherwise, as was shown at Armagh and Dungannon.

A Civil Rights march had been announced for November 30 in Armagh. The local police had no objection to the march plans: although known Republicans were involved, the police did not expect them to be provocative. However, the Armagh RUC found themselves confronted with Ian Paisley, who informed them that the Government had quite lost control in Derry, and that if they did not stop the Armagh march he intended to do the job himself.

During the week before the march, red-painted notices were shoved through letter-boxes in Armagh:

ULSTER'S DEFENDERS
A Friendly Warning

Board up your windows
Remove all women and children
from the CITY on SATURDAY,
30th November
O'Neill must go

Minatory posters also appeared, bearing the initials of the Ulster Constitution Defence Committee: that is to say, the controlling mechanism of the Ulster Protestant Volunteers, whose members pledge that "when the authorities act contrary to the Constitution, the body will take whatever steps it thinks fit to expose such unconstitutional acts." The arbiters of unconstitutional behaviour appeared to be Dr Paisley, chairman of the UCDC, and Major Ronald Bunting, Commandant of the UPV.

Around 1 am on November 30 Paisley and Bunting arrived in Armagh with a convoy of cars, which were parked around Thomas continued on next page

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING FREE DERRY



Londonderry, early in 1970: an Army snatch-squad at the entrance to the Bogside

Charles Brett, a Belfast lawyer (and a Protestant), called for "immediate legislation to deal with discrimination in employment and housing." John Taylor (now a Minister in the Faulkner Government) immediately repudiated the necessity for any such reforms. Religious discrimination, he declared, was being used as a "political stratagem" by the Republicans.

One Unionist who did admit the need for reform—and publicly at that—was Terence O'Neill, who had succeeded Brookeborough as Prime Minister in 1963. O'Neill's admission confirmed Catholic faith in the legitimacy of their demands, but at the same time his inability to carry his party into actual and concrete reform increased Catholic frustration.

Powerful currents began to run through the Catholic community, and it was the Civil Rights Association which, almost unintentionally, tapped them. It had been modelled on the National Council for Civil Liberties in England, and for its first year of existence it behaved similarly, dealing with individual complaints.

In June, 1968, a Catholic family were evicted from a council house in which they had been squatting at Caledon, a village of the Dunganon Rural District. On June 13, a 19-year-old Protestant named Emily Beattie, secretary to a prominent Unionist, was moved into the house. The case, which seemed a particularly gross one, was brilliantly publicised by Austin Currie, the local Nationalist (i.e., Catholic) member of the tiny Opposition at Stormont, the Ulster Parliament.

Currie suggested that the Civil Rights Association should stage a march between the neighbouring towns of Coalisland and Dunganon, to protest against the inequities of local housing policy. With some reluctance, the CRA agreed, and it was announced for August 24.

The immediate response from hard-line Unionists was that there would be violence if the march entered Market Square, Dunganon.

In the event, the march was a huge success—especially because it halted peacefully at a police barrier some distance away from Market Square. Several thousand people gathered to hear Currie and a battery of speakers. The police, in the words of Miss Bernadette Devlin, were very good-natured.

"There was a hope among many participants that something new was taking place in Northern Ireland, in that there was a non-violent demonstration by people of many differing political ante-

dents... united on a common platform of reform." The words are those not of a marcher but of Lord Cameron.

The police calculated that seventy of the stewards at Dunganon were Republicans, and ten of them members of the IRA—but on the other hand, there had been no display of Republican symbols, such as the Tricolour flag. The meeting closed with the marchers singing, hopefully, "We Shall Overcome."

IT TOOK ONLY ONE MORE demonstration—in Londonderry on October 5, 1968—to turn civil rights into a mass movement. And it was a mass movement which, according to the well-publicised views of the then Minister of Home Affairs, William Craig, was under the control of the Irish Republican Army.

"We have investigated this matter with particular care," wrote the Cameron Commission later. "... While there is evidence that members of the IRA are active in the organisation, there is no sign that they are in any sense dominant or in a position to control or direct policy of the Civil Rights Association."

The situation was admittedly subtle. First, not all Republicans are gunmen: the term can cover an IRA gelligite bomber or theoretical adherents of the Wolf Tone Society and James Connolly Clubs. Secondly, republicanism is one of the major streams in Irish political history: almost any successful broad-based movement would take in people who had been part of it.

Secondly, there was the new policy of the IRA. After the collapse of the 1956-62 campaign, the old IRA of Gaelic piety and violence virtually ceased to exist, so much so that many of the disgust—until, in 1969, some Ulster police brought the gun back into politics.

So far as Northern Ireland was concerned, the IRA concentrated on taking part peacefully in the open Civil Rights campaign. And at least among those members who stayed with the new "political" IRA, the policy stuck. Cameron commented upon the fact that members of the IRA who served as stewards in Civil Rights demonstrations were "efficient and exercised a high degree of discipline. There is no evidence... that such members either incited to riot or took part in acts of violence."

The leaders of the new-look IRA seemed to have an each-way bet in the Civil Rights movement. If the reforms were granted, so much to the good; they would share in the credit. If, on the contrary, reforms were savagely refused by the Unionist Right, then there was a Machiavellian consideration: the ruling party of Ulster would be split, and through the resultant chaos the IRA would lead the people toward Socialism.

At this stage in the narrative, what is significant is that from any reasonable Ulster standpoint it should have been possible to see that a marching-and-talking IRA (especially one that was prepared de facto to recognise Partition)

must be an improvement on a shooting-and-bombing IRA. And quite certainly it was a basic act of misgovernment to allow that there was anything revolutionary in the set of demands that Civil Rights finally adopted as its programme. These were:

- 1 One-man-one-vote in local elections
- 2 The removal of gerrymandered boundaries
- 3 Laws against discrimination by local government, and the provision of machinery to deal with complaints
- 4 Allocation of public housing on a points system
- 5 Repeal of the Special Powers Act
- 6 Disbanding of the B-Specials.

October '68: Police attack on march

It was Lord Cameron's dry estimate that these reforms were not such as would "in any sense endanger the stability of the Constitution." To judge by his response, the Minister for Home Affairs did not see things in that light. The confrontation came almost immediately after the success of the Dunganon march, when a similar demonstration was announced for October 5 in Londonderry.

Derry is an emotive symbol in the Ulster tragedy, a flashpoint of Catholic and Protestant history. In the siege of 1689 the Protestant citizens held the walls for 109 days against Catholic besiegers. Its recent history has been one of grotesque unemployment—one in five of the men out of work—and the crudest Protestant manipulation of housing allocation and political power.

The Derry police regarded the local march committee with disfavour, which is understandable in view of the presence in Eamonn McCann, of at least one eagerly self-confessed revolutionary. Rather less reasonably, they went on to

equates the whole Civil Rights movement with Republican extremism.

During September, the Civil Rights Association notified a march route to the police, one which crossed the river by the Craigavon Bridge and ended inside Derry's famous Walls (whose gates the Catholic James II in 1689). Five days before the march was due, the General Committee of the Apprentice Boys of Derry—who of course, are substantial citizens these days—informed the police that the "annual" parade of persons attending their Initiation Ceremony would be passing over exactly the same route on the same day as the Civil Rights march.

The police concluded that violence was likely. On October 3 the Minister for Home Affairs issued an order banning marches in Londonderry.

The Apprentice Boys' parade was cancelled without demur. (Curiously enough, this "annual" event had never occurred before and has not since.) But the Civil Rights movement faced a harder decision. After a long and agonising meeting the local militants insisted on defying the Ministerial ban, and the national leadership reluctantly acceded.

Originally, the prospects for the march had not been spectacular because the local organisers did not carry great weight in the Catholic community. But "the effect of the ministerial order was to transform the situation. It guaranteed the attendance of a large number of citizens... who actively resented what appeared to them to be totally unwarranted interference."

THE EVENTS OF OCTOBER 5 were splashed on television sets all over the world. Over 2,000 people gathered at the Waterside station, representing "most of the elements in opposition to the Northern Ireland Government and the Unionist regime in Londonderry." Mr Craig and the police, it seems, were prepared for violence. They did not regard it as sufficient to let the march proceed and lay charges afterwards.

The march immediately faced a police cordon, and the officer in

charge warned that women and children should depart. The marchers tried to avoid the police by taking a different route, but when that route also was blocked they walked right up to the police. At this point, two Stormont Opposition MPs, Mr Gerry Fitt and Mr Eddy McAteer, were batoned, and Fitt (who also sits at Westminster, and had brought over three Labour MPs) was removed to hospital.

The Cameron Commission found that Fitt was making an "irresponsible" speech, but also that he and McAteer were batoned "wholly without justification."

The immobilised march now turned into a meeting, which after half an hour was asked by its leaders to disperse. What happened next is far from clear, but Cameron decided that there were certainly extremists present—not of the IRA—who wished to provoke violence, or anyway a reckless confrontation with the police.

Violence, certainly, was what they got. It appears that some of the Young Socialist Alliance from Belfast threw their placards and banners at the police. Some stones were also thrown, and "many of the police having drawn their batons earlier, the County Inspector in charge ordered them to disperse the march... the police broke ranks and used their batons indiscriminately."

The physical injuries involved eleven policemen and seventy-seven civilians, mainly with bruises and lacerations to the head. The political results sprang from the shocking effect of televised police violence, and on Sunday, October 6, a group of students from Queen's University, Belfast—some of whom had been at Derry—marched in protest to the home of William Craig. "Their reception by Mr Craig was hostile and calculated to incense already inflamed feelings. He so far forgot his position... as to call the students generally 'silly bloody fools.'"

THE DAY AFTER CRAIG'S WELL-publicised display of intransigence, some 800 students decided on a protest march to Belfast City Hall. This immediately attracted a counter-demonstration led by the Rev Dr Ian Paisley. Only at the

North and South: two states born out of bickering

THE PROVINCE of Ulster has had points of difference from the rest of Ireland ever since its Iron Age inhabitants were slow in succumbing to the northward-moving Celts. The Celts similarly resisted the Normans, who were, of course, Catholics; and the Catholic faith resisted the northward advance of Protestantism under Henry VIII and Elizabeth I.

After the province had been subdued by Elizabeth and planted with Scottish and English settlers by James I, Ireland was run as a unit, largely by a Protestant aristocracy and the Government in London; and from 1800 on (after a brief and promising experiment with a nominally independent Parliament in Dublin) the country had no other Parliament than Westminster.

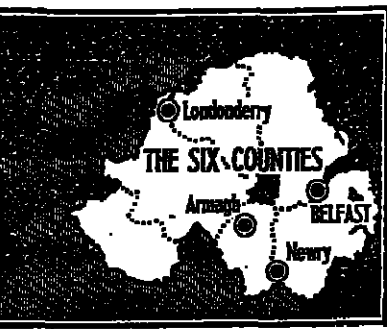
But Ulster and the rest of Ireland gradually drew apart from one another again under the influence of different ancestries, different faiths and different degrees of prosperity (Ulster, already a producer of linen and soon of ships, escaped the worst of the potato famine in 1845-49). After long and sometimes bloody bickering, Westminster made Ireland into two separate states by the Government of Ireland Act, 1920.

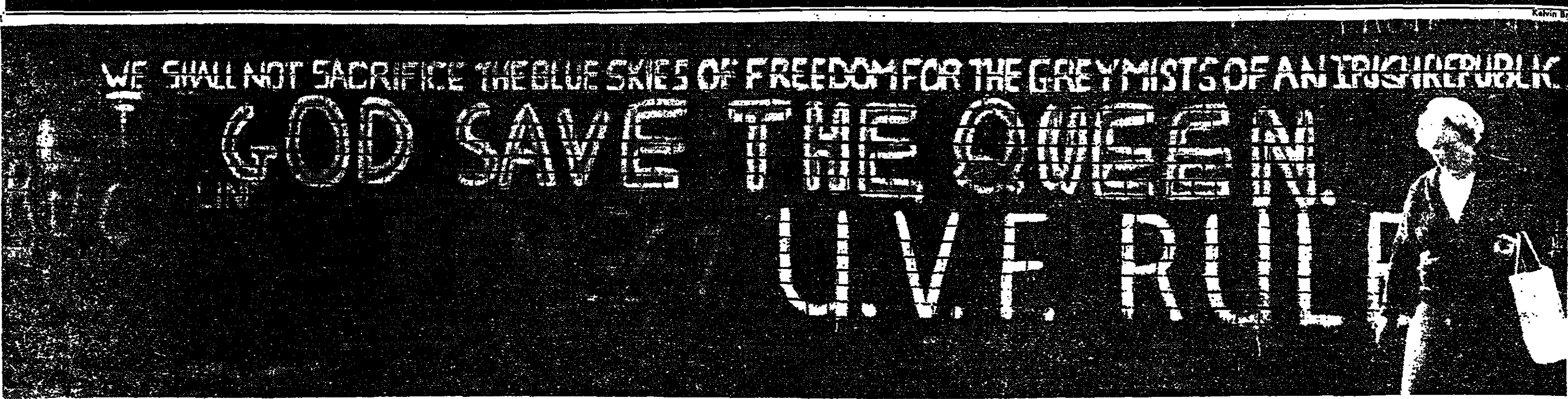
The Lloyd George Government of the day did not intend the settlement, or even the line of the border, to be final: there was provision for a boundary commission, and for an all-Ireland Council above the two regional Parliaments as a means towards later reunification. But the North rejected the boundary commission, and the

South rejected the parliamentary arrangements, becoming successively a dominion and a republic.

The Northern Parliament is subordinate to, and financed by, Westminster. In 1949, under Section 1 (3) of the Ireland Act, the Attlee Government affirmed that "in no event will Northern Ireland or any part thereof cease to be part of His Majesty's dominions and of the United Kingdom without the consent of the Parliament of Northern Ireland."

The Parliament, called Stormont, has substantially more powers than a county council. The (Protestant) Unionists have a three-to-one majority in it over various fragmented (Catholic) Opposition parties, who are not now attending. The first Catholic Cabinet member was appointed last month from outside Parliament.





Belfast, 1971: the hard-line Protestantism of the Ulster Volunteer Force shouts from the walls of its stronghold in the Shankill

continued from preceding page

Street on the route of the march. For the rest of the night about 130 people stayed with them, walking about and talking in small groups. Approached by the police, Dr Paisley said he intended to hold a religious meeting.

At 8 am, the police placed road-blocks around the town and began to search incoming cars. They found two revolvers, and 230 other weapons, such as pipes hammered into points. "The groups standing in Scotch Street and Thomas Street were now seen to be carrying weapons such as sticks and large pieces of timber. Dr Paisley carried a blackthorn stick and Major Bunting a black walking stick."

The police did not care to break up the Paisleyite crowd, because its individual armed members might be even harder to control. There was no option but to ask the unarmed civil rights march to stop—which it did, although the stewards had "some rough work" enforcing orders. Trouble was averted, except for the case of an ITV cameraman struck down with a leaded stick. But the fact remained that a lawful march had been prevented by carefully-laid plans of violence.

In Dungan, where Major Bunting had been involved in a "violent and irresponsible" (Cameron's words) counter-demonstration against People's Democracy on November 23, there was worse trouble on December 4. Protestant extremists, including off-duty B Specials, gathered to counter a Civil Rights meeting in the Parochial Hall. There was stone-throwing, from both sides, and then a member of the Protestant crowd fired a shot at a Press photographer which narrowly missed.

The Right Wing of the Protestants was already affronted by the failure of the Catholics to respond with sufficient humility to the O'Neill reform package. On December 11 Capt. O'Neill went further by dismissing William Craig from the Ministry of Home Affairs, a move which evoked more hostility from the Right. The previous day O'Neill had made an emotional appeal on television for a united and peaceful Ulster, and there was enormous public response in his support. The Civil Rights bodies agreed to give him time; they called a truce over Christmas.

The marchers are 'seen on their way'

IT WAS AT THIS DELICATE moment that the students in the People's Democracy decided to stage "the long march" from Belfast to Londonderry. With the O'Neill package and the Craig dismissal already achieved, it was a dangerous exercise in gloating.

According to some of the leaders of PD the long march—through Protestant strongholds—would not have been completed if the ferocity it met with at the end could have been anticipated. But that may have been only one of many views in the amorphous body of PD. The character of the outfit was frankly conveyed in some words of Bernadette Devlin, which may have been a little too frank for her colleagues' taste:

"We are totally unorganised and totally without any form of discipline. . . I'd say there are hardly two of us who really agree."

Basically, the PD people were non-communist Marxists, themselves of Catholic origin, pursuing the idea—a novel and possibly thankless one in Ulster—of inter-denominational workers' revolution. As one of them observed some time after the Long March: "Everyone applauds loudly when one says in a speech that we are not sectarian, that we are fighting for the rights of all Irish workers, but really that's because they see this as a new way of getting at the Protestants."

Because a march 73 miles across the province would cross many strong Protestant areas and entail serious physical risk, it appealed

Certainly there were militants, extremists, and even subversives among the Civil Rights workers, and this was especially true of the People's Democracy faction. But, although Lord Cameron and his colleagues found that "politically subversive and mischievous" people did at times "inflame passions . . . and either irresponsibly or deliberately invoke violent incidents," they also wrote:

"We disagree profoundly . . . with the view which professes to see agitation for civil rights as a mere pretext for other and more subversive activities."

THE MARCH BEGAN ON NEW Year's morning, 1969, peacefully and comically, with 80 participants. Their progress, inevitably, was haunted by Major Bunting, who started off skittishly pretending to "lead" the march with a Union Jack; he dropped out of the procession, his timing inviting ribald remarks, at the entrance to Bellevue Zoo.

One anarchist had turned up, but nobody would help him carry his banner. A Republican Club contingent was asked not to carry the Republican flag, in the end anarchist and Republicans compromised. They would carry their poles but the banners would be furled.

After three days of the march, on January 3, Paisley saw Captain Long, the new Minister for Home Affairs, and tried without success to try to persuade him to ban the last stage.

That night, while the PD marchers rested in Claudy, eight miles outside Derry, Paisley held a religious meeting in the Derry Guildhall. Outside, in Guildhall Square, a riot broke out, and the windows of the Guildhall were smashed. Major Bunting told the audience to prepare for the defence of the women and children: chairs and banisters were broken up to make clubs, and Paisley supporters debouched from the hall in defensive formation. Outside, a considerable fight took place, and Major Bunting's car was burnt out.

Bunting took care to inform both the Protestant audience and the media that it was a "Civil Rights mob" which had endangered women and children. He also said that as many people as possible should be at Brackfield Church next morning, near Burntollet Bridge, "to see the marchers on their way."

The Cameron Commission found that the Guildhall riot had nothing to do with any Civil Rights organisation. It was random and largely drunken sectarian hooliganism, sparked by the mere fact of Paisley's presence.

ON THE MORNING OF JANUARY 4, the marchers arrived at Burntollet Bridge, led by an escort of eighty policemen. Waiting for them were about 200 men, armed with clubs of various kinds.

Certainly these people were inflamed by the belief that the Derry riots of the night before had been fomented by civil rights workers. But their attack was hardly spontaneous, for many of them wore white arm-bands to identify each other in the thick of the fight.

There was no chance that the police could protect the unarmed marchers against assault. The attackers had chosen a natural ambush site, where fields sloped sharply down to the road. Here, they had stacked "ammunition," such as rocks and lumps of old iron.

The police were able to protect the head of the march to some extent, but they could do nothing about the main body. When the missiles began to rain down, some of the marchers tried to escape through the fields, where they were set upon individually.

Both the police and the marchers were taken aback by the ferocity of the attack, and indeed the affair probably exceeded any coherent Protestant intentions.

For all moderate opinion, the result of the march was disastrous. If it was the aim of the PD marchers to demonstrate a commitment to violence among substantial numbers of Protestants, they succeeded perhaps better than all but their "hardest spirits" desired. Also, in Catholic mythology, they demonstrated a compliance by the police towards violence.

The Cameron Commission found, to the contrary, that the police did make a serious attempt to stop the ambush at Burntollet, and that they were unready rather than complacent. But on the night of January 4/5, and on several nights thereafter in Derry, members of the RUC proceeded to do things enough to justify some, if not all, of the mythology.

AS THE CATHOLICS OF DERRY see it, there has been for years a simple, frightening pattern about police reactions to trouble in the city. Disorder breaks out—often, as on January 4, 1969, the result of Protestant provocation. Immediately afterwards, the police mount a punitive expedition against the Bogside, the Catholic "ghetto" area.

Whatever the truth about other

occasions, something very like this must have happened the night after the Protestant attacks on the PD marchers.

It should be said that the first reaction of the Bogside that night was to start building barricades in their streets, a task in which they were encouraged by some of the PD people. This, which they themselves called "protection," could be counted as a provocation to the forces of the law—but one of a rather special kind, for the RUC did not then and do not now exercise any real police control of the Bogside.

We have to record with regret [said the Cameron Commission] that our investigations have led us to the unhesitating conclusion that on the night of January 4/5 a number of policemen were guilty of misconduct which involved assault and battery, malicious damage to property, to streets, in the predominantly Catholic Bogside, an area giving reasonable cause for apprehension of personal injury among other innocent inhabitants, and the use of provocative sectarian and political slogans. . . .

The campaign that brought O'Neill down

This was a cool, legal description of a night in which groups of burly RUC men roamed through the Bogside, crashing from time to time into the tiny terrace houses and dealing out arbitrary "punishment" with their batons. The Commission thought that even though the police were over-stretched and exhausted, there could be "no acceptable justification or excuse" for this "unfortunate and temporary breakdown in discipline."

The very appointment of the Cameron Commission to investigate such incidents was itself now to become part of the drama.

The appointment was used as *cassus belli* for the campaign which brought O'Neill down. Some people surmise that had Mr. Faulkner, the present Prime Minister, himself succeeded to the Premiership (in March 1968), then his power-base in the Unionist right might have been used to make

successful reform where O'Neill was bound to fail. What is beyond surmise is that, as events turned out early in 1969, that power was used to destroy O'Neill's last chance.

On January 23, eight days after Cameron's appointment, Faulkner resigned from O'Neill's Cabinet, citing as his reason the lack of "strong government." Weakness, in his view, was being shown by appointing a Commission to investigate the disturbances of the Civil Rights campaign; he had always been "unhappy" about the idea. Then, while claiming to be in favour of reform, Faulkner deployed a classic reactionary defence: he affected to object to the manner, not the matter, of reform.

The Ulster Government, he said, must choose between two quite different courses. Either it must gain Unionist Party approval for "a change of policy," including immediate universal suffrage in local elections, or it must set out simply to resist "the pressures being brought to bear."

O'Neill's reply was bitterly contemptuous even by the standards of Ulster's inbred politics. In view of the supposed strength of Faulkner's view on the Commission, O'Neill found it "rather surprising . . . that you did not offer to resign when the Cabinet reached its decision. . . ."

"I will remind you," he went on, "that . . . after the events of October 5 in Londonderry . . . it was you who were one of the principal protagonists of the view that there ought to be no change under what you described as 'duress.' " It was true, said O'Neill, that when the Commission was mooted, Faulkner had proposed instead that the party be asked outright to approve one-man-one-vote. But as Faulkner himself had said earlier that the franchise could not be changed in the short term, and knew "full well" that the party would refuse, then the suggestion was "disingenuous."

"You also tell me that you 'have remained' through what you term 'successive crises.' I am bound to say that if, instead of 'passively remaining' you had on occasions given me that loyalty and support which a Prime Minister has a right to expect from his deputy, some of these so-called 'crises' might never have arisen."

O'Neill had one move left to

make. He called a general election for February 24 (1969), a gamble predicated on the hope that he might find among the electors the "middle ground" support which was insufficiently available among the politicians.

It is hard to recall, now that the Falls Road and the Ardoyne are IRA fortresses, that in February, 1969, O'Neill, the Unionist Premier, could go into those districts and be swept off his feet by cheering crowds. And it is worth remembering that, in strict terms, O'Neill won the election. That is, he and the Unionists who supported or tolerated his policies formed a simple majority in the new Parliament.

But to resurrect his full authority O'Neill needed to inflict exemplary punishment on his opponents. He did not do so. In only two cases were established anti-O'Neill members upset by O'Neill supporters. Out of thirty-one contested Unionist seats, eleven were won on specifically anti-O'Neill platforms, while others were ambiguous. The anti-O'Neill victors included some of the most important Protestant spokesmen (William Craig, Desmond Boal, Joe Burns) together with Brian Faulkner and (Captain John Brooke, Government (Captain John Brooke, John Taylor, Harry West). "Wee Johnnie" McQuade, a wizened docker, who outdoes Paisley in intransigence if not in coherence, increased his majority, and O'Neill himself, who had never before had to defend a seat, came within 1,414 votes of losing to Paisley.

IT WAS THEREFORE A WEAKENED O'Neill who now faced a further turn of the screw. And Derry was once more the scene of a particular incident with powerful symbolic effects: the Samuel Devenny affair.

The North Derry CRA proposed to stage a march on April 19, 1969, which would start at Burntollet Bridge and enter the city. Fears that Protestant reaction would be violent caused the Ministry of Home Affairs to ban the march, and after a long meeting with the Minister the CRA officials agreed to respect the ban.

On the 19th, there was a spontaneous sit-down by Civil Rights supporters inside the Derry walls. Nearby, there was a gathering of Paisleyites who had been to Burntollet just in case the march might

take place. Stone-throwing between the two groups began.

The police response was to drive the Catholics back into the Bogside, and the result was a battle which lasted until midnight. (One policeman in difficulties fired two shots, which he said were sent up into the air.) Although the events of the 19th were outside Cameron's terms of reference, the Commission still reported that "we were presented with a considerable body of evidence to establish further grave acts of misconduct among members of the RUC . . . these should be vigorously probed and investigated."

The Devenny family were among the victims. At 9 pm on the 19th—this comes not from Cameron, but from subsequent inquest records—Samuel Devenny, a man of 43 with a weak heart and a record of TB, was at home with his wife and five children, aged between five and eighteen. Nearby, some Bogside teenagers were stoning a group of RUC men.

April '69: Bogside's first martyrs

Six police Land Rovers came round the corner, and the youths dashed into the nearest open doorway, which happened to be the Devenny's in William Street. Just what happened to them is uncertain, but somehow they got away—probably by rushing straight through the house while the Devenny children tried vainly to stop them.

The policemen then burst into the house, and fell upon the Devenny family with batons and boots.

Samuel Devenny was taken to hospital with a badly-cut scalp, and within hours he and his family had become symbolic martyrs for the whole of the Bogside.

His subsequent death—which was never linked by medical evidence to the police assault—and the consequences of the delayed, abortive inquest belong later in the narrative. But the vital fact should be noted here that the officers who made the assault were never brought to justice.

The reason why the matter could never be "probed and investigated" as Cameron recommended was more significant than the brutality of the event itself.

On the night Samuel Devenny was beaten, the senior officers of the RUC in Derry were not in control of what was happening in Bogside. Police from other forces had poured into the city: nobody knew where they had come from, or where they had been deployed. At the station nearest to the action, the desk log was not kept properly: in any normal force, the culprits might have been traced from the duty rosters, but in Derry that night those basic documents were not kept.

Records are one essential attribute of a police force which is restrained by law, but in Derry on the night of April 19, 1969, large sections of the RUC had turned into a sectarian mob.

Yet the beatings which the RUC had handed out in Derry did not slake the increasing Right-wing Unionist demands for "strong government." Indeed, the case for strength appeared to become incontrovertible, for bomb explosions now became a part of the political brew.

ON APRIL 20, the Belfast water-supply lines from the Silent Valley reservoir were seriously damaged by gellignite explosions. On April 25 there were further and more damaging explosions, which dislocated supplies to the city fairly thoroughly.

"IRA" plan behind the blasts, says RUC, ran the Belfast Telegraph headline.

The bombs alone, of course, did not bring O'Neill down, but they were weighty final straw. On April 28, the Premier resigned, saying that what was impossible for him "may be—I do not know—easier for someone else." He was, in the words of the Daily Telegraph, "the one politician willing to lead this province of 1,500,000 people out of the dark shadows of religious strife." Two other, and less sensible, comments on his fall may be worth recording, one denying the reality of any "dark shadows," and the other revealing in their opacity:

Bernadette Devlin, on this occasion, thought it was all capitalist nonsense to talk about religious strife, and distilled the PD view into the starkest naïveté it has yet

achieved: "Ulster's problem is a Catholic-Protestant problem."

The Rev. Ian Paisley, exulting over the fall of a "traitor," "We see this as the hand of God."

The Almighty's hand, how, had received some assistance this occasion. At the time, view that the Silent Valley was IRA work could not be actively discounted, and even the history of the episode clouded. But after the B intervention, and after Sir A. Young had taken over the Ulster Constabulary, Wil Stephenson and several other were placed on trial for Silent Valley explosions. Stephenson was self-styled "Chief Staff" of the Ulster Volunteer Force, the shadowy Prote equivalent of the IRA: he pleaded guilty, and gave evidence against the other men charged, pleaded not guilty.

The evidence of Stephenson, man of dubious character, was enough to convict his fellow prisoners, and they were acquitted. The atmosphere of the trial marred by the fact that town and a bomb went off outside jury room. But it is still able to take Stephenson's own and conviction as evidence that was Protestants who first to the use of gellignite in this ticular cycle of Ulster politics.

ULSTER'S CONSTITUTION the Government of Ireland 1920, one section of which that "Notwithstanding the establishment of the Parliament Northern Ireland . . . the sup authority of the Parliament Westminster shall remain unted and undiminished over all sons, matters and things Northern Ireland." If there one thing which has united La and Tory at Westminster, it desire to leave that section gaing dust as long as possible.

During all the long exposure Ulster injustice in the Sixties, Parliamentary question at V, minister was turned aside on grounds that "by convention" "internal affairs" of North Ireland should not be discussed.

During the 1964 election, He Wilson saw Sir Alec Douglas-He about to appear on a TV program beamed at Northern Ireland, off his own tie and put on which bore the Red Hand of Ul Wilson was amazed at even trifling and symbolic a breach the tradition of separatism. "a politician who wants to get into with Ulster," he muttered, "oi to have his head examined."

Throughout 1968, Wilson aged to minimise his entanglement with Terence O'Neill's problem although he concurred in O'Neill's reforms of Novem 1968, and in the appointment Lord Cameron's Commission. after the fall of O'Neill, it became steadily plainer that the Bri Government was going to deeply involved.

It seems reasonable to look evidence that some major del took place within the Lab Government at this point. We h Not, however, been able to find a There does not seem to have b a Cabinet meeting which devoted entirely to Irish questi until after the troops went in August, 1969, and Labour's po is well described in the words a civil servant. "We chose least disturbing option every tim he said.

TERENCE O'NEILL'S CALL was that of a decently competent Westminster Tory, which is, as he set out to be before he became king fish in the more limited Stormont pool.

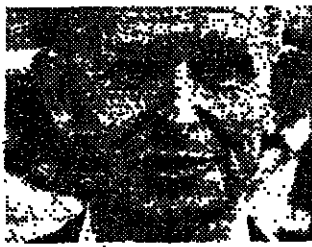
He was succeeded by an honorable, but politically simpler in his distant cousin James Chichester-Clark. Conceivably, relations with Westminster would have been better had the "professions" Faulkner won, but Faulkner I by one vote: a result which instances the effect of personal in Ulster politics.

Even though it was the withdrawal of Chichester-Clark's support which finally brought O'Neill down, O'Neill still voted for a cousin against Faulkner. It is done not for family loyalty or reasons of state, but simply because "Jimmy had only been trying bring me down for six weeks Brian had been trying for years."

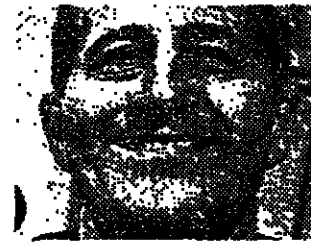
The authority of the old O'Neill Government had been destroyed during a long winter of the repression of marches and demonstrations designed to advertise the grievances of the minority. The authority of the new Government no faced the summer season of Orange marches designed to exalt the supremacy of the majority. More than one newspaper speculated that

continued on next page

MEN AT THE CENTRE



Brian Faulkner
Prime Minister of Northern Ireland since March, 1971. A 1969 resignation helped bring Terence O'Neill down. Widely regarded as last credible PM and had this reputation to press security demands. Astute but lacks the confidence of either community



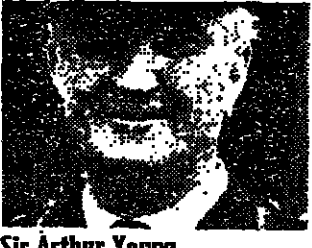
Lord O'Neill
Prime Minister of Northern Ireland from 1963 till May, 1969, when he was forced out by the Unionists after announcing reforms in housing, investigation of grievances, local government, franchise and special powers. Aristocrat now totally sidelined



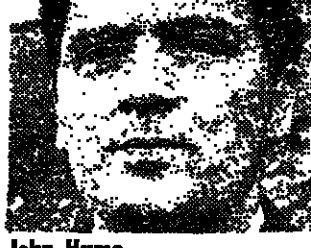
Ian Paisley
Chaplain to the Protestant backlash, founder and head of Free Presbyterian Church of Ulster. MP since April, 1970, at Stormont and since June, 1970, at Westminster. Co-founder of a new Democratic Unionist Party. Surprising sense of humour, good political brain



William Craig
Authentic voice of hard-line Unionism. As Home Affairs Minister in the O'Neill Cabinet, until dismissed in 1968, insisted on regarding demands for Catholic civil rights as subversion. Has just formed ginger group called Unionist Vanguard. Resolutely ambitious



Sir Arthur Young
Inspector General of the RUC as a Callaghan appointee from October 1969 till November 1970, when he returned to his old job as Commissioner of the City of London Police. Found the RUC to be intractable.



John Hume
Leading theorist among (now abstentionist) Stormont Opposition MPs. As a civil rights leader played a pacifying role in August 1969 and later Derry disturbances. Now believes Stormont system permanently finished.



Lord Moyola
As Major Chichester-Clark was Prime Minister after O'Neill from May, 1968, to March, 1971, when Unionist pressures and office weariness impelled him to resign. Soldierly, generally trusted, finally unresponsive. Now farming sheep



Sir Robert Porter
Home Affairs Minister March 1969 to August 1970, since when the job has been combined with the Prime Minister's. Gentle, academic lawyer and reluctant minister, known to his colleagues as Beezer. Has returned to the Bar.



General Freeland
Appointed GOC Northern Ireland, as his last command, in July, 1969, the month before the arrival of British troops. Abused by Unionists as an enemy of the state, retired in February, now lives in Norfolk.



General Tuohy
GOC Northern Ireland since February, 1971. Oxford-educated General. Diplomatic in his dealings with politicians, which may explain conflicting beliefs about his advice on internment



Gerry Fitt
De facto leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party, main Opposition grouping. Voluble, tireless member of Westminster Parliament, Stormont and Belfast City Council



John Taylor
In charge of Home Affairs as Minister of State (while Premier doubted as the full Minister) since August, 1970. Youngish, burly, authoritarian advocate of expedients like cratering border roads

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A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

from preceding page

ilitary force would soon come into play, and it was difficult to anticipate the There remained, all the such complacency in both and Westminster.

ere already British troops in Ireland, but they were troops, not engaged in down riots. Their head- was in Lisburn, in pleasant ountry worlds away from Belfast slums. Never- when General Sir Ian arrived on July 9 to take mmand as GOC Northern e smelt trouble in the air

day. Freeland met er-Clark and Anthony Pea- ad of the RUC. The first ge parades, the Boyne ons in Derry, were just t hours away. Violence mounting for the past eks: rival crowds, savage sporadic punch-ups. Yet er-Clark and Peacocke worried. There would be ble, they told Freeland. marches never caused

ere has been no lack of o explain later that Free- not "the right general job"—whoever that un- aragon may have been— as well be said that he have been one of the few in the Ulster scene who ried to pretend the diffi- lid not exist. But in face ont's optimism, there was he could do except warn il.

er Freeland nor any other soldier seems to have been enthusiastic about the that a military presence tore communal peace to but the one thing they of was that an inade- itary presence would be is.

nd had just 2,400 garrison in the province, and half were tied up guarding ations because of the bombs. Still, Ulster in of Defence reckoning behind the Far East, the Army and the Strategic in the queue for reinforce- "Why won't they realise on the brink of civil war?" eland to one of his staff

July 12 the Orangemen l in twenty places through- including Londonderry, a city of seething neurosis, morning of July 13, 1969, ie police were scarcely able the two communities apart.

our agrees troops, but h strings

DAYS LATER, THE Government began to at. A rising young minister, atterley, was summoned to me Minister's room at the of Commons.

on explained that he had d a Government reshuffle in iber, but meanwhile the e Secretary, Denis Healey, go soon into hospital. Would ley therefore leave the De- nt of Employment and Pro- ty at once, and go to e as Healey's deputy? His isk would be to make ready e possible use of British in Ulster.

obvious step, after the dis- ces of July 12, was to ban al r parades in the province. ld hardly be said to be un- ratie after the bans imposed il Rights marches, and it was that the RUC's capacity to in order was now vestigial. l Wilson and Healey fav- a ban. But Ulster was firstly responsibility of the Home ary, James Callaghan. He to Chichester-Clark, and e that the Ulster Premier fall from power if he had icel the Orange marches still ne. Reluctantly, the Cabinet d to the marches, and this o become a familiar mechan- a British government agree- follow a policy which it did ivour, but which was thought sary to protect an Ulster er from his "supporters."

alternatives were to accept Premier, perhaps some such tive as Craig—or to impose rule from Westminster.

is conflicting testimony about seriously and in what terms rule was discussed by ir.

Ministry of Defence calcu- on the basis that direct rule mean military rule, if the r civil service refused to co- te. That would require some 0 troops. Denis Healey, ling with NATO commitments, that was "impossible."

e real reasons against direct were perhaps less concrete. sman and Jenkins lectured abinet on the lessons of Irish ry. "If there is one thing I learnt," said Jenkins, "it is the English cannot run nd." "It was damned easy to Makarios to the Seychelles," Callaghan, recalling Cyprus, t damned hard to get him back

ist of the Labour Government ission towards the end of July ed on a technical question: ming that troops were to go e aid of the civil power on basis should they do so? The tion of what civil power they

ought to be aiding was never really faced.

Sir Elwyn Jones and the law officers produced a "minimum answer" which raised a few principles as possible. The soldiers should go in as "common law constables."

On July 30-31, 1969, the Labour Cabinet held a two-day meeting to wrap up business before the summer holidays. Wil- son and Callaghan were given authority to give Chichester-Clark troops if he asked for them. The "strings" would be worked out later.

TWO DAYS LATER the conse- quences of Labour's ambiguous formula began to work themselves out on the Ulster streets. On August 2 an Orange march paraded past the block of Catholic flats, near Belfast city centre, which are ironically named Unity Flats. At the height of the riot that fol- lowed, when it looked as though two police stations might be over- run, the Belfast police commis- sioner, Arthur Wolsley, called troops to his aid.

For a few hours about sixty men of the First Queen's, plus a tactical HQ unit, were actually stationed at police headquarters in East Belfast. But Freeland ordered them back to barracks before the fact came out, and the August 3 message log of 39th Brigade (the Ulster force) makes clear the reason, and the Army's interpreta- tion of the formula:

"NO QUESTION OF COMMITTING TROOPS UNTIL ALL METHODS EXHAUSTED BY THE POLICE."

Wolsley and his chief, Pea- cocke, questioned Freeland. Did "all methods" mean that the police had to call out the B-Specials before the Army would move?

It did.

Even the RUC men were taken aback. Did Westminster not realise that the effect calling the B-men into Belfast would have on the Catholics?

As one of Freeland's own officers not long afterwards referred to the B-Specials as "a trigger-happy bunch of sportsmen," there could be no doubt how he felt. But all he could do was repeat his orders. The consequence of the British Government's position was that before troops could go in, the Stormont Government must be forced into an assault that the Catholics would neither forgive nor forget.

In the words of one of its mem- bers, the policy of the Labour Government amounted to "doing anything to avoid direct rule." Yet during the week before the Apprentice Boys' march, the London newspapers were full of stories suggesting the exact opposite.

The Financial Times, on August 6, was quite unambiguous: "British troops would only be used to restore law and order in Ulster if the Northern Ireland Government first agreed to surrender its political authority to Westminster."

The journalists were reporting with perfect accuracy the informa- tion which Harold Wilson was feed- ing into the political lobby system.

"Harold," recollected a Whitehall civil servant, "was huffing and puffing about 'not being a rubber stamp for Stormont.'"

This was a last-minute attempt to bluff the crisis away, the theory being, apparently, that if the Ulster Cabinet read in the newspapers that Labour policy was the opposite of what it really was, then they might be frightened to ask for troops, and might therefore ban the Apprentice Boys' parade.

But it is not easy to bluff men who are playing for political sur- vival. On Friday, August 8, Chichester-Clark had an angry ses- sion with Callaghan at the Home Office. Chichester-Clark was de- manding reserves of CS gas and Army helicopters: Callaghan, sup- posedly, was "explaining the facts of life" to the Ulster Premier.

"Jimmy more or less told Callaghan to stuff it," said Chichester-Clark's brother Robin, who sits as a Westminster Unionist MP.

August '69: petrol bombs begin to flare

Over the weekend of August 9/10, the Stormont Cabinet learnt that despite Callaghan's sermonis- ing, they would not lose their in- dependence if they called in British troops. The only lasting result of this episode was to convince the Ulstermen that Whitehall only rarely meant what it said, and on Monday, August 11, the Stormont Cabinet met and ratified their decision to let the Apprentice Boys hold their parade.

The decision set off a series of complex and often violent inter- actions in Derry, Belfast and White- hall. The week of August 11/16 was when the British public sud- denly came face to face with the fact that there was a part of Britain where politics could kill.

The sheer savagery of the streets was conveyed at the time by tele- vision and newspapers. What was harder to distinguish, let alone con- vey, in the bloodstained jumble of events, was the sequence that pre- cipitated British power into Ulster.

THE APPRENTICE BOYS' PARADE on August 12, 1969, was not sig- nificantly more "provocative" than others in previous years. But to discuss it in degrees of provocation is to imply that it is, like a



Londonderry 1971: A group of Provisional IRA gunmen give a freelance photographer a rare opportunity to take pictures

students' demonstration in Eng- land, a basically pacific event which may on occasion be taken over by wild spirits.

The Apprentice Boys' parade is a matter of solid citizens celebrating their continued enjoyment of some- thing which they hold to be re- quired for their survival: namely political hegemony over their Catholic fellow-citizens.

It therefore assumed on August 12 its normal form of 5,000 men wearing bowler hats (the Orange "uniform") marching along the walls of Derry, which enclose the old Protestant town and look down upon the impoverished Catholic Bogside. They were accompanied by bands and banners, and sang *The Boyne* and other anti-Catholic songs.

As they went, some people in the parade threw pennies down into the impoverished Catholic Bogside.

In August, 1969, after nearly ten months of intense political excite- ment, the Bogsideers were not pre- pared to take insults quietly. It is not clear to us when pennies were replaced by stones, nor from which side the first stone came.

What matters is that violence was implicit, and that the moment it erupted it assumed a pattern which the police could not contain.

The Catholics began to build barricades across the entrances to the Bogside. On the roofs of flats and houses, children were put to work making crates of petrol bombs. The RUC drew up on the perimeter of the Bogside, and behind them the old city was full of gangs of Protestant youths anxious to follow the police into the Bog- side and teach the Catholics a lesson.

On Tuesday night, and through- out Wednesday violence assumed a ritual form. RUC constables, armed with batons and riot shields, made charge after charge into the Bogside. Each time they were repelled by rocks and petrol bombs.

From the police viewpoint, this was an attempt to restore authority in the face of hooliganism. In the view of the Bogside it was simple self-defence. Samuel Devenney had died three weeks earlier: with his example in mind, it was not necessary to be a radical, but only an ordinary family man to want to make sure that there was not another RUC "punitive expedi- tion" into the Bogside.

Throughout Wednesday the attempt to subdue the Bogside con- tinued, with the police becoming more disorganised.

There is no doubt that during the rioting the Republican tricolour was flying from several Bogside buildings. To Protestant opinion throughout Ulster, it seemed obvious that the province was facing a Fenian insurrection.

The next afternoon, as the wind shifted and began to blow CS gas back into the city's Protestant area, the order went out from the new Prime Minister in Stormont to mobilise the B-Specials.

Almost at once these armed and scarcely trained men began to mingle with Protestant mobs who were burning shops in the outlying Catholic pocket of Bishop Street. There would have been a ferocious clash between the Specials and the Bogsideers, if events had continued on this course.

But at 3.30, half-an-hour after the call went out for the B-men, Chichester-Clark had called Down- ing Street and said that his police could no longer guarantee order in Derry. At the same time a letter from the police chief Peacocke con- veyed the same formula to an un- surprised General Freeland.

It was a call—this time unavoid- able—for British troops.

Northern Ireland's permanent garrison was not in great strength because earlier that month one of the four battalions had been sent to Kenya. But the police admission that order could no longer be main- tained meant they had to be com- mitted at once. At 5 pm that day—Thursday, August 14, 1969—the first truckloads of soldiers began rumbling across the River Foyle in- to Derry.

AS THE POLICE DEPARTED, the Bogsideers cheered. There could be no doubt that the RUC with- drawal was a short-term Catholic victory, nor that the news of that

cheer reached Belfast the same evening. In Derry, of course, a Catholic victory is always possible, for the Catholics have a local majority and easy access to the border with the Republic. In Bel- fast, the Catholics are outnumbered and hemmed into their ghettos: traditionally, the Belfast Catholics have been held hostage for the good behaviour of others elsewhere.

And on Thursday night, the traditional mechanism went into action in Belfast.

The sending of troops into Derry was bound to shatter the last remnants of civil order in Belfast. Because the B-men had to be mobilised before there could be a call to the military, the Catholics, in genuine fear, would start to barricade the Falls and Ardoyne ghettos. Because it meant a defeat for the RUC, it would provoke Protestant attacks on the Catholic areas, in which the police would be likely to get involved.

Whatever the trigger, there can be no doubt of the ferocity of the violence which reached its apex in Belfast on the night of August 14/15, 1969. Before it was ex- tinguished, ten civilians had been killed and 145 civilians and four policemen wounded by gunfire.

The RUC was in an anxious mood. According to Deputy Commissioner Bradley, intelligence sources said the IRA had plans to pick off selected officers with sniper fire.

(In fact, it was not until October that the first RUC man was killed, and then it was by a Protestant gunman.)

The events of August 14/15 in Belfast are known in Catholic mythology as "the pogrom", a misuse of history as severe as any Protestant rubbish about the Revolution Settlement. The Scar- man transcripts disclose nothing akin to the Turkish massacre of the Armenians: they do disclose, how- ever, the RUC using firearms with such freedom as to quite disqualify it from being called a police force. And the circumstances in which Shoreland armoured cars were brought into play were certainly such as to provide the seeds for myth.

The Shorelands—unarmed—had first been brought on to the Bel- fast streets to control rioting on Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Anthony Peacocke, head of the RUC, had consulted with Arthur

Wolsley, the Commissioner for Belfast, and Wolsley's deputy, S. J. Bradley. An immediate order was placed for ten more Shore- lands. This decision was certainly Peacocke's, as evidence before the Scarman Tribunal shows. But the decision was also taken to arm the existing Shorelands with .30 calibre Browning machine guns, and this no one is prepared to ac- knowledge.

Bradley told the Tribunal that he and Wolsley recommended to Peacocke that the guns—normally kept to border skirmishes—should be fitted. Peacocke said he could not remember being asked to take such a decision. They were, how- ever, fitted, and several inexperience- ed crews were assembled to man them.

Troops enter Belfast and a myth is born

A Browning machine-gun of this sort has a range of about two miles, and fires ten high-velocity bullets every second. It is a sophisticated weapon of war, unsuited for riot control in a crowded city.

Around midnight on August 14, there was a battle near the Divis Street section of the Falls Road. Here, a complex of post-war flats and maisonettes overlooks a mass of Victorian terraces. It is a Catholic area.

A mob from the Protestant Shankill Road, slightly to the north, had come down to attack the St Comgall's Catholic School on Falls Road near the Divis Flats. Shots were being exchanged, both Catholics and Protestants were being wounded, and just as a de- tachment of three Shorelands arrived a Protestant civilian named Herbert Roy was shot.

The police believed that there was at least one man shooting from the Divis Flats. In the opinion of District Inspector Cushley, in charge there, it would have been correct for the Shorelands to fire at the flats, if they could see an "identifiable target." This, even though innocent people in the flats would be endangered. One such

person was a nine-year-old boy named Patrick Rooney, who was sheltering in his bedroom.

Head-Constable Gray first told the armoured car crews they could open fire. To judge from his evidence, Gray was under consider- able pressure. "People were shout- ing. A man is dying, a man is dying. What are you going to do?" (The man was Herbert Roy, bleed- ing to death on the pavement.) Gray's suggestion was that the armoured cars might fire over people's heads: Inspector Cushley amplified this by saying they could engage "identifiable targets."

Exactly how the cars came to open fire, and what they thought they were firing at, is not clear from the evidence of the crews—who appeared at the Scarman Tribunal under code-names. One man thought there was a machine-gun- ner by the Divis Flats. Another saw a grenade-thrower. It was quite clear, however, from subse- quent investigation that at least eight bursts of Browning fire hit the Divis flats. The guns cannot in practice fire fewer than five rounds in a burst.

Four bullets entered Patrick Rooney's bedroom, and blew half his head away.

It should, of course, be said that of the six people killed on that night, several were Protestants like Herbert Roy. But they were killed in Catholic areas; in other words, they were not killed by Catholic mobs going into Protestant dis- tricts. And indeed, where police guns and batons did drive the Catholics off the streets, they were followed over and over again by Protestant mobs setting fire to houses. By Friday morning, around 150 houses, nearly all Catholic, had been destroyed by fire.

THE FLOW OF EVENTS NOW began to submerge both Army and politicians. When his troops went into Derry, General Freeland realised they would have to cover Belfast, too. But he told Whitehall that he was so short of men that they would have to be deployed with exceptional care for any hope of success: at least thirty-six hours would be required. The Vice-Chief of the General Staff, Lieut-Gen Fitzgeorge-Balfour, agreed, and the Home Secretary was told that the troops would go into Belfast on Saturday, August 16.

But at noon on Friday, August 15, Callaghan had a Press briefing scheduled. With the morning papers carrying the news of the burning of Belfast, he could hardly have cancelled it. Callaghan badly needed something to say. "Gentle- men," he announced, "the troops are going into Belfast."

FREELAND GOT THE NEWS OF this abrupt acceleration of the move into Belfast when he hap- pened to tune in to BBC radio's World at One news programme. Fitzgeorge-Balfour and Roy Hat- tersley, the Army Minister, heard at the same time, and there was an argument of no small propor- tions which culminated in this exchange:

FITZGEORGE-BALFOUR (opposing the move): As an old soldier, let me tell you that time spent on reconnaissance is never wasted.

HATTERSLEY: As a young politi- cian, let me tell you that when the Home Secretary says troops are going into Belfast, troops are going into Belfast.

Two hours later, the soldiers were desperately trying to get in between the two communities, but without any certainty where one ended and the other began. "We couldn't have been worse off," said Freeland. The Army was going in too late to save the Catholics from the attacks of the night before, too early to be prepared against future attacks, and too thin on the ground to be effective. Out of the con- fusion, another Catholic myth was born.

On Friday night, a reinforcement battalion landed at Aldergrove and drove straight to the Crumlin Road—but they were too late. That afternoon Protestant workers had crossed into the fringes of the Falls ghetto to burn more Catholic houses in Bombay Street. The Army, it was said, had stood by and let it happen. The truth was that the handful of Welsh soldiers who

were in the vicinity did not have the slightest idea what was going on.

Despite incidents like this, which were exploited only much later, there were numerous reports about the gratitude with which the Catholics were receiving the troops, especially in Derry. And it is no doubt true that the incursion cut short an offensive which certainly some Protestants were prepared to see claim many more Catholic lives. "If it hadn't been for the—ing British Army," complained one Unionist statesman to the former Prime Minister, now Lord O'Neill, "we would have killed a thousand of them by Saturday."

There is no doubt about the bitterness of some Protestant reaction. (It was not the Catholics, but Ian Paisley who first compared the British Army to the SS.) And this, together with some fine reforming rhetoric from James Callaghan, concealed for a time the underlying reality: that when the Labour Government sent troops to aid "the civil power" in Ulster, they sent them to support the Orange supremacy. In at least one quarter, the truth was realised.

Aboard the Thames houseboat which is his London residence, Captain Lawrence Orr, leader of the Unionist MPs at Westminster and Grand Master of the Grand Orange Council of the World, said: "We're getting the troops, and we're getting them without strings."

A FEW DAYS AFTER BRITAIN entered its most significant military commitment for a generation, there was a meeting at which the Labour Cabinet solemnly asked themselves if there might not be some Oxford academics who could perhaps advise them on Northern Irish affairs. The depth of Ministerial innocence was profound: it is gen- erally held that until 1969 the last ministerial presence in the province had been Labour's 1964 Home Secretary, Sir Frank Soskice, and that for one afternoon.

Yet the Labour Government, chiefly through the presence of James Callaghan, managed to give the impression of being more or less in control of Ulster. "This is something that the Tories have failed to do, but in retrospect this has more to do with the fact that Labour were lucky to lose the General Election before the new season of Orange marches began, and before the emergence, late in the drama, of the IRA gunmen."

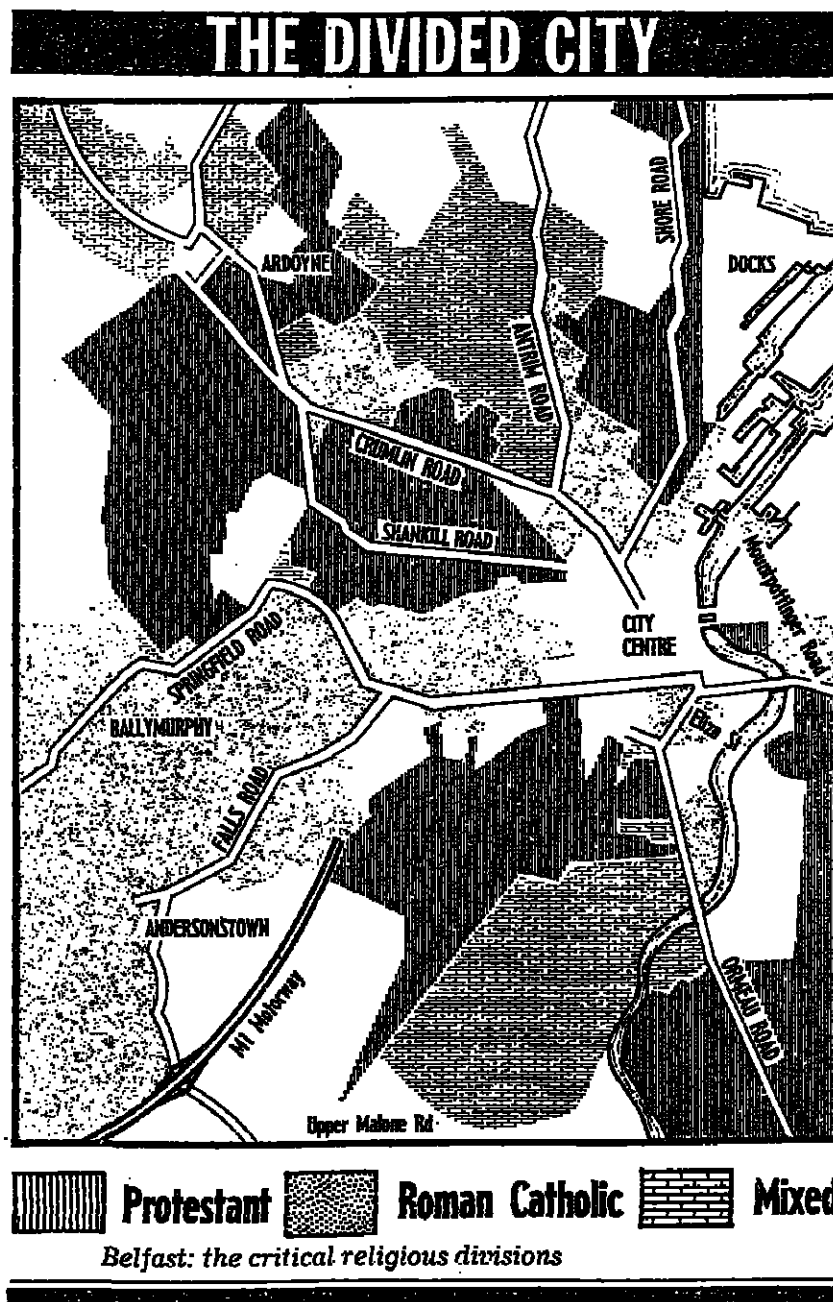
Outflanked by Wilson on the B-Specials

The truth is that Labour's policy on Ulster was short-term and limited in objectives. The Cabinet formed a Northern Ireland Commis- sion which included Wilson, Cal- laghan, Healey, Jenkins and Lord Gardiner. But it was concerned in the main with "sorting out" the endless disputes between Freeland and the police, or between the Ministry of Defence and the Home Office.

Labour reformed the police and announced social reforms. But what is now seen as the central issue, the Protestant monopoly of Power at Stormont, was never tackled; and to be fair nobody in public life in England was urging Labour to tackle it. "We ought to have got round to it early in 1970, but the Election came and we missed our chance," one of the Ministers involved has reflected to us.

Labour made two other errors with whose consequence the Tories have had to live. First, they over- estimated their own capacity to force on the Stormont Government the need to make reforms which would be really meaningful, quickly, to the Catholic population. Second, they underestimated the extent to which the very fact of the military presence, even in a "peace-keeping" role, might itself corrode the trust of the community

continued on next page



A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

continued from preceding page

and leave the way open for the ruthless exploitation of new senses of grievance.

Indeed, the first tangible result of Labour policy was a misunderstanding which almost destroyed the authority of James Chichester-Clark, their supposed agent of reform.

On August 19, 1969, James Chichester-Clark, escorted by Brian Faulkner, went to London for a five-hour bargaining session with Harold Wilson, James Callaghan and Denis Healey. The outcome was the famous "Downing Street Declaration," which committed both governments to reform in housing, employment and civil liberties. But it turned out that what was not written down was what really mattered.

Discussing strategy before the meeting, Chichester-Clark, Faulkner and Robert Porter, the new Ulster Minister for Home Affairs, had realised that Labour would want the B-Specials disbanded. They also agreed that it would be political suicide to agree.

They devised a scheme, and when the B-men came up, Chichester-Clark sprang it. Why not, he proposed, put both the police and the B-Specials under Army command?

"I think you could fairly say," he reported later, "that a pin might have been heard to drop." The three Labour men retired to consider this suspicious surrender: when they returned, accepting it, Chichester-Clark thought that he was home. He agreed to their suggestion that the B-Specials should also be "phased out" of riot control.

The meeting broke up just as ITN's News at Ten was beginning, and Wilson went on at once to announce that "the B-Specials are being phased out." Horrified viewers in Ulster took this to mean disbandment—which was exactly what it did mean in the mind of Denis Healey at least.

Of course, it was not what Chichester-Clark had in mind. But he was at the other end of the studio, and he did not hear what Wilson was saying. Therefore, when he followed Wilson on to the programme and muttered a few standard sentiments, he appeared to acquiesce in the destruction of the B-men. He had no idea what he had done—or what had been done to him—until he landed at Belfast Airport in the early hours and was met by his incredulous wife, who had watched the programme.

At once, a feeling of doom overcame Chichester-Clark. In retrospect, he feels that he never really recovered from the damage the episode did him. He just about managed to quell the inevitable revolt among the Stormont Unionists by handing out assurances on the future of the B-men, but in the Downing Street talks he had agreed to the idea that Lord Hunt should be appointed to look into the organisation of the Ulster police.

When, on October 10, 1969, Lord Hunt reported, and recommended that the B-men indeed be disbanded, it merely seemed that Chichester-Clark had been party to a plot.

Freeland gives the rioters a bloody nose

THE HUNT REPORT CAME AS AN appalling shock to Protestant opinion, because moreover it recommended that the regular RUC should be sweepingly reformed and disbanded. Its release on a Friday night was admirably timed to fit in with the weekly rhythms of Belfast violence (a mistake which has not been repeated), and it evoked riots from the Protestant Shankill mob as bad as anything since 1922.

An RUC inspector was killed: no policeman, surely, could die a more ironic death than to be shot down by a mob protesting against disarmament of his own force. But the most potent thing about these riots was the manner in which the Army put them down. It illustrates, outside the Catholic context, the effects which follow when an army is pressed into service as a police force.

The Army claimed later that the rioters fired more than 1,000 rounds from weapons which included a machine-gun and several sub-machine-guns. Even if that figure is a little high, there can be no doubt that the Shankill riots were a considerable affair. Equally, there is no doubt that the Army's reaction was vigorous. "We gave them a bloody nose," said Freeland.

The heartiness of that euphemism begins to convey the difference between civilian and military scales of violence, for the "bloody nose" amounted to two Protestants shot dead by Army marksmen, and a large number injured.

Edward Bawman, a 32-year-old plumber's mate, was one of the injured. Bawman and two friends were among those accused in court of disorderly behaviour. An Army sergeant said that he had seen three men throwing stones: when they flew down a side street, he was ordered to pursue and arrest them.

Bawman said in court that he and the other two had been talking outside his house when soldiers charged down the street. They fled indoors to avoid trouble. Seconds later the soldiers burst in, and the evidence of violence was not arguable: Bawman had a broken arm, and at the hearing another was still in hospital with a fractured skull.

"They beat us and beat us and beat us," he said. The case against

Bawman and his friends was dismissed because the magistrates could find no clear pattern in the evidence, except that violence had clearly been used and the accused men had been the recipients.

The ruggedness of the military approach to law and order was one thing. There were also signs that its application might be arbitrary: a point which can be made by looking at some of the cases in which evidence was given by Sergeant William Power of the Third Battalion, Light Infantry.

Sergeant Power, clearly an outstanding soldier, won the BEM for his courage during the Shankill riots. He gave evidence in at least a dozen cases—mostly charges of disorderly behaviour—arising from them. In four, convictions were overturned on appeal, when striking inconsistencies emerged from Army evidence.

The Army gets down the barricades

There was the case of Cyril Brinkley, a labourer aged thirty-one. Sergeant Power said that about midnight he saw Brinkley come forward from a crowd of about 800 and throw a petrol bomb. Power said he had then dashed forward and arrested Brinkley.

Brinkley told, in detail, a different story which the magistrate did not believe but the higher court did.

After watching Match of the Day on television, I was out for a walk about midnight when I heard someone say that a man had been shot. I went to Mansfield Street, where I saw a man who I knew lying on the ground.

I took a white cloth and eventually reached the Shankill Road, where I went up to a military barricade and asked if I could phone for an ambulance. I was told to shut up. The next thing I knew I was lying on the ground. My face was busted, also my right eye. . . . The nearest I ever got to a petrol bomb was seeing them on TV.

When we subsequently checked the Army log for that night, October 11/12, we found corroboration for Brinkley's story.

Such incidents do not remotely justify Ian Paisley's claim at the time that the British Army was emulating the SS. They do not show that Sergeant Power was deliberately lying. What they do support is the reasoned complaint of a senior police officer that "the Army quite often had no idea why they had arrested, when or where."

This is scarcely surprising, for soldiers are not trained to make arrest and note evidence. As a result, the Army can be used for community pacification only with certain clear risks to relations between the community and the Executive, something that few people in or out of Whitehall had taken on board in 1969. Mr Enoch Powell emphasised the point in a speech yesterday, but even now it sounds perverse.

In 1969 the relations thus put at risk were between the Protestant and the ruling power. It was not until the start of this year that the corrosive impact of the Army began to bear upon the Catholics.

The British Army is composed of decent, honourable and well-trained men, but given this intrinsic unsuitability for the job it is irrelevant to say that "no other army could have shown such restraint, or to compare it favourably with American behaviour in Vietnam. Towards the end of 1969 there were several behind-the-scenes disputes about this basic question, between General Freeland and Sir Arthur Young, the City of London policeman sent out, after the Hunt Report, to take over the RUC from Anthony Peacock and civilianise it.

Freeland's original orders in August had been "to command and task" the RUC as well as the Army. Young, when he arrived, got that changed, though he had to threaten resignation, and Freeland's responsibility became "co-ordinating" the Army and police. Young and Freeland did not always see eye to eye on what this meant, but there was no direct way to resolve conflicts, because the British Government was similarly divided. Healey ran the Army, Callaghan ran the police, and Callaghan, jealous of the Home Office's role, saw to it that plans for a joint Ulster Department were scrapped.

In theory, difficulties should have been solved at Stormont's Joint Security Committee, chaired by Robert Porter, with Freeland and Young as its most powerful members. But Freeland had been given sole charge of "security operation" by the Downing Street Declaration, and he felt that this entitled him to mount road-blocks, searches, vehicle curfews and the like without necessarily consulting the committee.

IN SEPTEMBER THE ARMY HAD a signal victory in its volatile relations with the Catholics. It got the barricades down—by talking with the IRA, still in its peaceful posture.

The Unionists complained furiously, and accurately, that the Army was negotiating with the IRA. But there was very little choice about this, unless the Army wanted to fight its way in and destroy the barricades itself (which was just what the Unionists wanted to see).

In negotiating to get the Falls barricade down, Freeland's chief of staff, Brigadier Tony Dyball, had a certain number of contacts to work through. On the Belfast "Peace Committee," he had met a Falls Road priest named Fr Patrick Murphy, who had close contacts with the CCDC, which was largely

dominated by Jim Sullivan of the IRA.

On Saturday, September 6, Freeland himself went to the upstairs room of St. Peter's Presbytery on the Falls Road to meet Fr Murphy, a businessman named Tom Conaty (another Peace Council contact), Jim Sullivan himself and what Murphy called "six or eight good men and true," who accompanied Sullivan.

Disastrously, in the Army view, news of the meeting reached Tony Geraghty of The Sunday Times, and next day we carried a report that the Army was negotiating with the IRA. It was one of those hard cases where a true report has unhappy consequences. That night, there was a Protestant riot in Belfast, and on Monday, September 8, Chichester-Clark had to go on television and say that the barricades were an act of defiance, and must come down in twenty-four hours.

Both Army and Catholic leaders were horrified, and everyone began to play for time. The idea came up of a delegation to Callaghan, and after hasty factional debate, a formidable team was assembled: Conaty and Murphy of the Peace Council; Paddy Devlin and Paddy Sullivan, both MPs in the Catholic minority at Stormont; Gerry Fitt, a colleague at Stormont and also the Westminster MP for Belfast West; Jim Sullivan from the CCDC (or the IRA) and a lawyer named Jim McSparran. Callaghan agreed to see this gathering at 2 pm on Thursday, and in the meantime the threat of barricade removal was held over.

The meeting lasted seven hours. Callaghan said that he couldn't see Sullivan, because of the rumour over The Sunday Times story, so Sullivan and Paddy Kennedy repaired to the Irish Club. (According to Conaty, they later came back secretly to meet Callaghan in his ante-room.) Agreement was reached, with Callaghan's personal assurance that if the barricades came down there would be soldiers at each end of every street to prevent Protestant incursions.

The weekend was spent trying to sell this deal to the rest of the CCDC, in the face of obstruction from men like Billy McKee and Francis Card, who were soon to emerge as leaders of the Provisional IRA. On Monday, when the Army was getting desperate, Fr Murphy had to call in his bishop, Dr Philbin, to work over the CCDC leadership.

Just before midnight, Brigadier Dyball rang Murphy, and the priest said it looked all right for Tuesday morning, but not too early for God's sake. Murphy still needed time to explain things, to get some sleep, and get back on the street for the demolition.

They agreed on 11 am. Then Dyball called back to suggest 9 am. Murphy said it was too early—even when the Bishop called, at Freeland's instigation, also to ask for 9 am. Murphy fell into bed at 5.30, to be awakened at 8.30 with the news that the Army had arrived.

When Murphy refused to come out, the Army waited patiently till 11 am, when Dr Philbin turned up and the demolition began. In front of the TV cameras, the Bishop received a long denunciation from one of the future Provisionals, but all the barricades were down by Wednesday morning.

Ten days later, three Catholic houses were burnt, and the barricades went up again. This time Murphy negotiated direct with Freeland, and once more they were removed.

THAT SUCH A RAW-EDGED relationship between the Army and the Catholics should have survived through the autumn and into 1970 was an amazing feat of human relations. But the underlying danger remained—the fact that no Army, however well it conducts itself, is really adapted for police work.

Arthur Young, the police chief, continued to argue that the presence of the Army on the streets kept the tension screwed up and made it virtually impossible to get any civilian policing under way. "My task," Young used to say, "is to talk the police back into the Falls," a piece of shorthand for a complex political problem.

The Unionist, and the general Protestant position was that when

the Army had arrived in August and separated the two communities, it had "expelled" the police from the Catholic areas. These were the famous "no-go" areas behind the barricades, with which Ian Paisley made such play.

Since the Army had expelled the police from the Falls, said the Unionists, the Army must somehow put them back. The truth was that the RUC had not patrolled the Falls area for five years, except in pairs of armed Land Rovers—indeed, in the days of Home Affairs Minister Craig they had close a station in the Falls, just as in the Bogside of Derry, but although Freeland, Young and Porter all knew this, none of them could say it publicly.

The first task was to somehow win the Catholics' confidence, and Young's policy was simply to talk to anyone. Seated beneath tri-colour flags, listening to beery Republican songs, Young got an ovation from the Central Citizens' Defence Committee above a bar in the Lower Falls, and if he heard the sound of previous RUC chiefs revolving in their graves he gave no sign.

The method scarcely commended itself to Protestant opinion, and in mid-October, 1969, with Young in

finned a baton charge, in RUC terms, as "each policeman drawing his baton, and striking the nearest member of the public") but also under strength, out of date, and demoralised by having been placed under Army command.

It was easy enough to restore formal independence, and with a little more difficulty the RUC was persuaded to drop the distinction of being the only armed police force in Britain.

But to get the force back in charge of the streets was another matter. Here, Freeland effectively had the final say, and he neither agreed with Young's optimism about the RUC changes, nor saw the argument that the Army's presence on the streets actually hindered further RUC improvement.

The Army thought RUC staff work semi-literate ("You couldn't get them to number paragraphs," said one of Freeland's officers, "because they used to write like Mark Twain—start a new paragraph when you feel like a drink"), and they thought its intelligence was years out of date. But basically they considered the RUC as not really a police force at all, but an undisciplined paramilitary body.



Belfast 1971: Catholic housewives in militant Ballymurphy

London for the day, Porter announced that the police were going back into the Falls—if necessary, with military backing. Porter was under immense back-bench pressure at the time, because this was just after Lord Hunt's verdict on the B-Specials.

Trying to repair the damage, Young spent the next day touring the Falls. Unfortunately, television cameras caught him talking to Jimmy Sullivan, the CCDC and IRA leader. Protestant outrage was little-soothed by the fact that the IRA had still not yet made a single aggressive move.

What drove Young to such risks was shortage of time. He knew the "honeymoon" with the Catholics could not last while executive power lay with Protestant Stormont, and in November he proposed a bold solution to Freeland. The basic riot squad, he suggested, should be 100-200 soldiers armed only with batons, plus 100 policemen similarly equipped.

Porter seized on the idea. He wanted unarmed troops—"batons and gym shoes"—to accompany RUC men on patrols into Catholic areas. Gradually, he believed, it would be possible to withdraw the soldiers.

In retrospect it looks a risk worth the taking: it might just have appeased Porter's back-benchers without alarming the Catholics.

Freeland's reaction, however, to both original idea and elaboration was outright refusal. "Soldiers in riot situations," Freeland told the Joint Security Committee, "must carry guns, and show they mean business." A man with a gun, of course, means only one kind of business—but in the end, that is the business the Army is in.

Granted, Freeland had plenty to go on apart from military convention. There was a question whether the RUC was yet fit for such a task. Young had arrived to find a force which was not only partisan and disposed to violence (he once de-

The impression had been first created when Army officers discovered how the RUC had used their armoured cars on the Falls Road. And it was strengthened when, at Young's request, they cleared the RUC armoury at Sprucefield. "We took enough out of there to equip a division," said an officer.

If the RUC cut loose again, Freeland feared, the Army's own knife-edge relationship with the Catholic minority would be imperilled.

1970—and the calm is deceptive

AS 1969 DREW TO A CLOSE, THE Labour Government still managed to maintain a confident demeanour. This was largely because of Callaghan's deftness.

Ulster dropped out of the headlines, but the quiet was dangerously deceptive—and perilous in itself, for it induced a false sense of security in the British Government and in British public opinion. Whitehall was congratulating itself on the excellence of the troops' relations with the Catholic population—which was, of course, a simple inverse product of the fact that relations were at that stage bad between the Army and the Protestants.

And nobody appreciated that relations with the Catholics could not for much longer be maintained by friendly soldiers while the mechanism of Unionist supremacy remained.

The Downing Street Declaration of August, 1969, had committed both governments, in theory, to a series of reforms. These took in all the demands of the Civil Rights movement, all the more of the concessions O'Neill had made: fair housing practice, new boundaries and adult suffrage in local elections, fair employment laws, the disarming of the RUC, the setting up of an ombudsman system and a civilian police council. But these were, of course, exclusively legislative reforms, which were—hopelessly—to be passed by an unreformed Stormont.

In Ulster, where a sectarian block vote has given permanent power to a single party, there has always been a strong case in Ulster for proportional representation. One academic who, at this time, passed on to Labour the tip that even the IRA might consider this a major concession, was given a cool reception by Callaghan's understudy, Shirley Williams. "Think what Jeremy Thorpe and the Liberals would make of it," he was told.

Labour began to lose its sense of urgency, and with it a grasp of the scale of change needed. Callaghan himself was affected by the mood.

One of his first acts after the troops went in had been to instigate the setting-up of reform working parties. By the end of 1969 a small group under the Ulster Attorney-General, Basil Kelly, had spent four months examining the Special Powers Act—the keystone of the system of supremacy.

Perhaps surprisingly, Kelly's

group reported in the early days of January, 1970, that it was time to make an end of Special Powers, at least in the form in which it stood.

The Act, they said, was demonstrably despotic, and much of it meaningless, or unenforceable, or both. Some especially useless additions had been made during the Craig regime: membership of "Republican clubs" had been made illegal, and the sale of the IRA paper, the United Irishman, had been proscribed.

The first was unenforceable, there being no sensible way of defining a Republican club. The second was bigotry, since on the whole the United Irishman (the voice of the Official, or "political" IRA) was scarcely more inflammatory than such Protestant journals as the Newsletter, Belfast's respectable morning paper.

(An anecdote illustrates the flavour of Newsletter thought: the paper was, and is, fond of advocating "firm measures" to deal with Catholic disorder. One day, a high-ranking British officer was sufficiently annoyed to get the editor, Cowan Watson, into a conversational corner and make him reveal just what "measures" he had in mind. At last, the astounded officer understood Watson to suggest that perhaps a few Catholic hostages could be taken, and if necessary shot. Confirming this to us later, Watson said that he thought the

Freeland's attitude was that the end, the Army must show was boss. Burroughs, as a diplomat, was more conciliatory, knew that technically the Cai had no legal right to try to Protestant marchers, but he understood that fear is stronger than respect for legal technique.

Next evening, after a dinner at the Wellington Park, Burroughs took the Catholic Tom Conaty, aside in the car and told him of the Security Committee's decision. Conaty, who by now chairman of the CCD organisation he had originally shy of because of its "Republican connections" knew that this illegal "defenders" (ie, IRA) would offer their services to Catholic ghetto-dwellers: it point which Burroughs also stood.

Burroughs told Conaty that would do all he could to get decision changed, and would his personal access to the Prime Minister. At mid Burroughs got a call through Edward Heath, who had then in Downing Street just eight

Burroughs told Heath that shed over the weekend was inevitable—unless Heath stepped in and banned the Protestant marches. Heath listened, and said that he would consult new Home Secretary, Roy Maundling. They decided nothing.

context might be that "by trying to be more humane now, one was leading to greater inhumanity later.") Attorney-General Kelly's working party advised that out of the Special Powers Act, only the power of internment should be kept—but instead of being dependent upon the signature only of the Minister of Home Affairs, it should, under a new Act, become possible to introduce it only with the prior consent of Parliament. Virtually everything else, such as the right to suspend inquests, and the police right to hold a man indefinitely on suspicion, should be scrapped.

Apparently, Kelly and his colleagues feared that Labour would want to repeal the Special Powers Act entire; therefore, this large series of concessions was offered to preserve the internment power in a usable form. If so, they overestimated Labour's reforming zeal.

So extensive a remodelling of the Act required Westminster approval: and this Callaghan refused to give. He was confronted with a golden opportunity to make a gesture to the Catholics which the Protestants would accept. Incredibly, he turned it down. Rather than drafting a new Act, he said, would it not be better to "let the old Act fall into disuse?"

It must have been a rosy future James Callaghan saw, in which Special Powers could "fall into disuse."

ANY INSTANT OF CALM IN Ulster is enough to generate hundreds of official optimism. People discover that the worst is over or—more recently—that the gunman is being mastered. One of the clearer voices raised in this cause during the peaceful early days of 1970 was that of Oliver Wright, the diplomat who had been serving as Harold Wilson's representative in Ulster. As Wright's tour of duty ended in March, he gave an ebullient Press conference. "Cheer up!" was his message. "Things are better than you think." He was, of course, mistaken. But Britain was preoccupied with the June 18 General Election campaign, and its sequel in a new Tory Government, as the balance of tension began to change dramatically in Ulster.

Wright's successor, Ronald Burroughs, saw at once that danger sprang from the new series of Protestant marches due to start in June and the trouble began with great promptitude on June 3, 1970, when one of the first of the marches was making its way back from the City Centre along the Crumlin Road.

The route's march would take it right along the southern boundary of the Ardoyne, an isolated but therefore militant Catholic sector. Indeed, the march was heading for two sensitive spots: the mouth of Hooker Street, full of burnt-out houses, and the Ardoyne Catholic Church, which is cut off from its parish by the width of the Crumlin Road.

The colonel locally in charge got his first intimation when he saw the march coming up the Crumlin Road—somehow, the police had not told him of the route. Improvising, he tried to divert the marchers at Cambray Street, a couple of hundred yards before the Ardoyne—and found himself with two nights of Protestant rioting.

A deeply worried Joint Security

Committee met at Stormont Wednesday, June 24, to consider next weekend's Protestant march. Proposed routes went past many predictable trouble spots. For example, one was along St. Street, which forms the northern boundary of the Catholic City. This would take it right past bay Street, burnt out in 1919 would inevitably cause fight but the routes of Ulster are difficult to change, because each one is based on a closely-argued territorial claim.

Ronald Burroughs and a Young of the RUC thought the only course was to ban the march, and had been warned by the Protestants were allowed march on the ground of previous "victories" there be attempts to repel Brigadier Hudson, Freeland, Chief of Staff, seems to have clined to this view. But the Minister, Major Chichester-Clark, maintained, exactly as he had previous year, that his force would destroy him if the march were banned.

Freeland made the vital contribution. He said that the Protestants would march whether legal or not. Legal marches would be easier to control, and according to one account he told the militia: "It is easier to push through the Ardoyne than Shankill." In other words, Catholics don't like it, they

Freeland's attitude was that the end, the Army must show was boss. Burroughs, as a diplomat, was more conciliatory, knew that technically the Cai had no legal right to try to Protestant marchers, but he understood that fear is stronger than respect for legal technique.

Next evening, after a dinner at the Wellington Park, Burroughs took the Catholic Tom Conaty, aside in the car and told him of the Security Committee's decision. Conaty, who by now chairman of the CCD organisation he had originally shy of because of its "Republican connections" knew that this illegal "defenders" (ie, IRA) would offer their services to Catholic ghetto-dwellers: it point which Burroughs also stood.

Burroughs told Conaty that would do all he could to get decision changed, and would his personal access to the Prime Minister. At mid Burroughs got a call through Edward Heath, who had then in Downing Street just eight

Burroughs told Heath that shed over the weekend was inevitable—unless Heath stepped in and banned the Protestant marches. Heath listened, and said that he would consult new Home Secretary, Roy Maundling. They decided nothing.

EARLY ON SATURDAY though of Orangemen made their way groups across the city toward Shankill Road, where the Orange parade was to begin. Groups had their bands, and singing Orange songs. (O songs vary from the traditional Boyne and the Sash, to more raising freeland efforts, such "If guns are made for shooting then skulls are made to count. You've never seen a better than with a bullet in his back.")

The first trouble was between Protestant and Catholics on the Catholic Spring Road. This led into a battle of nearby Ballymurphy estate bet Catholic youths and the Army fired numerous CS canisters the estate, but with relatively effect. There was rioting, more severe, all over the Ardoyne stretched perilously thin, at all 276 people were injured.

But it was the two shoddy affairs which were really set. The first was in the Ardoyne, it began when an Orange marched up the Crumlin past the burnt buildings Hooker Street. They treated a little way into Pa Street, on the Protestant side the road, and stoning between crowds on either side.

Heath ushers in the days of Tory silence

Quite suddenly, gunfire burst out, and there were exchanges roughly thirty minutes. At the three Protestants lay dead. W five Ardoyne men were tried (acquitted) on murder charges, police gave evidence that a group of gunmen emerged suddenly from the mouth of Hooker Street, fired without warning into the Protestant crowd. The local Provisional commander is equidistant that the first shots came from the Protestant side.

The second engagement was in the East Belfast ghetto called the Short Strand, or Seaford Street, which is even smaller, more exposed than the Ardoyne—one pocket of about 6,000 Catholics among 60,000 Protestants the east side of the Lagan River. The key to this small area is Matthew's Church and churchyard, which stands on Newtownards Road facing a group of tough Protestant streets to the north.

One is Gertrude Street, where Orange Band is famous for its 2 and repertoire. As the band passed Matthew's on its way home someone flung a Tricolour from Seaford Street, and the stone began to fly. A few shots were

continued on next page



Belfast 1971: burned Protestant houses in the Ardoyne

A PERSPECTIVE ON ULSTER

ed from preceding page
hout anybody being hurt.
gs died down quite sud-
the scene was set for a
ight.
was more shooting, again
around 10 pm. Shortly
as a Protestant group
set fire to the church with
ombs: the sexton's house.
was set alight. By this
e Stormont MP, Paddy
was there, and he went
unt Pottinger RUC station
to ask for protection for
ch. He was told that the
as already over-stretched
est of the river, and noth-
be done.

n the scene were the Bel-
gade commander of the
nal IRA, Billy McKee; the
talian commander Billy
d his followers; and some
elances with guns. At
the time that Kennedy
the police station, Kelly
t he approached a group
men in the Newtownards
d asked them to do some-
about protecting the
but they refused.

goes on that he then
hed the officer in charge
all army patrol, but was
You can stew in your own
Whether all the details of
xchanges are accurate is
say, but whatever was the
the Ardoyne earlier, the
en in the Short Strand
seem to have had only
ve intentions.

nd 11 pm. Protestant
under covering fire from
sets to the north, began to
the church with petrol
Kelly and his men, estab-
among the gravestones,
to shoot back, and Billy
joined in the battle, over
strongly-voiced objections.

as a breach of the rules
See: in any local situation,
ie chief of staff is supposed
r to the local commander.)
shooting went on until
when the Army at last

By then two Protestants
en killed: another two died
from their injuries, and
more were wounded. (As
ackers, the Protestants were
ee exposed.)

ee himself had also been
lly wounded: he and another
onal called McIlhone sud-
came face-to-face with a
ant gunman who had actu-
t inside the churchyard.
n opened fire with a carbine.
McKee, McIlhone hesitated
atal moment. The Protestant
n had faster reflexes or
nhibitions. He shot McIlhone
h the chest.

fact that so long a gun-

battle could go on was, of course,
a simple failure by the Army in its
basic task of getting in between the
two sides. Catholic imagination
soon added new dimensions: it was
said in the Short Strand that the
Army had sealed the bridges over
the river, so that the attackers
could finish the task at leisure.
The truth was that, just as Kennedy
had been told, the Army was just
so busy in West Belfast that no
one was spare to look the other
way.

Surveying the wreckage of the
weekend, which claimed six lives
in all, and £500,000-worth of
damage, Ronald Burroughs said to
a friend: "That was the greatest
miscalculation I have ever seen
made in the course of my whole
life." But there was worse to come,
very shortly.

Maudling: What a bloody awful country

THE NEW HOME SECRETARY, Reginald Maudling, had a chance to help retrieve things when he arrived in Belfast the following Tuesday, June 30, for a quick visit. But unlike Callaghan, Maudling could not even manage a helpfully effeminate presence. "Tell me," said one of those who met Maudling, "is he really as innocent as he seems? He didn't appear to grasp the first thing of what was going on."

Maudling's own feelings were made clear as his plane gathered height on the way back to London. "For God's sake bring me a large Scotch," he said. "What a bloody awful country."

At about the time Maudling boarded his plane on July 1, a small group of men approached the occupant of 24 Balkan Street, a terrace house in one of the maze of streets threading the Lower Falls Catholic enclave in the centre of Belfast.

They were from the leadership of the "Official" wing of the IRA. (The Falls, the main Catholic ghetto, is the homeland of the Officials—the more aggressive Provisionals being dominant in the outlying areas.) The occupant of No. 24 was an "auxiliary," which is to say he was not a member of the "Officials" but that, in the aftermath of the burnings of August, 1969, he had volunteered to do some arms drill in case a Falls militia were needed.

The Officials asked this man to store a load of arms. The auxiliary was horrified. He had a wife and children; and this was more than he had bargained for. Reluctantly, he agreed—on condition that the arms stayed only 24 hours. The consignment was 15 pistols, a Schneisser submachine-gun (a World War Two relic, minus magazine and assorted ammunition).

When the 24 hours were up, the Officials said there had been a mix-up. On the morning of July 3, therefore, when the auxiliary left for work, his wife went once more to the Officials. They reassured her: the arms would be removed after dusk.

But the next visitors to No. 24 were not the IRA. Shortly after 4.30 pm a police car and four or five Army trucks roared into Balkan Street. While the Royal Scots soldiers sealed the street, the police began to search the house.

That account of the background to the Balkan Street arms haul—the biggest in the past two years—was pieced together later by a local priest. It fits in with the Army's subsequent analysis.

The information on Balkan Street came to the Army from three police raids in Hammer-smith, London, on July 2, which had themselves produced four Bren light machine-guns, 12 rifles and 17,000 rounds of assorted ammunition. On July 3 the CID officer who had led the Hammer-smith raids arrived in Ulster. The troops moved into Balkan Street only hours later.

No doubt they were glad to get a good tip about illegal arms. But it seems doubtful that anyone at Army HQ in Lisburn had considered the cumulative effect of arms raids on this most sensitive of Catholic areas, only six days after the mayhem following the Orange parades, which it was known the Army had forced through. Against a background of open jubilation by the Stormont Unionists at the Tory election triumph in England, it did not need an overly paranoid Catholic to discern a political-military plot.

IRONICALLY IT IS EASIER in retrospect to see the affair for what it was: not the result of new Tory pressure, but just the reverse—the lack of any political pressure at all. Under Labour scarcely a day had passed without, say, the Army Minister, Roy Hattersley, on the phone querying decisions as apparently trivial as the use of the water cannon. Freeland now had freedom and liked it: "Not so many backseat drivers," he said approvingly.

But the Tory silence, if it pleased Freeland, fretted some of his col-



Belfast 1970: pitched battle around St Matthew's Church

leagues. "When you're in unknown territory, it is useful to have native guides," is how it was put by General Anthony Farrar-Hockley, Commander Land Forces under Freeland. Possibly, the Labour Cabinet would have banned the Orange marches—anyway, some members now say they would have. Almost certainly, they would have played Balkan Street more circumspectly (and the whole issue, of course, would have looked different in their hands).

If Balkan Street was stamped with political naivety, however, the dizzy escalation of the search into a two-day curfew over the whole Falls area was a series of straight-forward military misadventures.

The Balkan Street search was completed by about 5.45: the troops were leaving. But crowds had inevitably gathered all over the Falls. As the last truck drew away, it was stoned.

Where trouble is brewing, the Army stays around, on the theory that military presence damps it

down. The practice, at least as often than not, is that the military presence both increases the tension and provides a handy target. Any way, when the stones hit the last truck, its troops dismounted—and once more faced the crowd.

The only distinct thread in the subsequent confusion is that the Army over-reacted. Local residents say CS gas was used in two streets almost immediately, though the Army log puts the first canisters at around 7 pm. When it came, the gas terrified people. The Army were using new multiple dischargers to clutter clusters of canisters—some with such force that they soared over the roofs into neighbouring and relatively peaceful streets.

The tiny houses provided no refuge from the choking clouds. "The women were white-faced with panic by pouring in troops to rein-had helped to get the barricades down). The Army added to the panic by pouring in troops to rein-

force the original beleaguered lorry-load.

A shipment of raw troops had just arrived in Belfast and were waiting in lorries for dispersal. They were sent in—and they were absolutely terrified," the Chief of the Brigadier Staff, Brigadier Hudson, admitted later.

Until about 7 pm things remained more or less under control, because Brigadier Hudson was directing events from a helicopter. Suddenly, Hudson and pilot heard a loud clang in the airframe and the pilot, thinking it might be the impact of a bullet, put the machine down in the grounds of the Royal Victoria Hospital.

By the time Hudson was on the move again, things were out of control, with confused troops crowding into the area, bumping into each other and firing more and more CS gas.

The inhabitants, alarmed at such disorganised behaviour, took it for an invasion. By 8.30, nail bombs and petrol bombs were being thrown, and two, perhaps three grenades were thrown, injuring five of the Royal Scots. Shooting also began—and some of it seems to have been random shooting by the soldiers.

By 10 pm Freeland believed that the only way to stop widespread bloodshed was to get everyone off the streets. He declared a curfew over the whole Falls area, and he did not lift it until Sunday morning, 35 hours later.

The decision was entirely Freeland's own. He did not consult the rest of Stormont's Security Committee, let alone Westminster. Had Young, the police chief, been consulted, he could only have said, "which was that Freeland did not have the legal authority to impose a curfew." (For this reason, none of the Falls people arrested for curfew-breaking were prosecuted.)

But while the curfew lasted, the Army took the opportunity to conduct a house-to-house search of the whole area—and this obvious military course also contained some slight political element. Freeland was under numerous pressures from Chichester-Clark, and insofar as Maudling's brief visit had dealt with policy matters at all, it had been to suggest that the Army might do a little more to make Chichester-Clark's life easier.

Area searches were a device close to Chichester-Clark's heart: normally, the military refused to consider them on the grounds that the "opprobrium" incurred outweighed any advantage. But since they had incurred the opprobrium anyway, Chichester-Clark might as well be given a leg up. Just as the soldiers had always prophesied, the

returns were not large—especially if it was considered as the arsenal of 30,000 people supposedly bent upon violent conspiracy.

For this haul, the Army paid a very high price. Four civilians were dead: one run over by the Army, and three shot. None of the dead was alleged to be connected with the IRA, but it is perhaps fortunate, in view of the volume of fire, that more people did not die.

Illegal confinement, summary search and exposure to unprecedented amounts of CS gas outraged large sections of the Falls Road population.

But on top of this, men from two of the regiments involved, the Black Watch and the Devon and Dorsets, were accused of smashing up and sometimes looting the houses they searched. General Farrar-Hockley, after a rigorous inquiry, came to the conclusion that this had indeed happened, even though he could not get the evidence to justify charges. (He found that although the Falls Road citizens wanted to vent their wrath against the Army, they would not identify individual soldiers, out of a traditional distaste for "felon-setting" and informing.)

The writer Conor Cruise O'Brien was in the Falls Road when the confined people came boiling out of their homes on Sunday morning. An Army helicopter was cruising by, with a British officer calling through a loudspeaker: "We are your friends, we are here to help you." Men and women alike shook their fists and hurled stones impotently at the machine.

Father Murphy saw an abrupt change in many of his parishioners. "Women who had been giving soldiers cups of tea, those very same women, were now out on the streets shouting: 'Go home, you bums, go home!'"

It was not quite the end of relations between the Army and the Catholics, but was the decisive change. From then on, it was all, or nearly all, downhill. Brigadier Hudson, who saw all too clearly what had happened, called a meeting of community leaders on the day the curfew was lifted. "Let's keep talking," he said.

"What's the use?" he was asked. Not everybody in Ulster was upset and angry, though. As the Falls Road arms haul was displayed in the yard of Terence Street police station, the Stormont Home Affairs Minister, William Long, squeezed the arm of a young constable. "It's a grand day for us," he said.

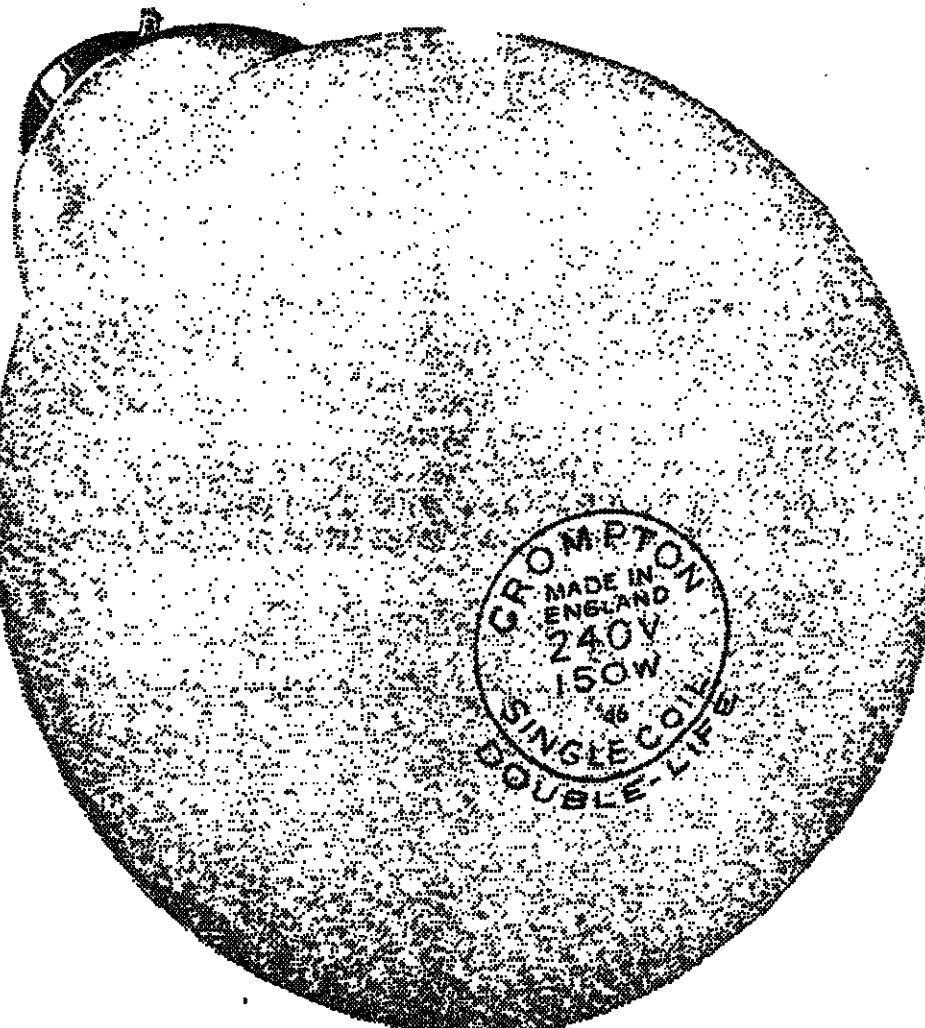
It was indeed: the Army had been "turned round." The next development was to draw the Army itself into the corrupt mechanism of the Orange supremacy.

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NEXT WEEK: The slide to internment

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Obstacle of the oath

THE VAST majority of 400 people held under the Special Powers Act in Northern Ireland have still not been given any official reason for their detention without trial.

Although the Act provides for a quasi-judicial review of internment orders, it is now clear that this procedure is not judicial in any real sense.

So far less than 10 per cent of those interned have voluntarily gone before Internment Advisory Committee, which makes recommendations to Stormont on possible release. There is little sign of this proportion getting any higher.

Mr Christopher Napier, a Belfast solicitor who represents several internees at the Long Kesh camp, said: "There is now what amounts to a boycott of the Advisory Committee among most internees. They regard it not as a judicial body but as an extension of the interrogation procedure."

The Stormont regime, as part of its justification for internment, has laid great emphasis on the impartiality of this committee. And its personnel is distinguished enough. The chairman Judge James Brown, is an experienced County Court judge, and his two assistants Philip Dalton, an English Roman Catholic with a long record of judicial work in the colonies, and R. N. Berkeley, a Belfast businessman, are both men of moderate persuasion.

It is not, however, the men that are complained of so much as the procedure.

1 The committee is not obliged to set out the allegations against the accused or to tell him of the evidence against him. The burden is on the internee not only to establish his innocence but also to imagine what he might be guilty of. According to those who have gone before him, Judge Brown's conventional opening remark is: "Why do you think you are here?"

2 The hearing is private and the internee is not allowed any legal representation when he meets the committee.

3 The internee is given no clue as to the identity of his accusers though Judge Brown may refer from time to time to security dossiers on his desk.

4 The committee cannot implement release, it can make only recommendations to the Ministry of Home Affairs. It therefore lacks the independence of a judicial tribunal.

There can be no complaint about the committee's willingness to hear cases. Its office is now situated just outside Long Kesh internment camp and specific appeals are heard "within a few days." But because of the paucity of appeals the committee has taken to reviewing cases without being asked. They have actually seen 80 internees who did not ask for an audience.

Quite apart from the process involved there is what many internees consider the insuperable obstacle of the Oath. Taking an Oath is not apparently a condition of release, but all those who come before the committee are asked if they are prepared to make it. The ten internees who have been released all took the Oath which reads:

"I swear by Almighty God that for the remainder of my life I will not join nor assist any illegal organisation nor engage in any violence nor counsel nor encourage others so to do."

The Oath is considerably more onerous than it looks. Under the Special Powers Act there are no less than 15 illegal organisations listed, only one of which, the Ulster Volunteer Force, is Protestant. It includes, for example, the Republican Clubs which have long been regarded as non-violent Catholic pressure groups. Before internment the Clubs published their officers regularly and entered into open and formal negotiations with the public authorities on local issues.


But the real sticking point is the undertaking "for life" not to assist an illegal organisation. The Special Powers Act gives the Minister of Home Affairs power to prescribe any organisation by regulation. In a rapidly polarising situation, politically active Catholics are naturally alarmed by the prospect that any body favouring a United Ireland policy, however non-violent, could be banned.

It is probably, of course, that among the 90 per cent of internees who have not sought the assistance of the Brown Committee that there are those with something to hide. But the evidence is accumulating that there may be many others who refuse its help on other grounds.

Mr Paschal O'Hare, another Belfast solicitor with internee clients, said yesterday: "To get out of Long Kesh an innocent man has to accept a procedure that runs counter to all the traditions of British justice. Many, to their credit, are just not prepared to do that."

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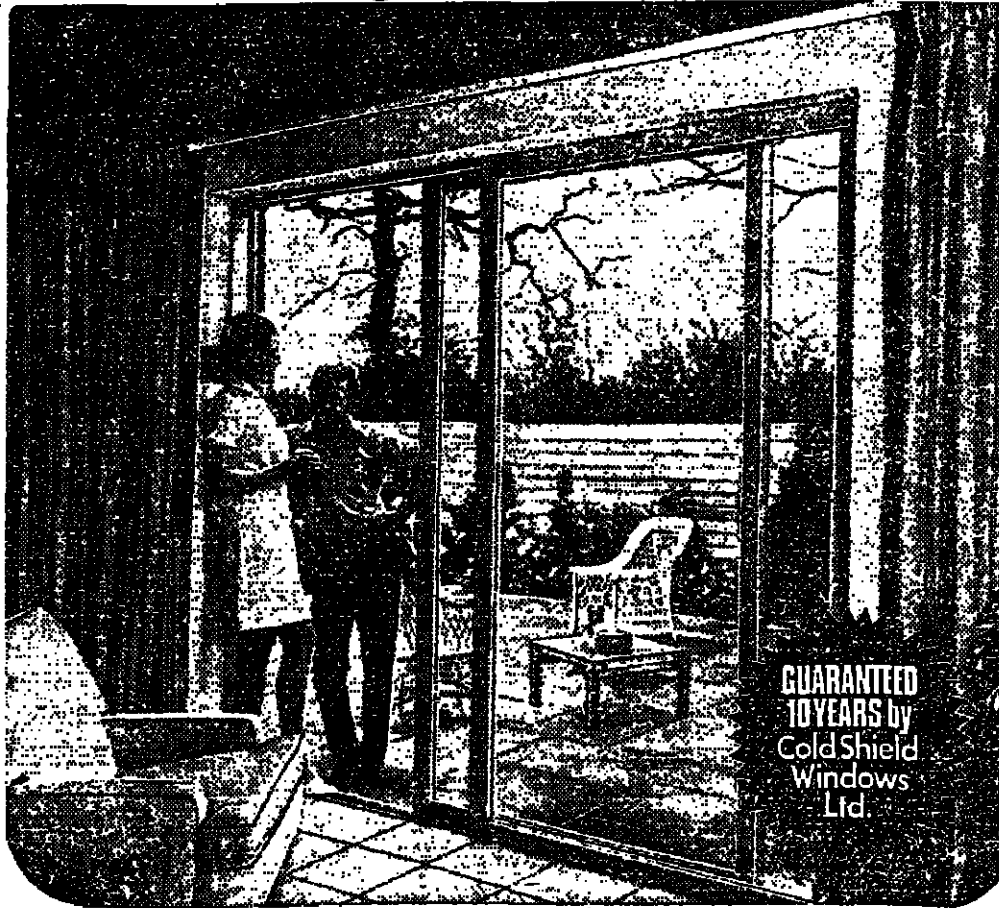
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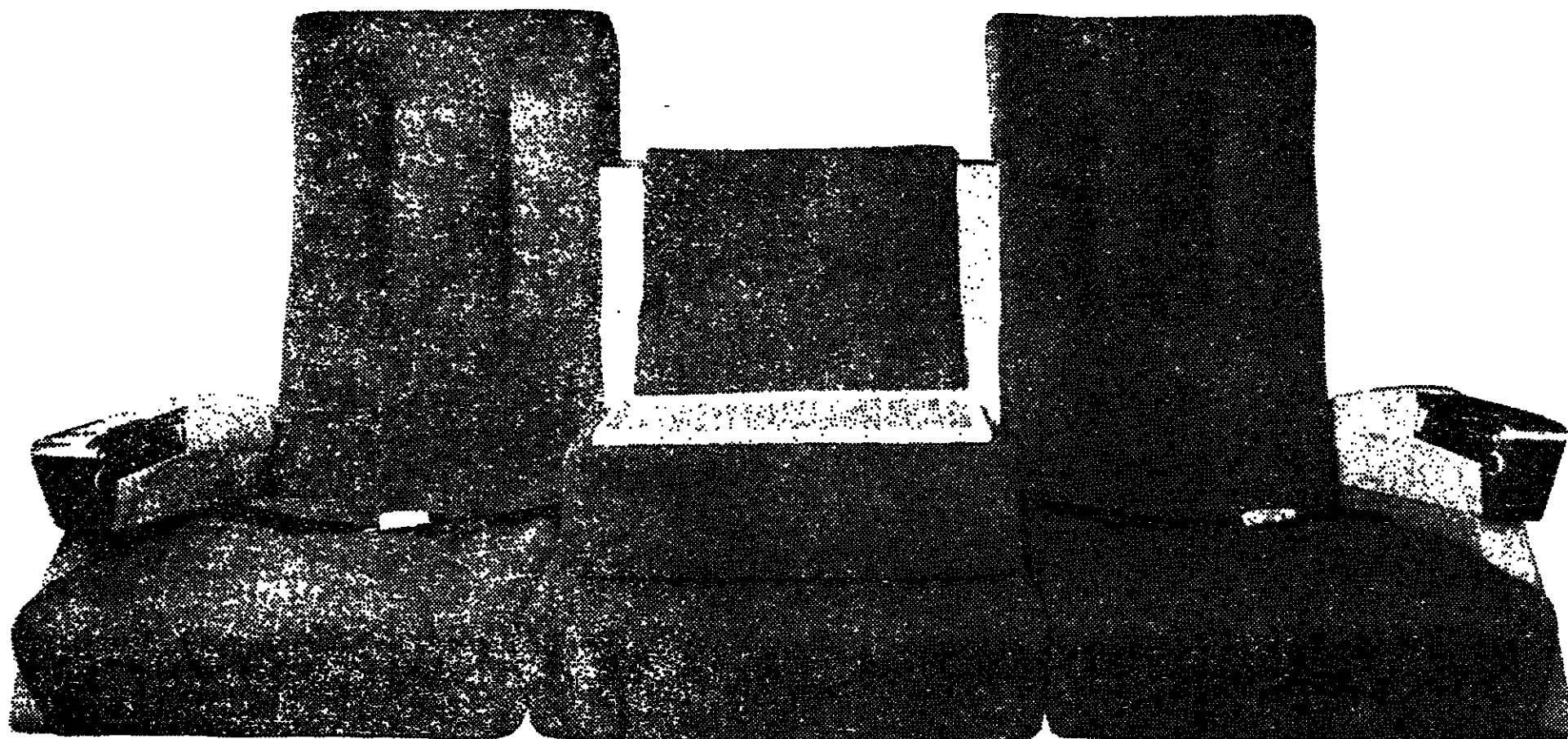
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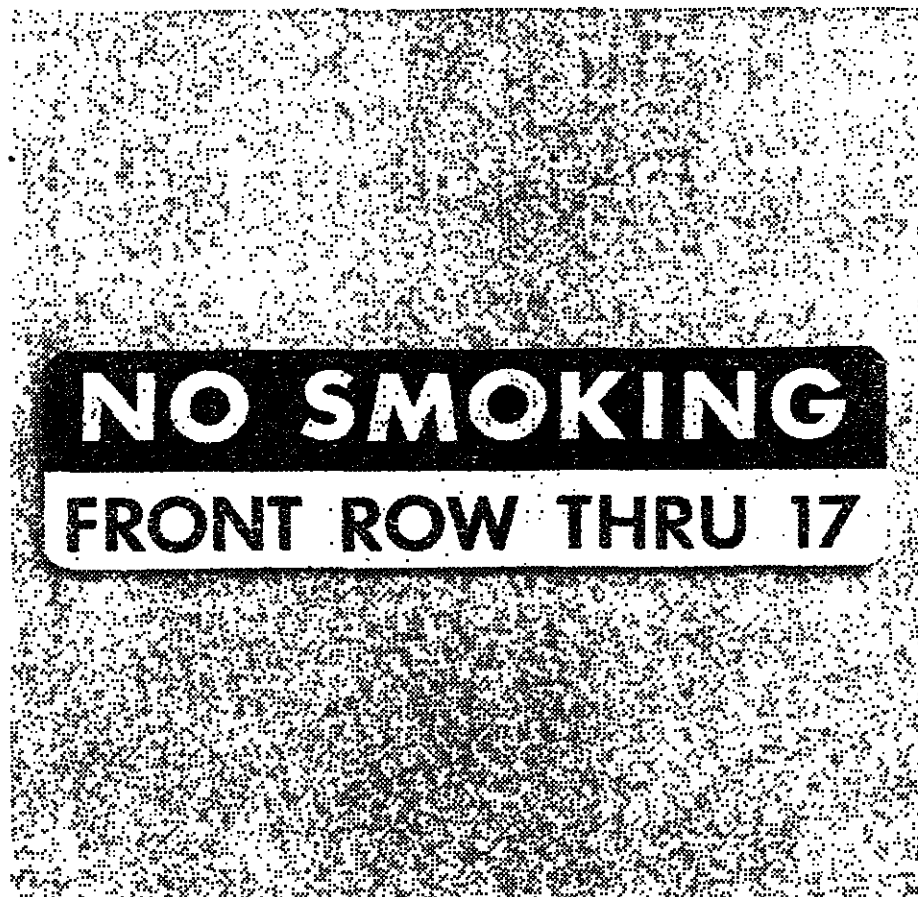
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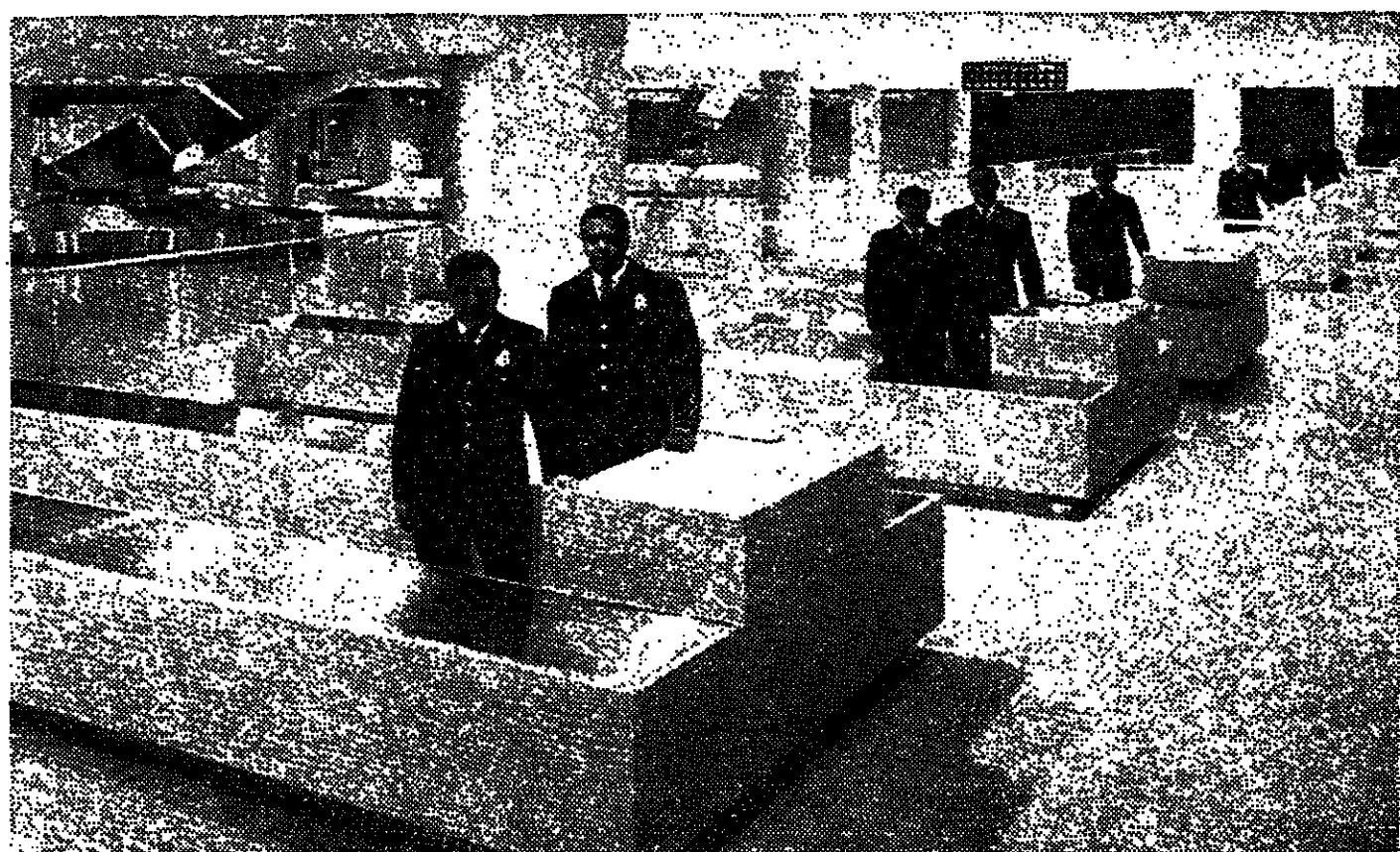
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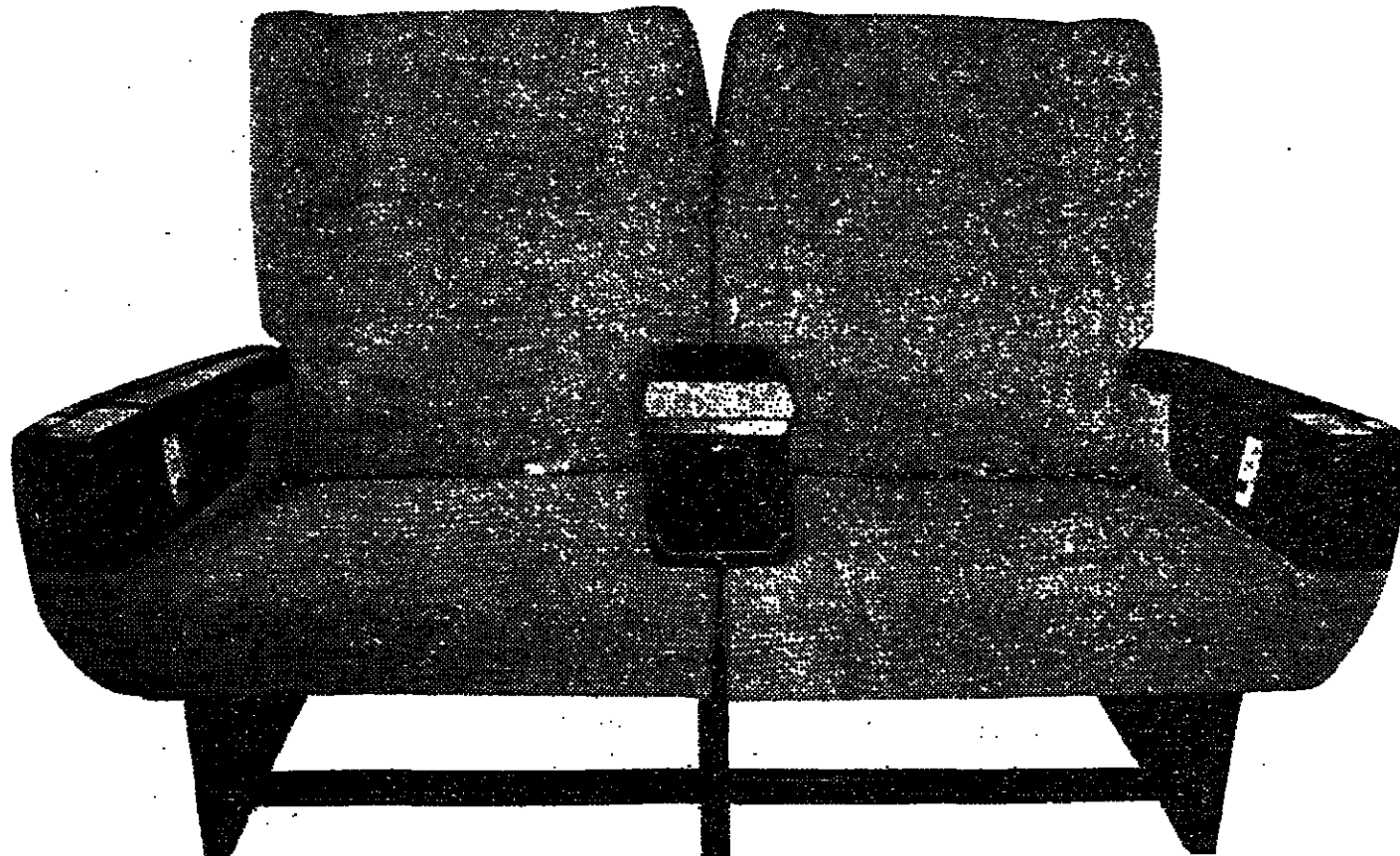
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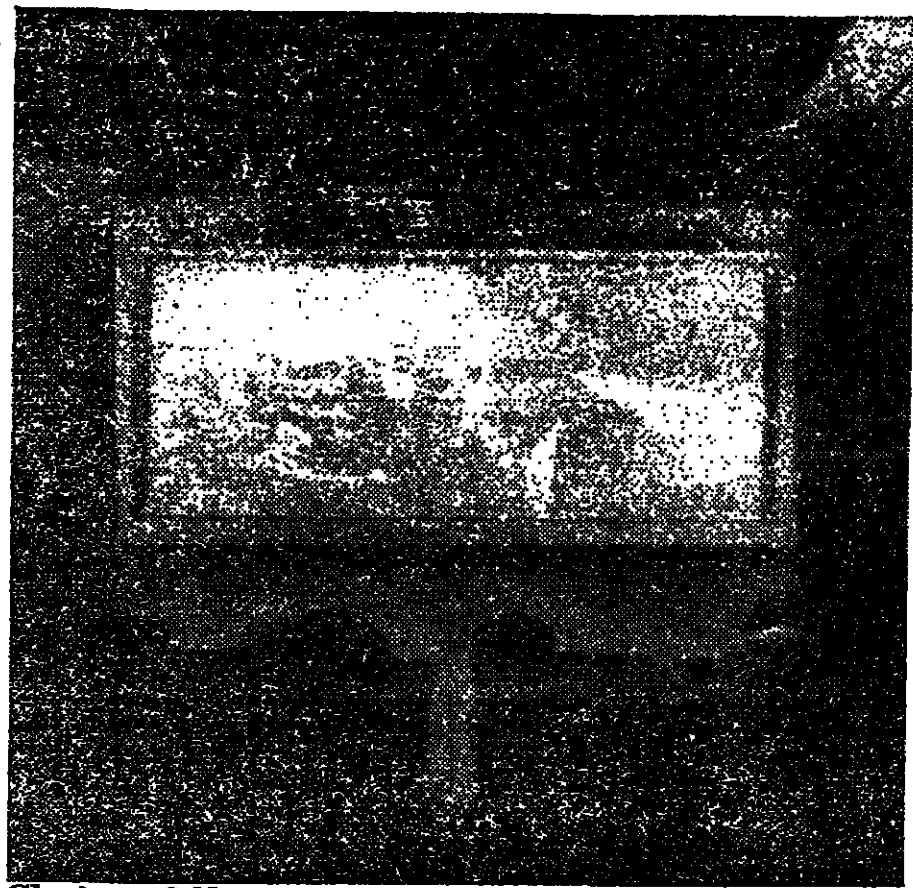
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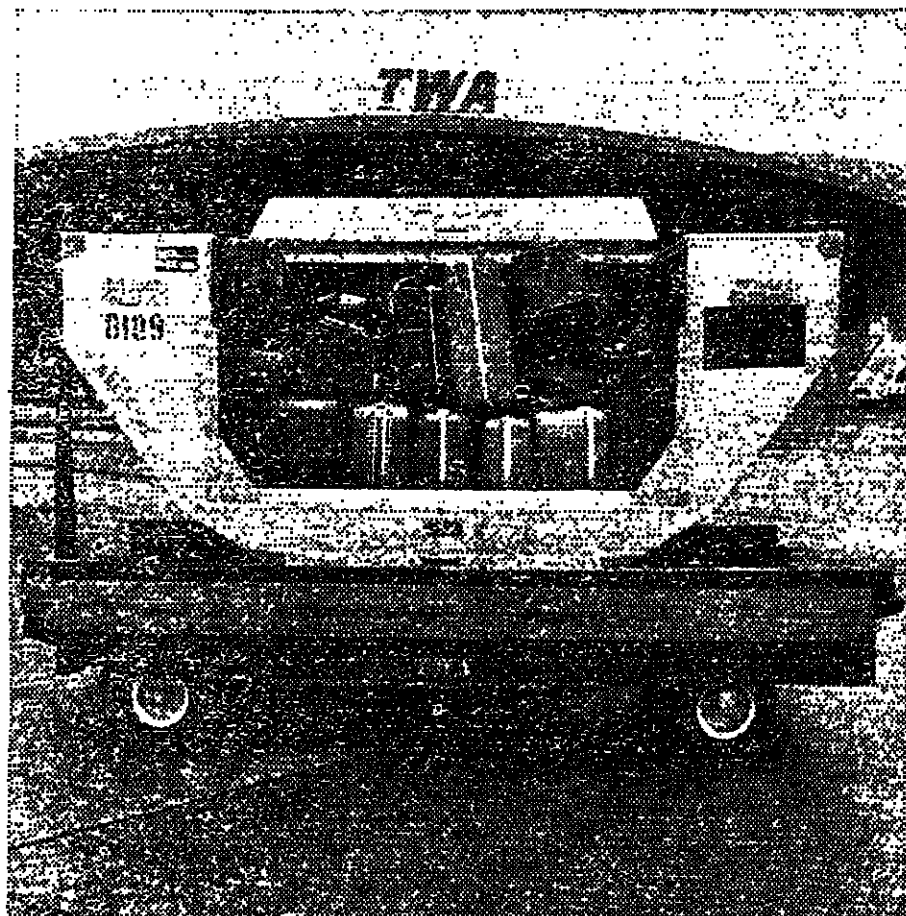
We've given our girls a choice of three uniforms (including hot pants) designed by Valentino. It helps.



Downstairs Lounge.

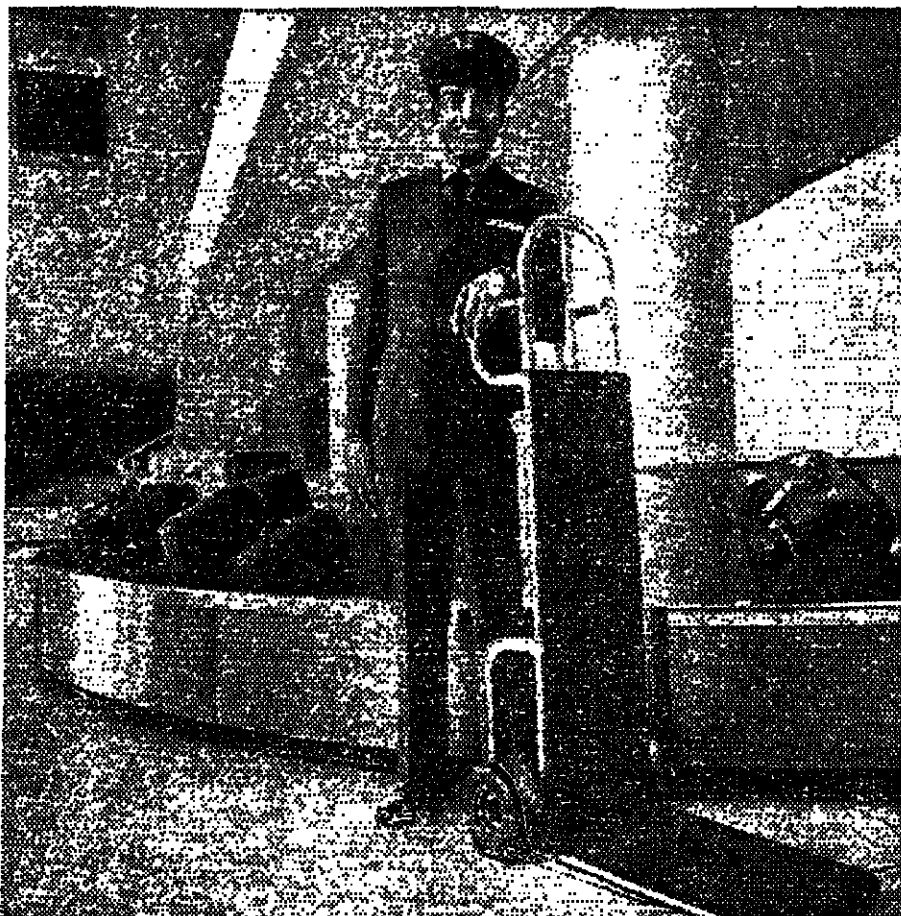
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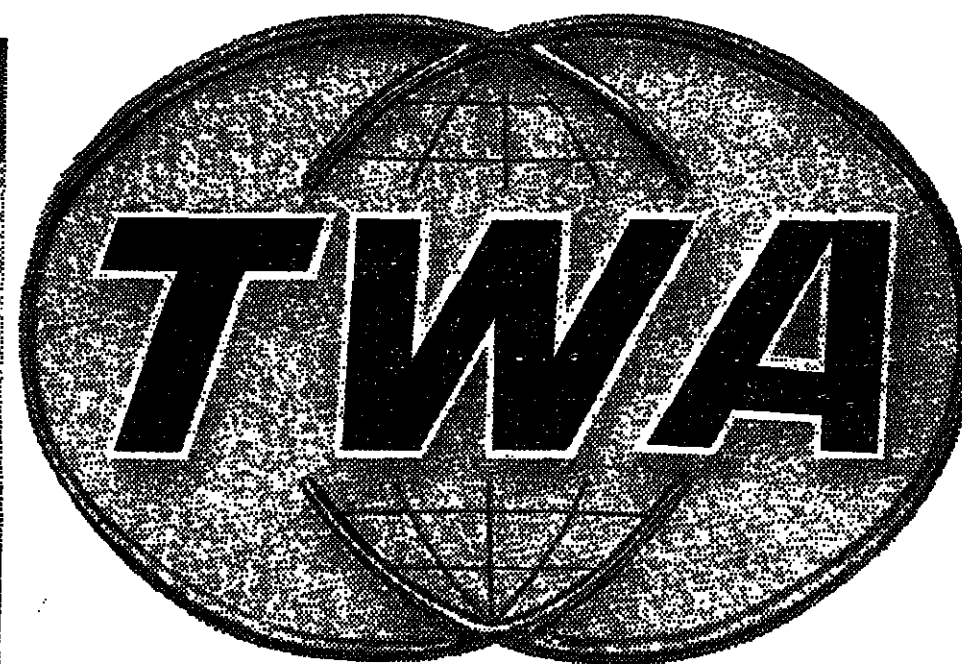
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GARDENING on Christmas gifts

ring on fog lights and the RAC rally

25, 26 & 27 • Compass on the Eastern Med

y's burners, easy sprayers

uch a variety of well-endowed equipment on these days that choosing a gift for a gardener is a relatively easy task. This equipment combines novelty with

GARDENING

weeds and debris. The recommended retail price is about £6.80. Another unusual bit of equipment is the VDO Power Pack Range, which comprises a battery pack of six volts plus a range of accessories, such as a lawn edge trimmer, hedge cutter, spraying unit and headlamp. All these are powered by the battery pack and can be connected quickly and easily. The battery recharger is housed in a neat wall-mounted

respectively — or, if ordered together, for a combined price of only £4.50. Prices include carriage. £23.25; spraying unit, £23; headlamp, £3.72. The distributors are Spraying Sprayers.

Gardening gifts which reduce time and effort will certainly be welcome. A lot of time is spent on spraying against pests and diseases, for example, when quite often, all that you need is a small capacity sprayer. One of the latest designs is the Solo Spray Sprayer, capacity four pints. The sprayer is trigger operated and the nozzle is adjustable from fine mist to powerful jet. Spray head is connected to the polythene supply tank by a length of thin bore plastic tube. Price: about £2.

For larger capacity spraying there is the Four Oaks 101 knapsack model, which costs about £24. This is tinned brass for protection against lime and sulphur washes.

The novelty factor in a gift has a lot in its favour — provided, of course, that it is also practical. This is certainly true of the latest model from Eclipse Sprayers, the 17E Spray Pistol fitted with a spray rose. Water is controlled by trigger and a hose pipe provides extra reach to those pots or boxes at the back of the greenhouse. Price: about £3.50.

Other new ideas include a circular rush kneeling-mat, 16in across and about 2in deep, price about £1.95 from Maples of London. From Liberty of London comes a four-year record book for gardeners which has many pages of useful gardening information. Price: about 95p.

For the working weather man there is the Dimplex Outside Weather Station which costs about £16.50. A barometer, thermometer and hygrometer are housed in a neat mounting. The Dimplex moisture meter, which registers the water content of soil in pots, boxes or borders, costs about £3.50.

Makers addresses: Sheen (Nottingham Ltd), Gressley St, St. Paul's, Nottingham; Spraying Sprayers, 10-12 Carver St, Birmingham; B1 4AB; Dimplex, 70 Box Hill, Sutton Coldfield, Warwick; 021-368 5771; Eclipse Sprayers, Rawlings Rd, Smeeth, Woking, Surrey, GU24 0BB; Dimplex, 70 Box Hill, Sutton Coldfield, Warwick; 021-368 5771; H.W.D.I. Ltd, Watford, Herts; 0494 2381.

Brian Walden

Are we skimping on fog safety?

Fog hazards: the Department of the Environment thinks that a warning every two miles is enough

DESPITE widespread protests from police, local authorities and motorists and road safety organisations, the Department of the Environment intends to go ahead with its big reduction in motorway fog-warning lights. In future they will be spaced along the road every two miles instead of at the present one-mile intervals.

A cutback in warning lights on the Durham motorway near Chester-le-Street, Echoing a widely held view, Mr. Dobson said: "It is ironic that the Ministry should be starting to reduce the number of lights at a time when the number of drivers failing to reduce their speed despite poor visibility seems to be on the increase, and at a time of year when there is a lot of fog about."

The Durham motorway lights are the relatively small, battery-operated flashing signals which have been in use at one-mile intervals for some time on motorways throughout the country. But there are not enough of these to go round and some are being

MOTORING

withdrawn — doubling the distance on some stretches of road.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the Department is now in the throes of a programme to install the new and larger warning signals which will incorporate for warning signals. These are computer-controlled and mains operated and will be placed on the central reservation or, in urban areas, on a gantry spanning the road.

A programme calling for 1,000 miles of motorway to be so equipped by 1975 is on schedule, but progress is still fairly slow. So far 77.5 miles of the M1, M4 and M18 have the new signals. By the end of next year the target of 190 miles will include all the most fog-prone sections of the M6, the M2 across the Pennines and the M3 and M56 in Lancashire and Cheshire.

But these new signals will be spaced out also at intervals of two miles rather than one mile, a fact which worries many authorities. Last week the AA said: "We are not at all happy

about this development. We can see situations where fog warning will be given too far in advance, and motorists will forget about it. Moreover, frequently repeated signals are valuable as road markers in dense fog."

The Department of the Environment, says a working party reported that signals at two-mile intervals were sufficient and this recommendation has been firmly adopted. The decision is motivated partly by cost and partly by the fact that a car travelling at 20 mph will receive a signal every four minutes. This, it is thought, is enough.

Dr Murray McKay, a road safety expert at the Transportation Department of Birmingham University, does not agree and is strongly opposed to the doubling of the distance between signals. "Even one minute is quite a long time for a driver to remember a signal and act on it in modern traffic conditions," says Dr McKay.

And if the signal denotes an accident, say four miles up the road, under the old system, a driver had four warnings. Now he only has two. It might not be enough."

Maxwell Boyd

The sewage rally

AN UNUSUAL and rather piquant flavour will be added to the 2,500-mile RAC International Rally next week when one of its "special stages" takes it round Bradford sewage works. The rally, which starts at the end of this week, forms the British and final round of the 1971 European Rally championship and is acknowledged as one of the toughest in the rallying calendar, though sewage has never previously been mentioned among its many hazards.

This year's sewage stage is one of 77 sections, consisting largely of unsurfaced forest tracks on Forestry Commission ground, which must be driven flat-out against the clock and over which the rally will be lost and won. It will be run on Tuesday week over two miles of private roads in the Esholt Sewage Works, "four miles from Bradford City Hall... where the effluent from half a million people is treated," to quote the official Press release, which enthusiastically names special-stage Esholt as "the first sewage works in the country to be used for this purpose."

Bradford is pulling out all the stops to make its part in the rally an unqualified success. It is presenting a specially-made trophy to the fastest competitor, 12 car parks are planned to accommodate 3,000 spectators' cars (at 50p each) and a police frogman will be on duty at the swing bridge over the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, which competitors will cross, in case of accidents. A special £2-million all-risks insurance policy has been taken out, and the sewage works will be run by a skeleton staff for the day, so most of the workers can watch the fun.

As a break with recent tradition, the rally starts (at 11 am



on Saturday) from Harrogate, Yorkshire, and ends there the following Wednesday. The closest rally comes to London, its usual start-finish point, is a flying visit around 9 am on Wednesday to a control at the Scratchwood service area at the southern end of M1.

The rally has attracted a strong entry of nearly 250 cars, including works, or works-supported teams from Lancia, Saab, Datsun, Ford, Fiat and Alpine-Renault.

Do-it-yourself manuals

SEVERAL new titles have recently been added to The Sunday Times series of Motor Manuals, edited by the Dutch writer, Piet Oylsager. These include manuals for the Triumph 1300, the Austin Maxi and the Ford Capri. Manuals on other cars have been revised and updated, among them the MGB, Triumph 2000, the British Leyland 1800 range, the Ford Escort, the Mini and the Mini-Clubman. Manuals on the Hillman Avenger, Renault R4 and Land-Rover will follow shortly.

The Motor Manuals are written with the full cooperation of the manufacturer concerned and are intended to form a halfway stage between the elementary information given in the owner's handbook and the complexities of the garage mechanic's workshop manual. They are ideal for the do-it-yourself motorist who has limited facilities but wants to save on garage bills.

A new departure is the recently-published tri of manuals for Vauxhall's Vauxhall, British Leyland J4 range and the Commer 1500/2000 range.

The manuals cost 75p each and are obtainable from all good bookshops, or the publishers, Thomas Nelson & Sons Ltd, 36 Park St, London, W1Y 4DE, from whom a full list of titles is also available.

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1. *Chlorophyll a* (Chl *a*)

SPORT

Roger Mortimer won't be the favourite writer of Women's 'Lib' after this Keep girls out of silks

IF races under "Rules for Women Riders" are eventually introduced by the Jockey Club, and I reckon there is a fair chance that, in some shape or form, they will be, certain people are doomed to suffer disappointment.

The first are those racecourse executives who believe that women's races will lure hundreds of additional paying customers to the turf. The probability is that once the novelty of the enterprise has worn off, such races will retain about as much drawing power as races for male amateur riders on the flat; and it would surely be impossible to possess less drawing power than that.

Also likely to be disappointed are those optimists of the male sex who choose to visualise all participants in women's races as

young and nubile, delicious sex symbols of the turf.

Of course, there are some women closely connected with horses who would look very agreeable posing in Health and Strength or Playboy but, on the other hand, just as some dog-owners get to resemble their pets, some women who are in and out of stables the whole time tend to become more and more like horses.

Nor, through the dictates of nature, will many women be seen riding very short with their bottoms in the air like Lester Piggott. I think there is little chance of Newmarket becoming an open-air Bunny Club; though it might be a more cheerful place if it did.

At present the whole idea is somewhat nebulous and there is

no indication whether the riders will be amateur or professional, and whether the races envisaged will be confined to the flat or be over hurdles and fences as well. "Mixed" races, in which women compete against men, I think are out.

If women's races are restricted to amateurs, that would surely exclude from participation the many women who are employed in racing stables. As they ride out regularly, they are probably better qualified technically for race-riding than most others.

If, on the other hand, women riders were compelled to be professional, that would effectively bar those who wish to continue riding in point-to-points.

It is doubtful if the majority of people who go racing harbour any ardent desire to see women competing over fences. Steeple-

chasing is a rough, tough game and even in this unchivalrous age there is still a tendency to dislike the notion of seeing women rolled flat in the mud.

The fact that a small number of women are apparently keen to ride in steeplechases is in itself not a matter of any particular importance. After all racing is essentially a spectator sport and although these tough Amazons are perfectly willing to run the risk of serious injury, it would not be a spectacle relished by those present, except, perhaps the few who are fans of women's wrestling.

Undeniably women play a big part in racing today. They form a high proportion, at least in the more expensive enclosures, of most racecourse attendances. There are hundreds of women owners and a few trainers. Some

women, I am sure, would be highly competent stewards if given the chance.

I see no particular objection to giving women a chance to ride in races every now and then provided administrative difficulties can be overcome. To begin with, any such races should be on the flat and be placed last on the card so that those racecourse not interested, can return home for tea and "The Magic Roundabout".

If these races prove to be a flop, then racecourses will soon cease to stage them. If, by chance, on the other hand they turn out to be a howling success, then they can be gradually expanded to exploit their popularity.

"Mixed" races are in the highest degree improbable, at any

rate as far as competing with professional riders is concerned. Regrettably there are always a few owners ready to sink to any dismal depth in the hope of self-advertisement.

It is not infrequently for this reason that extremely slow horses, that will probably end up either in a tin or running over hurdles in Bulgaria, are sometimes started in the Derby and merely succeed in impeding competitors considerably better than themselves.

With the same lamentable objective, some owners would not hesitate for one moment to put up a woman rider of limited experience and dubious competence in the Derby, caring deeply for all the publicity involved and not a jot for the havoc that could be caused in a big field on that steep descent to Tattenham Corner.



RACING

THE Mackeson Gold Cup at Cheltenham is Fred Rimell's annual benefit match, and he won it for the fourth year running when Gay Trip was the victor yesterday, writes Roger Mortimer. Gay Trip, who won the Mackeson, was gaining his first success since he won the Grand National in 1970.

Gay Trip, ridden by Terry Bidcombe, had luck on his side yesterday as Lucky Streak was in front and showing not the least sign of weakening when he fell at the last. The much-fancied Royal Relief came down at the eighth and Gay Trip's stable companion, Chatham, last year's winner, looked full of running when he crumpled up at the 12th.

That over-rated horse, The Dikler, ran a poor race and had no hope in the closing stages.

Cheltenham

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Inside track

White Man's Bluff

SOFTLY, softly, a small British team is preparing to fly out to Cape Town to compete in what is being called South Africa's first multi-racial athletics meeting.

Arthur Gold, secretary of the British Amateur Athletics Board, distributed invitations among athletes to "this momentous occasion in South African sport" only after demanding and receiving written assurances that 1. the meeting is a "multi-racial international" competition (on 26th and 27th November), 2. local coloured athletes be invited as well as overseas competitors, and 3. no special treatment will be accorded to coloured competitors.

The historic meeting has received banner headlines in South Africa; but until yesterday barely a whisper in the British Press. The BAAB (expecting to send seven athletes) had released details of lists of competitors. But British Olympians Andy Carter, Alan Lervill, Howard Payne (whose parents live in South Africa), Payne's wife Rosemary and Rosemary's 11-year-old son, had accepted. They had accepted, however, after carefully stress-hoping of assistance in racial harmony, and possibly South Africa's return towards world and Olympic acceptance.

But who are the coloured competitors? South Africa has not yet named one, and we doubt a list of blanks among leading British coloured athletes. Anita Neil (due to injury) and Verona Bernard (on advice from her coach) turned down invitations; teenagers Sharon Collyear, Sonia Lannaman and Andrea Lynch were not even aware of the meeting.

Many would not upset their pre-Olympic training schedules to go, but one white South African asks: "Can you blame the coloured athletes for seeing this as a white man's trick? When the meeting is over, the South African black man will still be barred from club and provincial competition."

HOW respectable can a ticket price be?

Under the nose of Prince Philip at the World Sport Club last Monday night, two tickets for tomorrow night's Royal Command Performance were donated by "Mr. S. Fincham" to the charity drive in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Naturally the Palladium, long ago sold out (tickets £3 to £50) and naturally Stan Flash, man isn't telling who donated him the tickets. He'd be raising his eyebrows at the offer last Monday: Tom Jones and John Banks.

An Explanation

UNLESS Asa Hartford himself has revealed in his story in today's News of the World that he has a hole in the heart, medical etiquette will prevent public confirmation of that fact. But specialist opinion is that the West Bromwich player's condition is that known as ventricular septal defect (VSD). This, as our diagram illustrates, is caused by a "hole" in the tissue wall which separates the two larger chambers of the heart.

The condition becomes dangerous and disruptive to normal life only if the hole is sufficiently large to allow a considerable amount of blood to pass from the left to right ventricle (broken line), resulting in an increased flow through the lungs. It reveals itself in infancy through obvious breathlessness and a failure to grow as rapidly as normal.

In Hartford's case, the hole is almost certainly less than one centimetre in diameter, and therefore extremely unlikely to necessitate the hole in the heart operation to "sew in" a synthetic patch, probably of Teflon.

Moreover a mild VSD need not prevent him from continuing without handicap. Indeed, Everton manager Harry Caterick claimed last night that two other footballers were ruled out of transfer deals to and from Everton when heart conditions were detected within the past seven years. Both are now playing in the League with other clubs.

In such small cases, only the most sophisticated scrutiny may detect and diagnose the telltale heart murmur. And in about a quarter of the 1,500 conditions reported at birth in Britain every year, the small hole rectifies itself by closing without medical treatment.

Over The Top

THE two new Olympic weightlifting classifications present headaches to the British Amateur Weightlifting Association. The 112lb (51kg) class throws up a nice, uncomplicated problem: we haven't got one. "We are considering a national appeal on TV," says secretary Wally Holland. "There is a serious shortage of good strong little men."

But the super-heavyweight division (something over 175lb) offers the real tease. "Now there we have a real hope," confides Holland. "The problem is to get him out." Our super-heavy is Terry Perdue from Swansea. The snag is he has served only a quarter of his four-year term in the prison in Dorset for his part in a £10,000 scrap metal theft. "But they let these people out on parole for good behaviour," Holland insists, "so we haven't given up hope of Terry going to Munich."

THE most relevant and disturbing questions about yet another unimaginative performance by England are these: How far does it reflect a real lack of talent in our football, and how far does it stem from the mistaken policies of Sir Alf Ramsey?

On the face of it, Sir Alf has some convincing excuses. Gordon Banks, Alan Mullery, Colin Bell and Roy McFarland were all injured, and unavailable to him. The absurd clash with Football League Cup replays meant that Martin Chivers, the hammer of the Swiss, and Martin Peters, both had to play a bruising match, with extra time, at Preston.

Yet having said this, it still seems that Sir Alf's choice was inept, his use of substitutes characteristically illogical, his tactics ill-considered. Above all, both in choice and play, the England team once more mirrored a conception of the game which looks increasingly sterile and obsolete.

Let us take, first, the matter of substitutions, itself closely bound up with that of selection. In Basle, where

SPORT: Criticism, inquest and opinion plus Parkinson

Sir Alf and England—sterile and obsolete

we were so lucky to win, Chivers above all struck fear into the Swiss. Now, it was perhaps legitimate for Sir Alf to decide that, having played so hard a game for Spurs two mere days earlier, he would be in no condition to give his best for England. In that case, though I think he would have been mistaken, he should simply have omitted him from the match altogether.

But evidently Sir Alf did not believe that, since when things were manifestly going wrong, he threw Chivers into a battle which the Swiss by now were controlling. Surely the whole value of Chivers was as much psychological as material. The whole point of choosing him at all was to give England an early moral edge. If he then showed signs of weariness, he could have been taken out instead, the whole advantage of his presence was thrown away.

There was also the case of Rodney Marsh, sent on minutes from the end in place of an obviously jaded and ineffectual Hurst—who in any case turned out to be suffering again from his pulled hamstring—but for an increasingly dangerous Lee, the one player who at that time was really troubling the Swiss, with his drive and acceleration.

Secondly, the matter of selection. Though Sir Alf's field was seriously limited, his choice was still extraordinary. The shade of Stiles still seems to look over his shoulder. What other explanation can there be for continually turning to a destructive, uncreative player like Peter Storey, in midfield? To me, no other choice so perfectly and depressingly symbolises the poverty of Sir Alf's philosophy. In Belfast last May, George Best

ridiculed the idea that Storey can even do an adequate containing job against a really gifted player. Yet at Wembley, where he could at least have been set to mark Odermatt, the blond Swiss inside-forward was allowed to run wild and free throughout the game.

After the game, Sir Alf ingeniously deplored the fact that so many English passes had gone wrong. The answer is quite simple: he should pick players capable of passing the ball. Mike Bailey, the admirably busy Wolves right-half, was in his party. So was Colin Todd who, though he plays defensively for Derby, has far more skill than either Storey or Hughes. Ball, short of match practice, made errors, but did many good, quick, intelligent things as well. The burden was simply too great for him.

Not was the defence impressive. It

is not Sir Alf's fault that centre-halves are so pitifully thin on the ground. Lloyd has neither the skill nor the mobility of an international stopper, and it may well be that the 20-year-old West Ham player, Tommy Taylor, is potentially the best we have, when he can cure an expensive tendency to unforced error.

Peter Shilton, in goal, must surely lose his position as Crown Prince to Ray Clemence. He seems, at the moment, to lack the social big match temperament, and it was significant that his own defenders were so reluctant to pass him the ball. He was not impressive when the crosses came over, and he might have done better with a more accurate goal, though Hughes, England, to give way to a former man. By contrast Moore, his clubmate, seems to have been blamed for actually stepping

off and standing back, thus Odermatt the space for a shot to have stood still could have been sufficient.

Summerbee, fortunate to get a chance, still seems to lack true national class, while it is sure for Hurst, whose club form has been as indifferent as his to capable of going majestically the next decade.

No doubt England will quail Athens on December 1, and can scramble through the quarter home advantage should win the Nations Cup. This should allow to obscure the fact that manager's policies have lost the confidence of the world at large. Can the leopard change its spots? The choice of fantasist as Rodney Marsh suggests might. But like Wednesday's inclusion of Marsh, the process is slow and grudging.

Brian G



When other friendships are forgot, our's will still be hot

This week at the Albert Hall, eight of the world's top women tennis stars will fight out the finals of the Dewar Cup. Here one of the players, Julie Heldman (above left), who is also a well-known writer on the game, presents a light-hearted portrait of Virginia Wade (right). Writing apart, Julie is one of the game's great tacticians and a campaigner for women in tennis.

If you should ever find yourself one set up on Virginia Wade prepared for anything; the roof could cave in, the umpire come down with a Bunsen burner, or the best could run in the cocktail bar. In case you miss the incident, Virginia is sure to bring it to your attention and also to that of the umpire, the crowd and passing motorists.

She is one of those nearly-great players who seldom actually lose a match. Defeat for Virginia could be the result of an unfair conspiracy by the world against her. Dependent upon her fine serve and power game, screwed up with thoughts of her superiority she can crumble before the humblest of opponents into uncontrolled tantrums. It's all very un-British.

Now there's nothing wrong with being a loser. I ought to know for Virginia usually beats me. In fact it is an essential qualification for popularity in British tennis to remember the admiration of Christine Truman, when, as a large schoolgirl, she would hit streams of winners off the wood on the Centre Court. She was far more popular than the cool professional Ann Jones who counterpunched her way to the most consistent record in women's tennis.

Beside the strawberries and cream image of the British tennis player, Virginia appears almost Latin in her temperament. She has all the equipment of a great player, yet she is short of the "forehand." At Wimbledon where she has a poor record for a top seeded player she has lost to a series of net rubbers, including Pat Walkden and Cici Martinez.

Every professional player has her favourite story about her "favourite" opponent, but I will always remember Perth, Scotland in 1969 when I was serving against her at 9-10 in the second set. At 15-love, Virginia announced that a light had gone out on court. By the time the referee had been brought from the bar my concentration and cool were gone. So needless to say was the match.

I don't believe that Virginia plans her tantrums, they are the product of her life and her strong belief in her superiority, a belief which unfortunately has insulated her from true self-knowledge. Virginia should have been Britain's greatest tennis player, but at 26 she risks leaving her brilliant future behind her. It would be a pity.

with a cocked wrist while her backhand is usually a sliced shot (as at Forest Hills).

Her main technical weakness is her tendency to slap at her forehand volley under pressure. It's a fault which with correct advice, could have been eradicated years ago. Therein lies the cause of her failures.

She is a dominant lady, with a superior air on and off the court. Seek her out at any British tournament and you will find a small band of acolytes sitting at her feet, and taking how truly great she is. Although she refused to join the women's "Lib" group in the US, Virginia's lifestyle is that of the modern liberal woman.

The trouble, of course, with too much adoration is that you tend to start believing it and in Virginia's case it is a factor which may have helped her lose her chance of greatness.

Take the contrast with Billie Jean King. After a losing match the reaction of both will be pretty much the same. But Virginia's case is one factor which may have helped her lose her chance of greatness. Take the contrast with Billie Jean King. After a losing match the reaction of both will be pretty much the same. But Virginia's case is one factor which may have helped her lose her chance of greatness.

Every ageing arthritic tennis player is jealous of Virginia's natural talent. Virginia is at her best against ground stroke players, like Francoise Durr, Gail Chaffey and Peaches Borkowicz. Although, as happened on Friday, she can be outsmarted by Francoise.

To beat Virginia, assuming of course that she isn't having one of her "turns," you have to get to the net early, imposing your will on her, and forcing errors on her forehand. At Wimbledon where she has a poor record for a top seeded player she has lost to a series of net rubbers, including Pat Walkden and Cici Martinez.

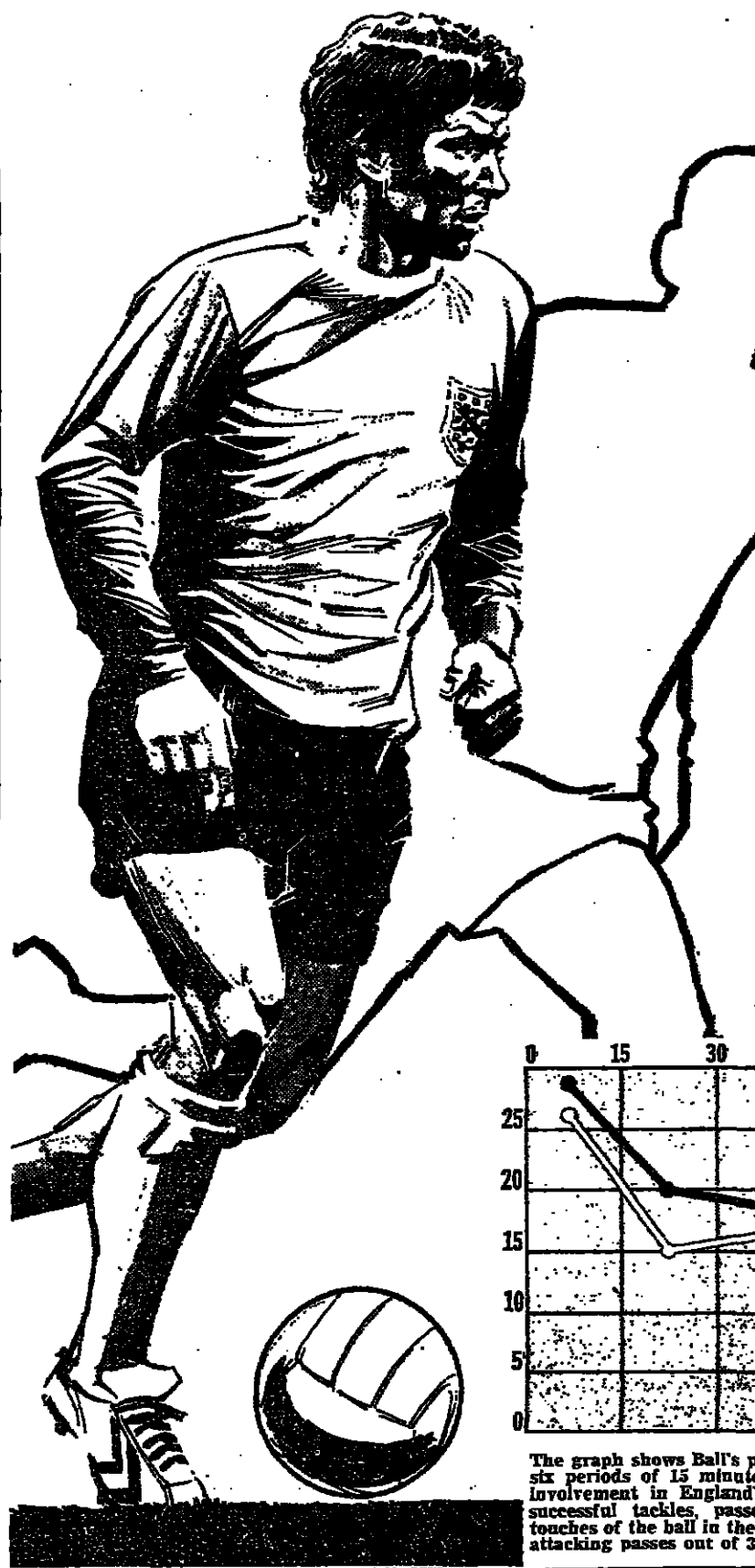
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John Ballantine—page 29

Ball by ball with Alan Ball

On Wednesday, Alan Ball returned to the England team against Switzerland and once again Wembley was lit with the pleasant frenzy of his play. Clearly he has not lost his improbable appetite for work; but now it is arguable whether he is not doing the right thing in the wrong place. A report by BRIAN JAMES with graphics by PAUL TREVILLION.



WHEN Alan Ball was at his peak for England in 1966, a team mate insisted, "If the ball had rolled down a sewer, he'd have gone after it. He can't sleep at night, aggravating himself thinking back on the times the other team had the ball."

Alan Ball's commitment to his game emerges vividly from a statistical review of his performance on Wednesday. He was in undisputed possession 44 times against Switzerland—a figure that stands well in comparison with a three-match survey of his play in the 1965-66 season. Then, in three games, he took the ball 67, 63, and 80 times. (George Eastham, the former Arsenal forward, holds the "record" with 83 possessions in one astonishing game.)

Ball is also as sharp as ever in the tackle, winning the ball 14 out of 23 attempts. For an ostensible forward this is a success, for defender Madeley succeeded with 10 of his 16 tackles in the last match with Switzerland.

Nor has he lost his timing with those characteristic scurrying sprints to intercept. Five times to a Swiss who believed they had the ball suddenly discovered that they had not.

Once he has possession, Alan Ball takes a miser's care of the ball. His easy, keep-possession passes went unerringly to their man 21 times in 23 attempts. Even with the more difficult, more risky, attacking passes beyond or between opponents, an average of one goal every three games, yet his England record is one goal every seven games, or thereabouts. It will not improve while he plays as on Wednesday.

Nor, when he used his deft feet to chivvy the ball past

opponents in a dribble was Ball to be much faulted. One failure in 11 attempts is a ratio the gifted would accept though it must be accepted that in these confrontations were taken lacking forwards rather than stern Swiss defenders. Just one of the perks of operating deep in midfield.

Where the doubts begin to grow is in examining Ball's controversial shooting. He got the ball forward to them, but he too rarely joined it. 9 total of eight sparingly accurate shots into the Swiss penalty area was only two higher than the ultra-defensive Madeley managed in the away game with the Swiss. And once, only once, was he "clocked" as having driven into the Swiss goal-area itself. The one place where England needed quick feet and frequent courage.

In those 1965-66 surveys Ball was noticed lurking in the goalmouth between 12-20 times a match.

Yet this reluctance on the part of the Everton man really to attack for England is not a one-match aberration. Indeed it is part of strange pattern in his play for club and country.

Playing in 1965-66 he scored 17 goals in 41 League games. Playing for Everton the following season he scored 13 goals in 31 games. His league career until the start of this season, was 104 goals in 307 games. All these figures suggest an average of one goal every three games, yet his England record is one goal every seven games, or thereabouts. It will not improve while he plays as on Wednesday.

Perhaps his reluctant root in his mild repugnance to missing goals for Eng is clearly better to close in and missing out and not trying. The graph shows that the final 15 minutes.

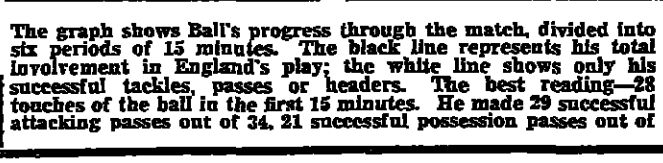
The same mood will (through a dull patch) be evident in his output. When these elements the blazing self-driven final 15 minutes.

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But vast problems remain down in Cardiff the week last, says Tombleton, in the latest solution of a classic, heart-breaking river that has been re-named, over and over in the last few years. When we were last in the fishing clubs rented its way the Taff from the City. This is in a city where there are so constituted that the fishing clubs are a complex for every minor conservation problem (it denied this at 350) and initiate an investigation. It has managed to get sport-fishing representatives on two regional Sea Fisheries Committees, bodies well known for foot drag-

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ANGLING by CLIVE GAMMON

each year start fishing because they want to get away from being organised. Three million individuals, that's whom I'm trying to get working to a common purpose.

This is Tombleton sees it, is basically to provide more and better fishing facilities in Britain. At the moment, there are about five million water sport enthusiasts in the country competing for about 300,000 acres of water. And the amount that is usable tends actually to diminish. Urban demand is so great that in the South of England they are not only taking water out of the rivers, but the deep wells into the chalk consume the reserves that keep rivers like the Test and the Itchen flowing.

So how, in Tombleton's words,

to maximise our fisheries? "One way would be to increase the sporting use of reservoirs. Some water authorities are already doing this, but I'm trying to get working to a common purpose."

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extra water to put them on."

But in spite of his frustration, Tombleton allows that the NAC has made some progress in its first five years. It managed to get the welfare of canal fisheries written into the 1968 Transport Act—there are more than a quarter million canal anglers in this country. Its sponsors of the National Angling Survey made a lot of people realise that the size of the sport in Britain—seven per cent of the adult population go fishing—was no myth. It has forced Whitehall to concede that there is a bass and mullet conservation problem (it denied this at 350) and initiate an investigation. It has managed to get sport-fishing representatives on two regional Sea Fisheries Committees, bodies well known for foot drag-

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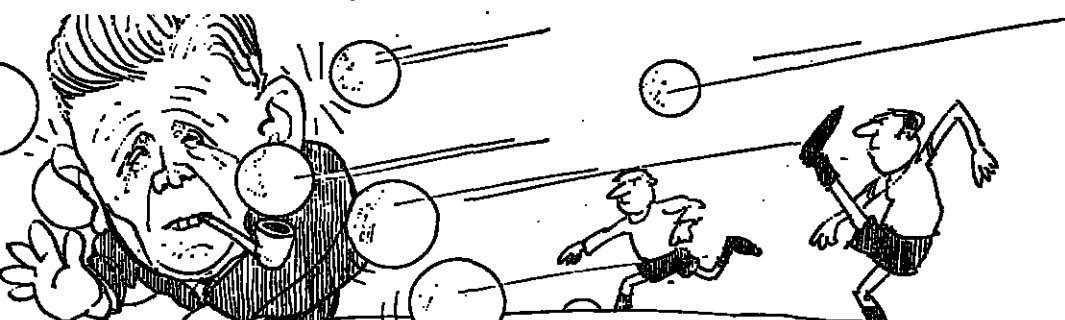
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THE gap between the Football League and the players is now so large that Alan Hardaker and his merry men might as well set up headquarters in Omaha. The latest directive to linesmen to remain in dressing rooms until the teams leave so that no-one can change his footwear for a pair of poisoned boots is too daft to laugh at.

I was much taken by the suggestion by one club that in order to beat this absurd ruling the linesman should be allowed in the dressing room but placed in a sound-proof glass booth so that he might see all but hear nothing. This idea is commendable, and might be extended in another direction for the benefit of all football, in that the Football League Management Committee should be placed in a glass case and put on permanent exhibition in the Fossil House at the Natural History Museum.

The trouble with good ideas like that is that they never happen because, short of an armed uprising with the Argyle and Bolton Wanderers occupying the Ivory Palace at Lytham St Annes, the Football League will continue to be the masters and the players their serfs.

What is more, clubs considering adopting that sophisticated plan for the sound-proof glass booth in the changing rooms should think twice, because sources near to the court of



MICHAEL PARKINSON—how to stop the goal famine

King Hardaker tell me that all Hnesmen are now being given crash courses in lip reading.

Something altogether more sophisticated is needed if a solution, short of a bloody warfare, is to be found. The easiest might be the invention of a secret code language whereby the prying official hears everything but understands nothing. Such a system has been used for years to call the plays in American football without opponents having a clue what is going on. Thus, dressing room conversation of the future might go something like this:

Manager: Two, seven, 14, 127

Captain: Five O!

Manager: Eighteen, one, three, 10.

Team breaks into hysterical laughter.

Linesman looks puzzled.

Trainer (tears of mirth running down his leathery cheeks): Eight, 101, 35.

His last words are drowned in more choruses as the players double up with raucous laughter.

Linesman (baffled): Excuse me?

Manager: Three?

Linesman: I wonder what you find so funny?

Manager (breaking up): Twenty-seven. He hasn't finished before the linesman rushes for the door and leaves the ground with a white-coated attendant gently holding his arm.

That is one way to beat the system. The other, more expensive but equally effective, is for the Clubs to use doubles. The firm of Rens-a-Double (Motor, Peas in a Pod) will be able to publish exact replicas of soccer teams and managers who will go through the ritual of inspection by the linesman. Meanwhile, the real team

sits in a secret changing room watching proceedings through a two-way mirror while filling their studs to sharp points and coating them in a dreaded poison used by pygmies to tip the points of their arrows.

Seriously though, it is a pity that football suffers increasingly from the absurdities of an executive seemingly bent on driving a wedge between the people who play football and the people who run it. It must be that I do them an injustice, that they really do have the game at heart and do everything for the best. If that is so, all

I can say is that they have a way of showing it.

There are surely more important problems to be tackled than that of players' studs, and better to be achieved by turning it into underpaid snappers.

For instance, in Inside Track it was shown that in all the ballyhoo about the game brighter this season fewer goals have been scored than for years. It is a pity that the better for soccer the gates. How to get more scored is the important problem one that the executives of football should consider.

I don't want to sound too but I believe I have at least a tem solution. Behind each goal a large ground in the country should be erected a life-size figure of Hardaker, and better to be achieved by turning it into underpaid snappers.

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